FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

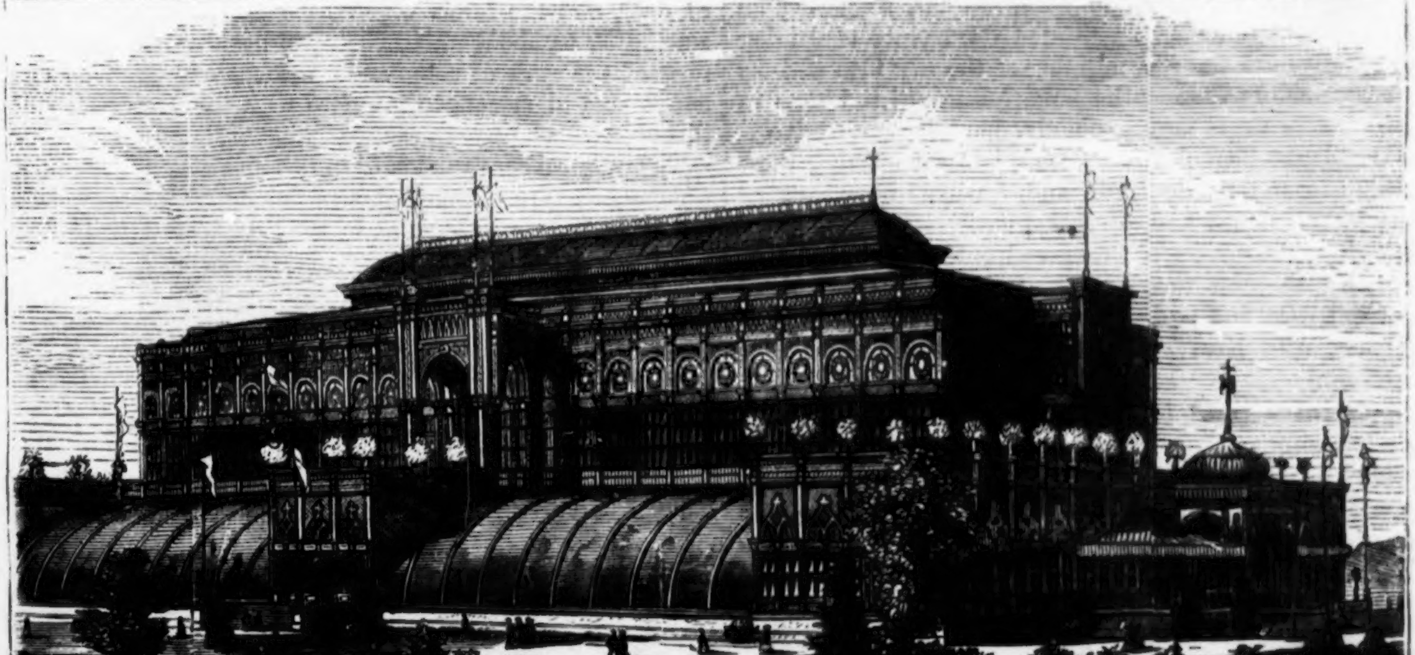
VOL. I.—No. 1. JANUARY, 1876. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

THE CENTENNIAL OF 1876.

TO THE credit of having first conceived and suggested the idea of a grand Centennial celebration of the birth day of the United States, many individuals, and not a few public journals, have laid claim. This was the fact also with regard to the birth-place of Homer, several cities, it is said, having asserted their right to the honor. But, in the case of the Centennial, as is frequent in astronomical discovery, it is probable that the same idea occurred to many minds at or about the same period of time, and, as commonly happens, floated into the newspapers, where it became manipulated into shape through the exigencies of journalism and thence impressed itself upon certain individuals possessing influence, political or social, from which point it is easy to trace its course.

In the beginning the idea of an International Exposition was ridiculed, as a suggestion whose carrying out could not add any weight to our Centennial display. It was argued that to attempt to compete with foreign nations in a representative exhibition would be to expose ourselves to the danger of being laughed at for our pains.

The next objection which was raised contemplated the refusal on the part of foreign governments to combine with



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—HORTICULTURAL HALL.

AP2
A46
V.1

us in the proposed undertaking. And then it was alleged that every International Exhibition thus far attempted had proven a financial failure, and it was argued that we were not in any condition to risk such a result in our own case.

Finally, the entire force of the objectors was thrown into condemnation of the judgment which had chosen Philadelphia as the *locale* of our grand birth-day celebration, and that unhappy city discovered all at once how many hitherto unknown enemies she had to contend with—when local interests all over the country were aroused against her.

Well, five years have nearly passed since the inception of the Centennial, and, by a course which commands the admiration of the world, the managers of the undertaking have silenced, one by one, every objection.

And, as unfortunately, in a great degree, these objections took tangible shape in the matter of tacit refusal to aid the undertaking financially—this at least in a measure much larger than should reasonably have been expected—it has followed that to Philadelphia and Pennsylvania we are now indebted solely that the Exposition has reached its present state of advancement.

Beginning by drawing enormously on the resources of Pennsylvania, without regard to what might or might not come through the liberality or parsimoniousness of others, the members of the Centennial Commission proceeded in the carrying out of their plans with a degree of wise judgment and forethought which has become in its representative value an honor to the entire country.

The necessary grounds were obtained, locating the exhibition on one of the most eligible and picturesque spots in the United States, with the great city behind it, and the beautiful Schuylkill river skirting its shores, and where the vast artery of the Pennsylvania railroad stands ready to tap the entire country, and bring its contributions to the doors of the great structures which are to contain them.

With a spirit of determination which cannot be too highly commended, the Centennial Commission proceeded, at a period early in its existence, to place itself *en rapport* with the people of the United States of America.

Sending out emissaries in all directions, scattering all over the land innumerable printed documents explaining and setting forth the real meaning of the new idea and its promise, finally engaging the powerful arm of the press in its favor—by these means, quietly, but very impressively, the Centennial Commission succeeded in establishing their bantling in the public favor, and, finally, in overcoming every jealous doubt and capricious cavil with regard to it. Meanwhile, the details of this grand enterprise were being forwarded through their incipient stages with the same observant care, and under the same judicious controlling influence, which have marked every step of its progress from the beginning.

Innumerable plans for the mammoth buildings which were to comprise the exhibition in Fairmount Park were received and considered; the acceptance of those finally adopted having commended itself to the good sense and taste of all who have considered the subject.

The financial management of the enormous sums which now began to pour into the Centennial treasury, and the wise economy which was manifestly necessary in the disbursement of these, have been incidents in the direction of the undertaking which may be set forth as worthy examples for the world to admire and follow.

Again, the wisdom which has directed the intercourse of the Commission with foreign nations has been sound and well-balanced, and has resulted in the reception of the Centennial idea abroad in a manner which is highly gratifying to our national pride, and chiefly because it has not involved any lowering of our national dignity.

It has been unnecessary to plead for recognition and coöperation. In the few cases where a temporary coldness seemed to cast a shadow upon our project, this state has been replaced by a warmth of sympathy, which is the more satisfactory by contrast.

Last of all, but last only on account of local and not diplomatic reasons, as was at first surmised, Russia, our ancient and tried friend, has entered into the spirit of our national festival with a degree of warmth and good feeling which will necessarily bring her into the foreground of the great association of nations which will presently assemble at Fairmount.

And as regards the impulse which has been aroused and sustained in our own country and among our own people, in favor of the Centennial, it is only necessary to refer—and we do so with pride—to the unanimity which has finally marked the popular interest in its welfare.

And this interest will be so displayed, in the presentment of our products and our industries before the world in 1876, that no captious critic shall be in a position to censure either our intention or our action.

Already the space allotted to the different States—as is the case also with that offered to foreign competitors—has been fully absorbed, while the daily recurring applications for "more room" show how wide-spread, earnest, and thorough is the determination to make this Exposition no unworthy or failing rival of those which have preceded it.

In fact, under the impetus of this sentiment of national pride, the work of the Centennial Commission has progressed with a degree of rapidity which was not anticipated. And this, too, under circumstances which are peculiarly flattering to the management of affairs. For while the enormous sum of seven and one-half millions of dollars ($7,500,000) has been expended in organization, construction and adaptation, there have been absolutely neither waste nor stealage—an incident almost unheard of in the recent management of large pecuniary interests of a similar character in this country.

Furthermore, the Centennial is at present absolutely out of debt, and the funds which have yet to be collected—amounting to about $1,500,000—will be devoted to pushing forward the work of completion, without embarrassing circumstances of arrears to interfere with the prosecution of this object.

The personal construction of the United States Centennial Commission — the Commissioners having been designated, according to Act of Congress, by the President of the United States—is as follows:

OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

President: Joseph R. Hawley; *Vice-Presidents:* Alfred T. Osborn, Orestes Cleveland, John D. Creigh, Robert Lowry, Robert Mallory; *Director-General:* Alfred T. Goshorn; *Secretary:* John L. Campbell; *Counsellor and Solicitor:* John L. Shoemaker, Esq.

Subordinate to the Commission proper are a multitude of bureaus and committees having charge of various departments of duty, forming altogether an organization of complicated structure, yet possessing the element of simplicity in its working to a remarkable degree, and as a system reflecting great credit on the Commission as an organizing body.

The rapidity with which the construction of the Centennial buildings has been prosecuted is truly wonderful, when it is considered that their erection had not been commenced, or the grading of the grounds even begun, until July, 1874.

That the Exposition will be a pronounced success—at least so far as lies in liberal contribution of articles for exhibition is concerned—is a foregone conclusion; since the entire

XUM

space allotted to exhibitors, both foreign and domestic, has been eagerly taken up.

Foreign countries have come forward with unexampled interest and warmth, the two or three which were at first lukewarm having finally united with the rest in application for space and in very emphatic effort to make up for lost time in procuring creditable representation. The following countries will be represented at the Exposition in their products, manufactures, and works of art, as well as by commissions appointed by their several Governments to protect the interests of exhibitors, and—not less—to suitably endorse the movement by the presence of the latter. In nearly all cases the appointees are high functionaries of the Governments from which they are accredited.

Official List of Foreign Countries sending Commissioners to the Centennial Exposition.

1. Africa (Orange Free State); 2. Argentine Confederation; 3. Austria; 4. Belgium; 5. Brazil; 6. China; 7. Ecuador; 8. Egypt; 9. France; 10. German Empire. 11. Great Britain and Colonies:—12. Canada; 13. New South Wales; 14. South Australia; 15. Victoria. 16. Honduras; 17. Japanese Empire; 18. Liberia; 19. Mexico; 20. Norway; 21. Peru; 22. Russia; 23. Sandwich Islands; 24. Siam; 25. Spain; 26. Sweden; 27. Switzerland; 28. Tunis; 29. Turkey; 30. Venezuela.

A visit to the Centennial grounds, and a view of the scene as presented to an observer standing, for instance, on George's Hill, are calculated to impress the eye-witness with an approximation to a just idea of the immensity of the undertaking which has been carried through thus far by the Centennial Commission. From the point named the eye meets first the magnificent proportions of the "machinery building," which lies in a direction running east and west, and extends nearly from the extreme western end of the grounds to the point where Belmont and Elm avenues—as they are termed—come to a junction and intersect each other.

This building consists of the main hall, 360 feet wide by 1,402 feet long, and an annex about the centre of the south side, of 208 feet by 210 feet. The entire area covered by the main hall and annex is 558,440 square feet, or 12.82 acres. Including the upper floors, the building provides fourteen acres of floor space.

The principal portion of the structure is one story in height, showing the main cornice upon the outside at 40 feet from the ground, the interior height to the top of the ventilators in the avenues being 70 feet, and in the aisles 40 feet. To break the long lines upon the exterior, projections have been introduced upon the four sides, and the main entrances finished with façades, extending to 78 feet in height. The east entrance will form the principal approach from the street cars, from the main exhibition building, and from the railroad depot. Along the south side will be placed the boiler houses and such other buildings for special kinds of machinery as may be required. The west entrance affords the most direct communication with George's Hill, which point offers the best view of the entire exhibition grounds.

The arrangement of the ground plan shows two main avenues 90 feet wide by 1,360 feet long, with a central aisle between and an aisle on either side. Each aisle is 60 feet in width; the two avenues and three aisles making the total width of 360 feet. At the centre of the building is a transept of 90 feet in width, which at the south end is prolonged beyond the main hall. This transept, beginning at 36 feet from the main hall and extending 208 feet, is flanked on either side by aisles of 60 feet in width, and forms the annex for hydraulic machines. The promenades in the avenues are 15 feet in width; in the transept 25 feet, and in the aisles 10 feet. All other walks extending across the building are 10 feet in width, and lead at either end to exit doors.

Carrying the eye onward toward the east, the main exhibition building comes next in view.

If the structure just described strikes the observer as surprising in its vastness and comprehensiveness, the one we are now considering is still more imposing in size and appearance.

Stretching onward in an unbroken width of 464 feet to an extreme length of 1,880 feet, the characteristics of the main exhibition building, with its tall towers in the centre and at either end, are striking and effective in an architectural sense as well as almost confusing in their presentation of extraordinary and magnificent distances. These two buildings being united by a star-shaped system of small avenues running across the open space of 542 feet in length between them, we have thus a direct continuance, otherwise unbroken, of exhibition space covering 3,824 feet in length, or 3,282 of actual buildings for this purpose. When it is remembered that this is equivalent to nearly three-quarters of a mile, some approximate idea of the size of these buildings may be obtained.

The general arrangement of the ground plan of the main exhibition building shows a central avenue or nave 120 feet in width, and extending 1,832 feet in length. This is the longest avenue of that width ever introduced into an exhibition building. On either side of this nave there is an avenue 100 feet wide by 1,832 feet in length. Between the nave and side avenues are aisles 48 feet wide, and on the outer sides of the building smaller aisles 24 feet in width.

In order to break the great length of the roof lines, three cross avenues or transepts have been introduced of the same widths and in the same relative positions to each other as the nave and avenues running lengthwise, viz: a central transept 120 feet in width by 416 feet in length, with one on either side of 100 feet by 416 feet, and aisles between of 48 feet.

The intersections of these avenues and transepts in the central portion of the building result in dividing the ground floor into nine open spaces free from supporting columns, and covering in the aggregate an area of 416 feet square. Four of these spaces are 100 feet square, four 100 feet by 120 feet, and the central space or pavilion 120 feet square. The intersections of the 48-feet aisles produce four interior courts 48 feet square, one at each corner of the central space.

The main promenades through the nave and central transept are each 30 feet in width, and those through the centre of the side avenues and transepts 15 feet each. All other walks are 10 feet wide, and lead at either end to exit doors.

Both of the buildings just described lie between the two main thoroughfares of the Centennial grounds—the Avenue of the Republic and Elm avenue. North of the main building, and at about its centre, is the structure known as the art gallery, certainly the most attractive architectural object on the grounds, and a most artistic and pleasing work.

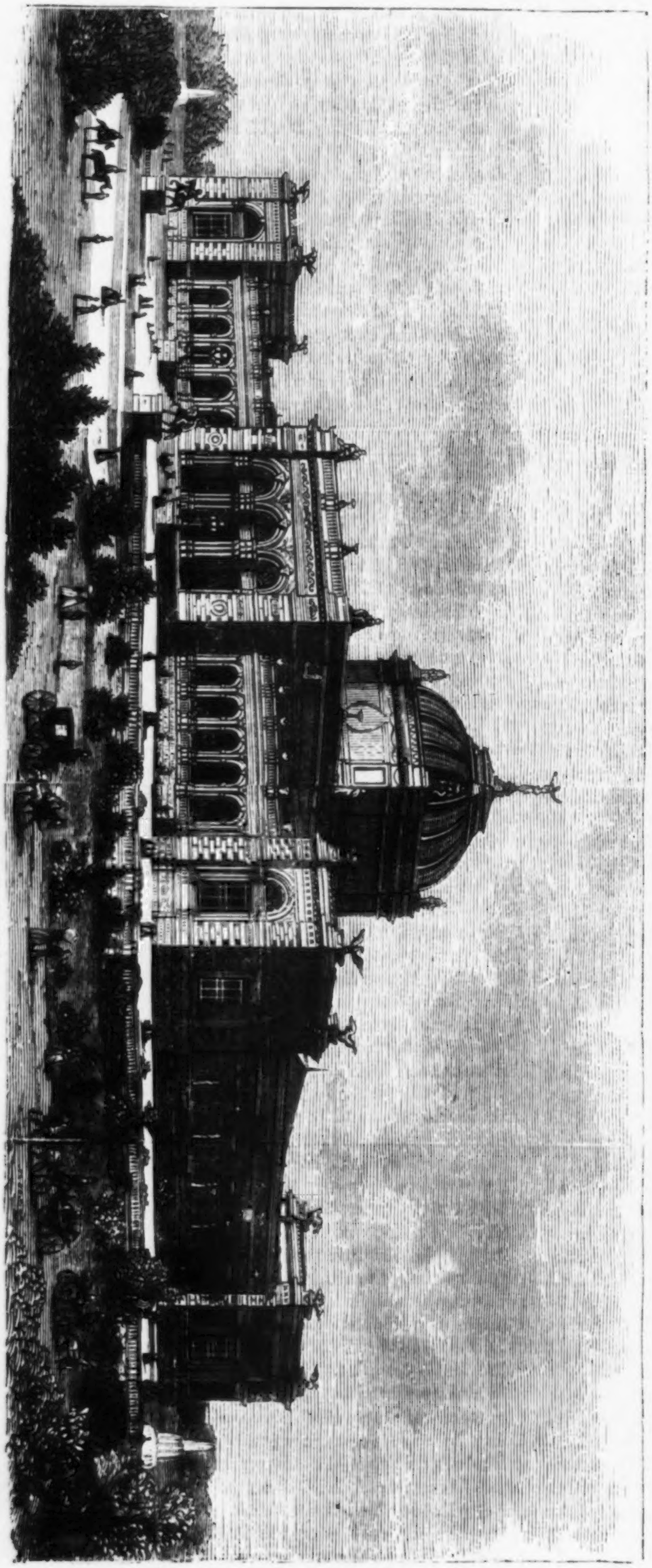
As this is designed to be a permanent building, and is only an affix to the exhibition, it is constructed entirely of granite, glass, and iron, and perfectly fire-proof, which is not the case with all the buildings in use for the exhibition.

It is built in the modern Renaissance style of architecture, is 365 feet in length, 210 feet in width, and 59 feet in height, over a basement 12 feet in height, and is surmounted by a dome, from the apex of which there rises a colossal statue of Columbia, springing from a point 150 feet from the ground.

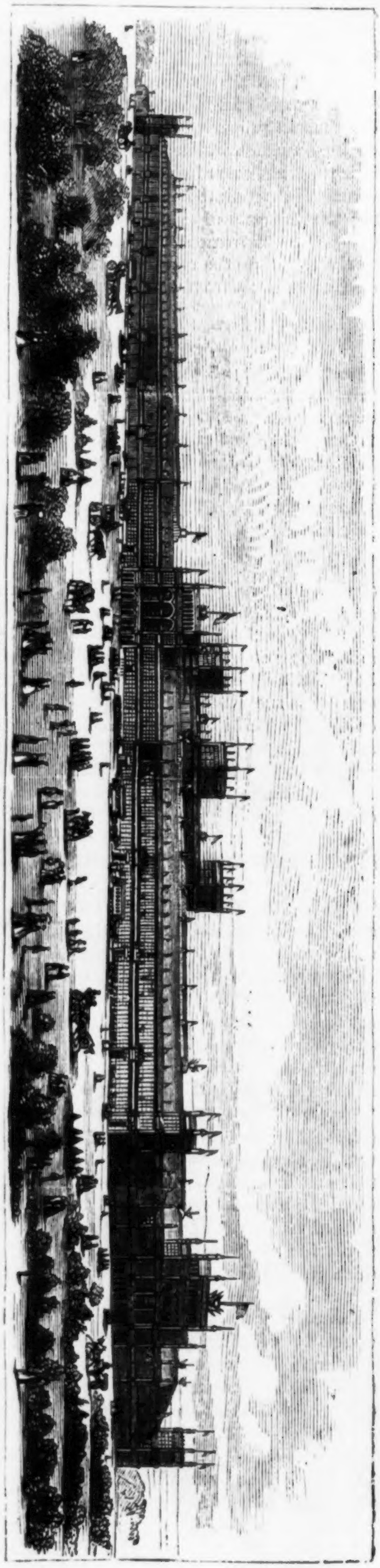
The art gallery is situated on an eminence in the great Landsdowne Plateau, and commands a magnificent view of the city looking toward the south. As this eminence is 116 feet above the surface of the Schuylkill river, which lies just at its foot, a charming prospect of this beautiful stream,

168386

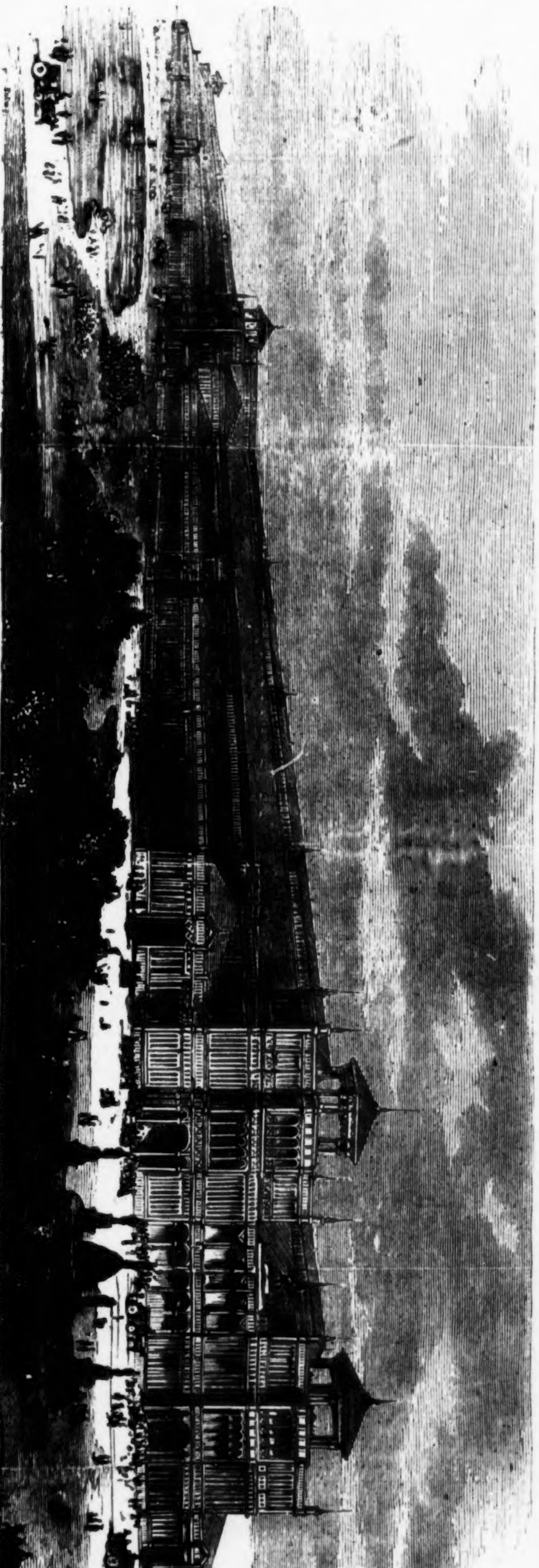
XUM



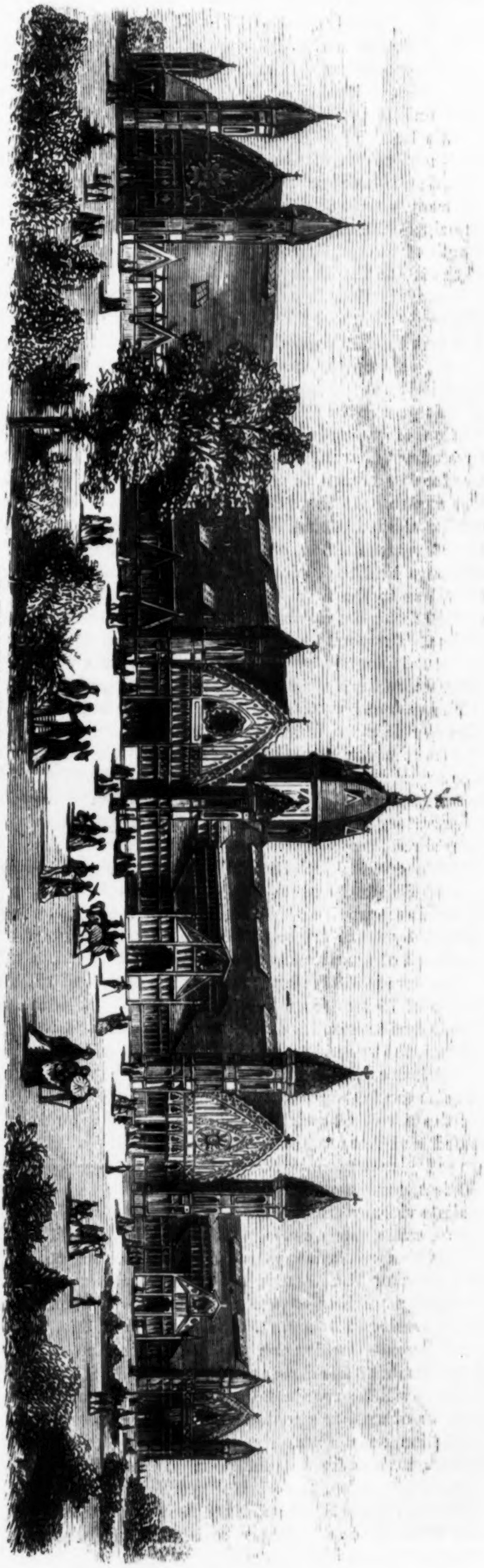
THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE ART GALLERY.



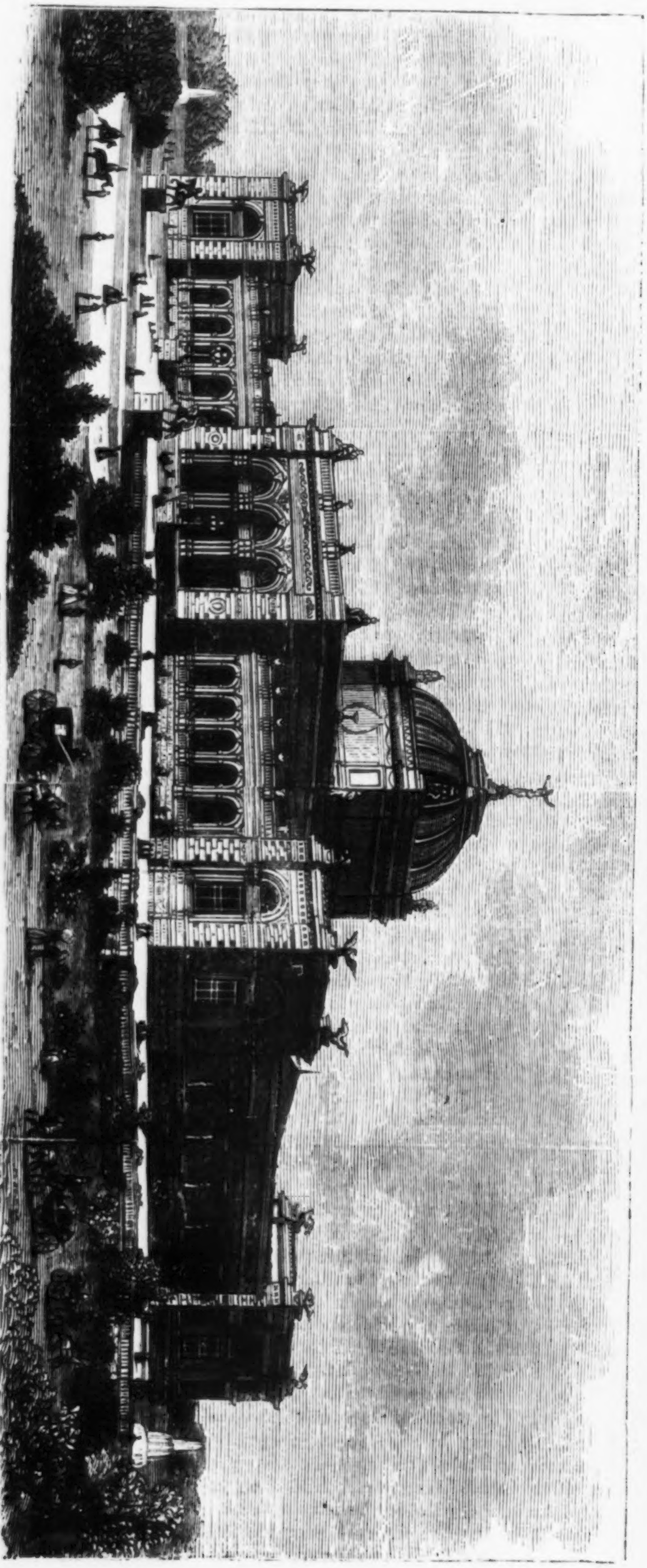
THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE MAIN BUILDING.



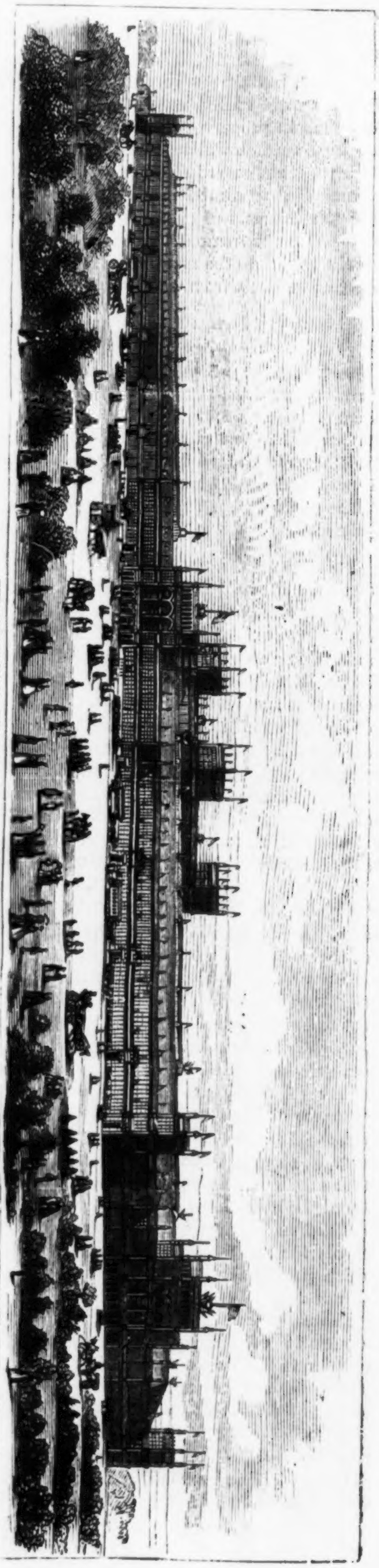
THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE MECHANICAL BUILDING.



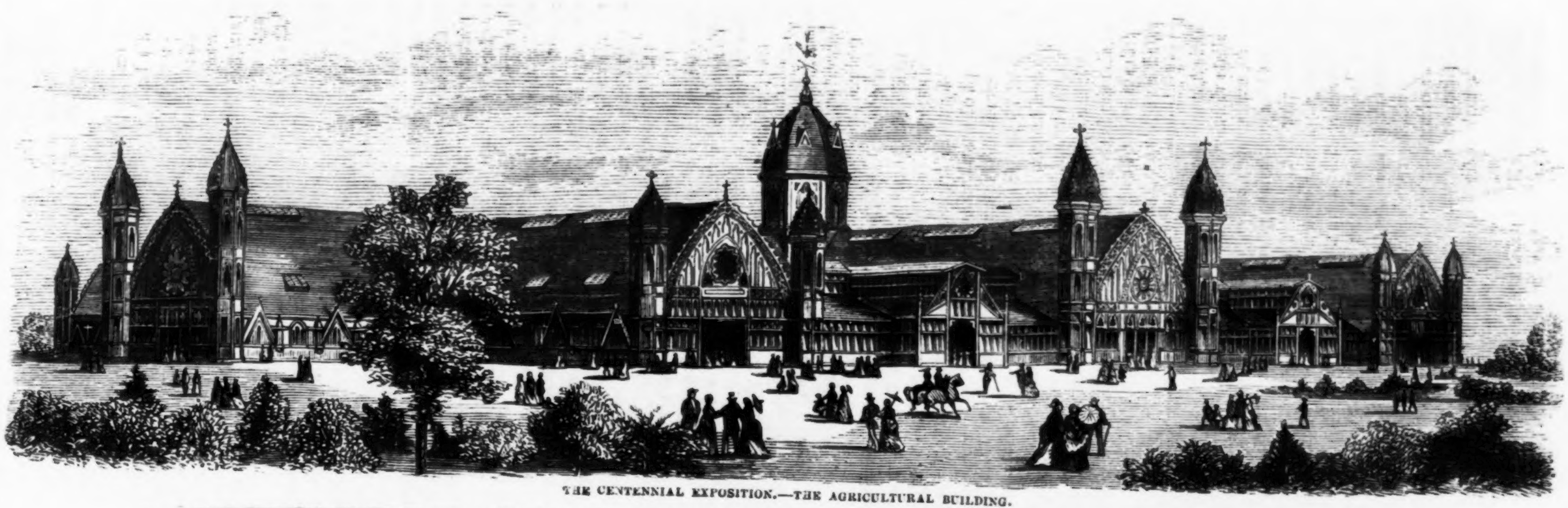
THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



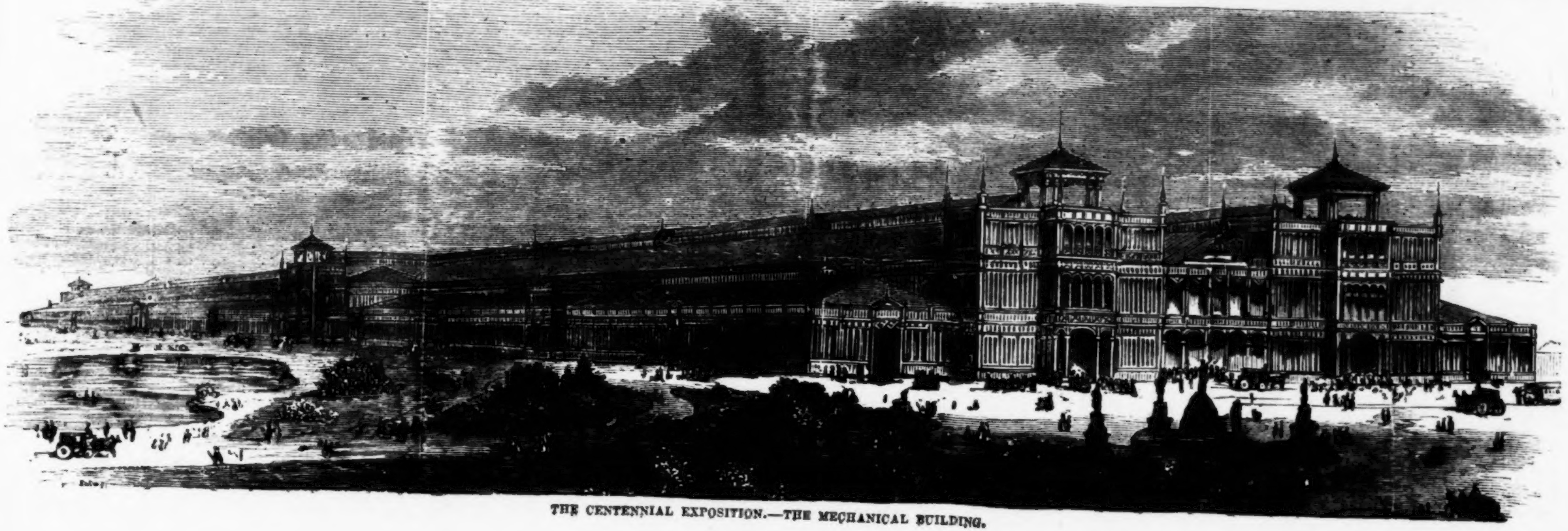
THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE ART GALLERY.



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE MAIN BUILDING.



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—THE MECHANICAL BUILDING.

and also a fine view of the building from the river itself, are among the advantages of the situation.

Still further north of the main building, and at a point about opposite its extreme western end—being located at the eastern extremity of Fountain avenue—is the horticultural building.

This building is also designed to remain a permanent ornament to Fairmount Park, and, in its design and construction, is both commodious and ornate. It is built in the Mauresque style of architecture of the twelfth century, its principal materials externally being iron and glass. The length of the building is 383 feet, width 193 feet, and height to the top of the lantern 72 feet.

The main floor is occupied by the central conservatory, 230 by 80 feet, and 55 feet high, surmounted by a lantern 170 feet long, 20 wide, and 14 high. Running entirely around this conservatory, at a height of 20 feet from the floor, is a gallery 5 feet wide. On the north and south sides of this principal room are four forcing houses for the propagation of young plants, each of them 100 by 30 feet, covered with curved roofs of iron and glass. Dividing the two forcing houses in each of these sides is a vestibule 30 feet square. At the centre of the east and west ends are similar vestibules, on either side of which are the restaurants, reception-room, offices, etc. From the vestibules ornamental stairways lead to the internal galleries of the conservatory, as well as to the four external galleries, each 100 feet long and 10 feet wide, which surmount the roofs of the forcing houses. These external galleries are connected with a grand promenade, formed by the roofs of the rooms on the ground floor, which has a superficial area of 1,800 square yards.

The east and west entrances are approached by flights of blue marble steps from terraces 80 by 20 feet, in the centre of each of which stands an open kiosque 20 feet in diameter. The angles of the main conservatory are adorned with eight ornamental fountains. The corridors which connect the conservatory with the surrounding rooms open fine vistas in every direction.

North of the horticultural building, and on the eastern side of Belmont avenue, is the agricultural building. Its materials are wood and glass, and it consists of a long nave crossed by three transepts, both nave and transept being composed of truss arches of a Gothic form.

The nave is 820 feet in length by 125 feet in width, with a height of 75 feet from the floor to the point of the arch. The central transept is of the same height, and a breadth of 100 feet, the two end transepts 70 feet high and 80 feet wide.

The four courts enclosed between the nave and transepts, and also the four spaces at the corners of the building, having the nave and end transepts for two of their sides, are roofed and form valuable spaces for exhibits. Thus the ground plan of the building is a parallelogram of 540 by 820 feet, covering a space of above ten acres. In its immediate vicinity are the stock yards for the exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc.

This comprehensive system of building—viz: main building, covering 21.47 acres; art gallery, covering 1.5 acres; machinery building, covering 14 acres; horticultural building, covering 1.5 acres; agricultural building, covering 10.15 acres—provides for the accommodation of the ten departments of the classification.

There will be required, in addition to these buildings, a number of smaller structures for the administration of the exhibition, among which are the following: United States Government exhibition building, United States hospital, Woman's pavilion, British Government building, Japanese building, various State buildings, German Empire building, and other foreign buildings, and numerous structures designed for a variety of purposes.

In various parts of the Centennial grounds there have been erected fountains, memorial statues, and other ornamental structures, all of which add greatly to the beauty and finish of the surroundings, and display and emphasize the artistic taste which has controlled and directed the arrangement of the location for the purpose it is designed to fulfill.

THE DYING WRECKER.

THE parson needn't darken my door; there's time enough for him
When my hand can lift the can no more, and my sight is waxing dim.
Just put a pillow beneath my head, and hold me up the glass;
For all that the sea keeps calling me, I'll not die this bout, my lass.

Thou'lt sit by me a bit to-night?—'tis the tenth of March once more:
Hark how the wild winds wail and howl, and the great waves crash on the shore.
There might be a vessel out in the haze, where the reef lies under the foam;
But there's never a light in a lattice now, to wile the mariners home.

Give us hold of the watch and the golden case. I promised to-day's a year,
I'd tell their tale, so thou'd stay and keep thy grandad company here.
It's fit to scare a man so, to sit by the drift-wood fire alone,
Till he hears the billows shriek for help, the gale for mercy moan.

'Twas a black and bitter night like this, just fifty years ago;
The breakers churn'd and froth'd like yeast, the wind was thick with snow.
We drove the old horse with his lantern out, and we cower'd beneath the crags;
And a brave ship drove on the cruel reef, where the white surf vails the jags.

Not a plank could live, I tell thee—we knew naught of lifeboats then—
We had brains to keep, and bread to get; we were hungry, desperate men.
It didn't hurt them, dead and drown'd, if we dragg'd their chests to land,
And fought and strove mid the angry sea for the prizes on the sand.

I thought he was gone—I hope I did; yet I never can sleep and dream
But I see his bold fair face and watch, his blue eyes' opening gleam,
And the wound in his breast. I know I struck—I had snatch'd old Tommy's dirk;
And hearts were hot and hands were quick when the wreckers were at work.

His fingers were tight around the case; I hack'd them to get it free.
Don't open it, lass—it got stain'd with blood; and such stain will bide, dost see?
It's only the picture of a girl; and Bill had a purse of gold;
And Black Jim had blue and yellow stones to stitch in his jersey's fold.

They all had better luck than I. I say the woman was dead,
When I caught the watch and push'd her back; if the water color'd red,
There were plenty torn mid the hard sharp rocks; and plenty as keen to keep
The harvest sown by the wild north blast for hands like ours to reap.

I'll give thee case and watch, my wench, so thou'lt swear to make my grave
Where never can come the call of the surf, nor the thunder of the wave;

I could not wait in my coffin, if I heard that choking cry
That in every tide, for fifty years, has rung to the gray March sky.
Shall I see them in the other place, where the parson says is rest—
Her with the bruise on her forehead, or him with the stab in his breast?
If I do, mayhap they'll forgive me; for a bitter penance I've done
Since, in the fierce March hurricane, the wrecker's prize was won.

DUKE OF SHOREDITCH.

In a splendid shooting match at Windsor, before Henry the Eighth, when the exercise was nearly over, his Majesty observing one of his guard, named Barlow, preparing to shoot, said to him, "Beat them all, and thou shall be Duke of Archers." Barlow drew his bow, executed the king's command, and received the promised reward; he was created Duke of Shoreditch, that being the place of his residence. Several others, of the most expert marksmen, were honored with titles, as Earl of Pancridge, Marquess of Clerkenwell, etc., taken from the villages where they resided.

CHILDHOOD IN JAPAN.

The Japanese, as a race, are gradually attracting more and more attention all over the world, for, notwithstanding their former rigid exclusiveness, not only are they now admitting much of our western civilization into their own country, but numbers of their youth are constantly being sent to Europe and this country for educational purposes. Under these circumstances, and because for many centuries the character and habits of the nation have been to the outer world a sealed book, we venture to hope that a brief account of some of their customs and usages, with respect to children, may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

A Japanese baby need be constitutionally strong, for it is by no means over-delicately nurtured; its mother frequently carries it out in the open air in a state of complete nudity and with its head shaven. Amongst the lower orders, the women, when at work in the fields and on other occasions, may be seen with their infants fastened, almost like bundles, between their shoulders, so that they may be as little as possible in their way. In the houses they are left to their own devices much more than with us, and there is no need to be alarmed about their tumbling downstairs, and eternally coming to grief against fenders, coal-boxes, mantelpieces, and similar objects of terror to a fond American mother, for such things do not exist in Japan. The thick mats, which constitute almost the only furniture of a Japanese house, are a splendid playground for the small atoms of humanity, for there they can roll and sprawl about to their hearts' delight, without any risk or fear of injury. There they play about with the fat pug dogs and tailless cats, without any restraint, and to the great benefit of their tiny frames. They are freely supplied with toys and other infantine amusements, as Japanese parents have the reputation of being very kind to their offspring.

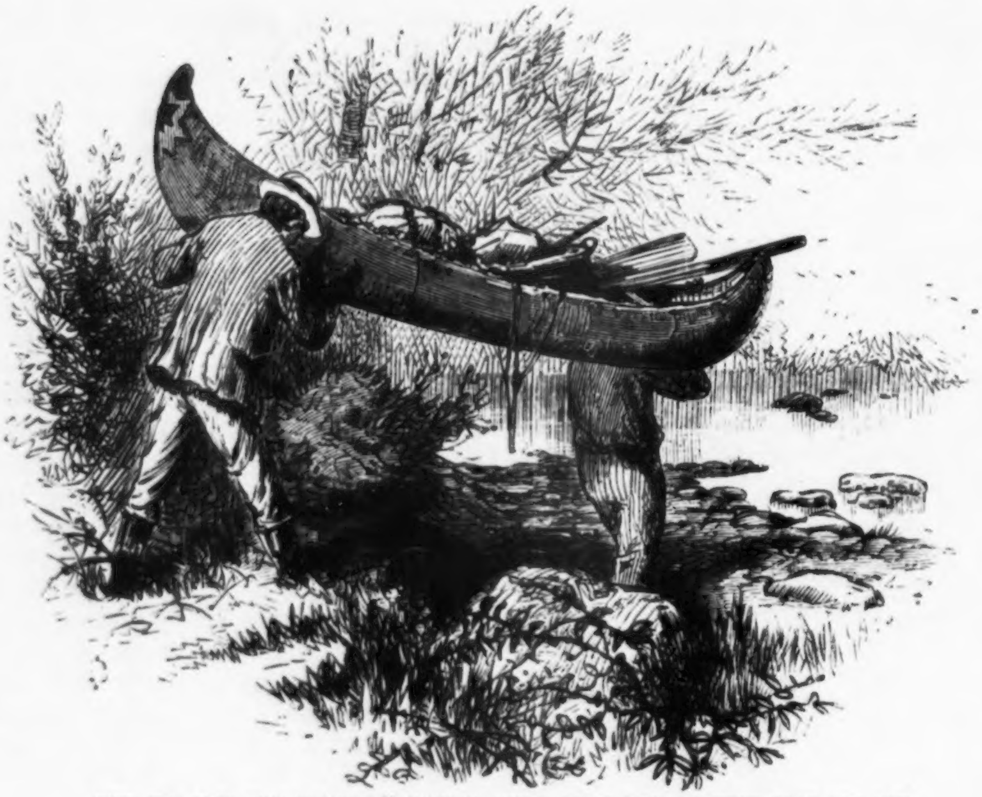
One curious custom in connection with a Japanese baby is that some of the clothes first worn by it are made from a girdle which its mother has used previous to its birth, the material being dyed sky-blue for the purpose. The Record of Ceremonies says, that "twenty-four baby robes, twelve of silk and twelve of cotton, must be prepared (for the new comer); the hems must be dyed saffron color;" and that when the child has been washed, "its body must be dried with a kerchief of fine cotton unhemmed." For the peace of mind of parents of moderate means, it is devoutly to be hoped that baby robes are less expensive in Japan than they are here!

Accounts differ slightly as to when the Japanese baby receives its first name. Some say that it is on the seventh, while Humbert asserts that it is on the thirtieth, day after its birth. According to the latter authority, there is no baptism of the child, properly so called; it is simply, in certain cases, presented in the temple, which its parents affect, and without any ceremony of purification. The father gives three names to the priest, and he writes them on separate pieces of paper, which are mixed together, and then, with certain incantatory forms, thrown up in the air. The first that falls is the chosen name. This is written out by the priest on consecrated paper and given to the child's parents to preserve. The priests, at these times, are usually very liberally dealt with by parents in the matter of presents, and they are expected to keep accurate registers of all the children who are thus presented in the temple. This is the only approach to a religious ceremony in connection with the naming of a child. The occasion is celebrated by family visits and feasts, and the child receives certain presents, "among which," says Humbert, "two fans figure, in the case of a male, and a pot of pomade in that of a female child. The fans are precursors of swords, and the pomade is the presage of feminine charms. In both cases a packet of flax thread is added, signifying good wishes for a long life."

Mr. Mitford supplies a somewhat different version of the ceremony of naming a child; for he quotes a translation of a Japanese MS., which says, that "on the seventh day after its birth the child receives its name; the ceremony is called the congratulations of the seventh night. On this day some one of the relations of the family, who holds an exalted position, either from his rank or virtues, selects a name for the child, which name he keeps until the time of the cutting of the forelock, when he takes the name which he is to bear as a man. The second name is called the 'cap-name,' which is compounded of syllables taken from an old name of the family, and from the name of the sponsor. If the sponsor afterwards change his name, his name-child must also change his name."

According to ancient custom, baby clothes ought to be left off on the seventy-fifth or the hundred-and-twentieth day after birth, and at the latter date the child (in theory, though not in practice) is weaned. At the ceremony which takes place on this day, "if the child be a boy, it is fed by a gentleman of the family; if a girl, by a lady." The account of the proceedings on this occasion, as given by the Japanese Record of Ceremonies, is decidedly amusing to the European mind, but is somewhat too long for quotation here.

When he is three years old, the Japanese infant is invested with a sword-belt, and four years later with two diminutive swords, if he belong to the privileged class. The child's head is completely shaved until he is close upon four years old, and then three patches are grown, one at the back and one at each side. On this occasion the Record of Ceremonies ordains that "a large tray, on which are a comb, scissors, paper-string, a piece of string for tying the hair in a knot, cotton wool, and the bit of dried fish or seaweed which accompanies presents, one of each, and seven rice straws—these seven articles must be prepared." In another year's time the child is put into the loose trousers peculiar to the privileged class, and he is then presented with a "dress of ceremony, on which are embroidered storks and tortoises (emblems of longevity; the stork is said to live a thousand years, the tortoise ten thousand), fir-trees (which being ever-green, and not changing their color, are emblematic of an unchangingly virtuous heart), and bamboos (emblematic of an upright and straight mind)." Soon after the child has reached his fifteenth year, a fortu-

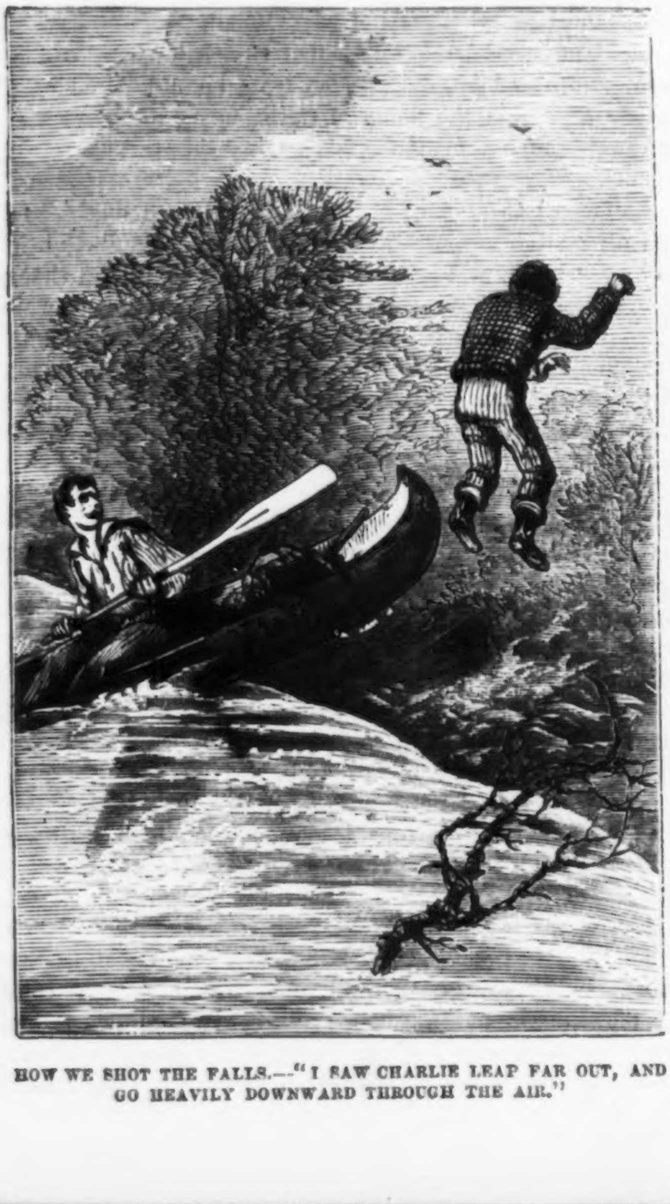


HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"CHARLIE AND I, WITH THE LIGHTEST BOAT AND OUR FISHING-TACKLE, PUSHED DIRECTLY NORTH."

nate day is chosen on which the forelock is cut off, and at this period, being considered a man, he is entrusted with swords of ordinary size; and on this occasion great family festivities and rejoicings take place in honor of the auspicious event. The lad then comes of age, and, casting away childish things, adopts the dress of a grown-up man in every particular. Japanese youths are said to be quite equal to the occasion, and, even at this early age, to adapt themselves most readily to habits of manhood.

At the stages in his life which we have alluded to the child has a sponsor, and certain wine-drinking customs and prescribed festivities have to be carefully attended to.

Some Japanese must have a string of names awful to contemplate, if strict custom be always adhered to; for, besides the name received soon after birth, Humbert tells us that "he will take a second on attaining his majority, a third at his marriage, a fourth when he shall be appointed to any public function, a fifth when he shall ascend in rank or in dignity, and so on until the last, the name which shall be given him after his death, and inscribed upon his tomb—that by which his memory shall be held sacred from generation to generation."

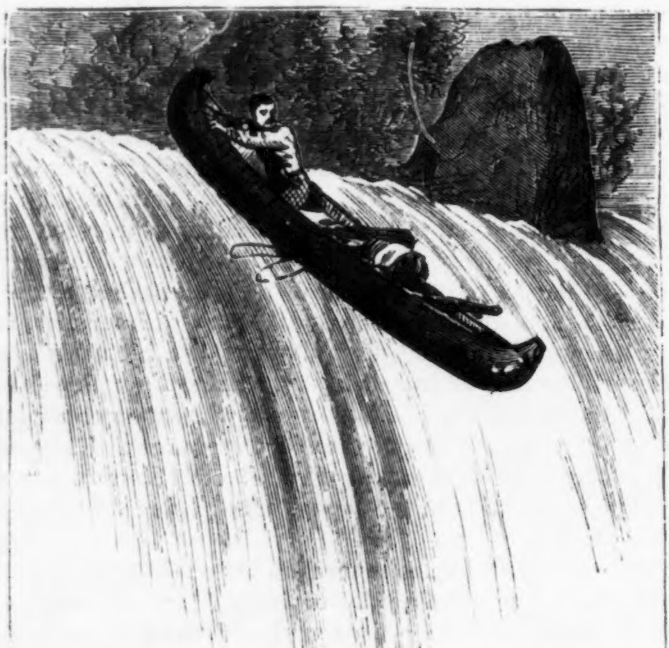


HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"I SAW CHARLIE LEAP FAR OUT, AND GO HEAVILY DOWNWARD THROUGH THE AIR."

HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.

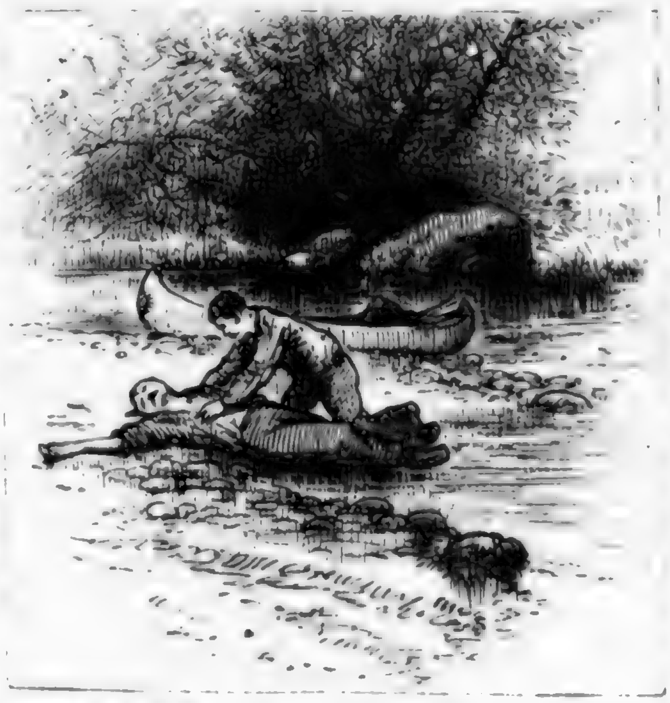
An Adirondack Story.

We ought to have known better, for both of us were good oarsmen, and understood the management of a boat under any circumstances, but on that afternoon we were almost criminally careless in allowing our craft to get beyond control. We left Racket River two days before, and while Will and the guide moved slowly toward Long Lake, Charlie and I, with the lightest boat and our fishing-tackle, pushed directly north for nearly three miles meeting our friends again at Beaver Point, on the southern shore of the lake.



HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"I GAZED IN THE SEETHING WATERS BELOW."

The sport had been excellent. for the water was not often troubled by artificial flies or bait, being out of the usual line of tourists, and we now had more than forty pounds of beautiful trout, cleaned and salted, snugly packed in leaves in the bow of the boat; while, with oar and current, we were hurrying on, hoping to reach the Point before dark, and eat supper with the boys again. Neither of us was at all acquainted with the stream. Even the guide, when he told us of it, admitted that he had never seen it; and as we glided rapidly along, each turn in its course brought some new and wonderful beauty of scenery to our vision, so that the journey thus far had been one of more than usual pleasure to us both.



HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"I SPRANG OVERBOARD, SEIZED HIS INANIMATE BODY IN MY ARMS, AND CARRIED HIM ASHORE."

The water, clear, blue, and deep, ran with swift but silent flow between ragged banks, whereon grew the tamarack, spruce and balsam, while often a giant pine loomed grandly up, the generalissimo of surrounding acres of timber-land.

The day was one of September's perfect ones, and, in a half-dream, our oars kept even stroke, as, chased by the golden sunlight that shimmered along our ever-lengthening wake, we glided adown the beautiful stream.

For more than an hour had silence bound us as we drank in the perfect glory of God's unaltered earth, when suddenly Charlie spoke:

"Fern, are we not moving very rapidly? It seems to me the current is swifter here than 'twas a mile or two above."

"I had hardly noticed it," I replied; "but now that you call my attention, to it, I see that the shore does drift away behind with surprising speed. There may be rapids below. Had we not better land and reconnoitre a little?"

"Perhaps we had. Let us stop at the point just ahead," said Charlie, with outstretched hand; "the stream makes a sharp turn there, and we can easily land."

Our little boat went swiftly on. Easily land! The words were simple, and we both believed them then; but as we swept along our canoe seemed determined to keep the centre of the stream, and as with strong and stronger stroke we ineffectually strove to urge it toward the shore, the utter impossibility of reaching it at length burst upon us, and with frightfully rapid speed we drove sharply around the curve and went wildly hissing on, while there came suddenly to us the distant roar of warring elements, and as far as eye could reach adown the narrow path before us flecks of foam dotted the water's dark and angry bosom, the shore rose steep and rocky, and the dread silence of all nature only made the increasing voice of the river more terrible in our ears.

I looked at Charlie. Still holding his paddle in the water to guide the boat, he was gazing out ahead, his face set as if carved in marble, his eyes wide open, his breath coming and going with that hoarse, gasping sound that one hears when men are fighting desperately, life for life.

"Charlie, must we die?" I shuddered as I spoke, and my own voice sounded faint and strangely unfamiliar. "Die! Oh! I cannot die!" I continued with a half-shriek. "Is there no release?"

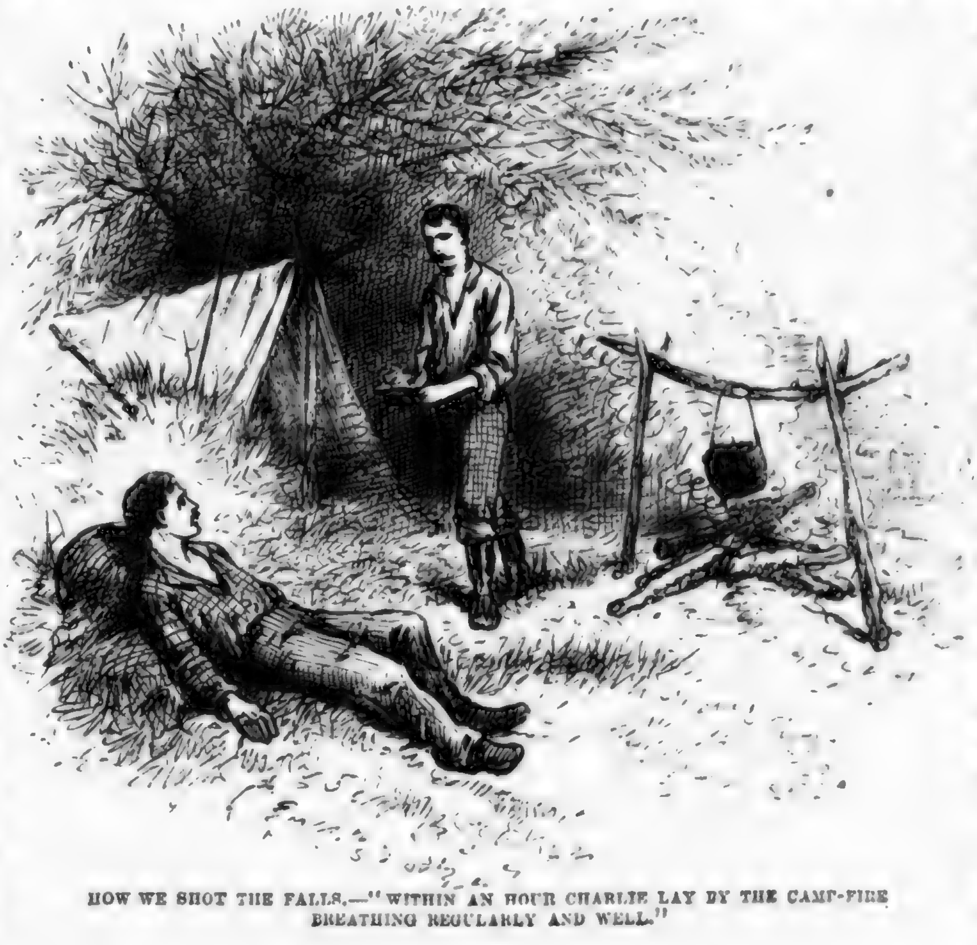
"Hush, Fern!" my friend answered. "God is with us here as anywhere. Keep a quiet brain—we may save ourselves yet. But if—if you get through and I don't, tell them at home——"

He could go no further, and with one impulse we drew toward each other, and clasped hands in a long, all-meaning gasp. And still on, on we sped. The angry roar of the waterfall, for it could be nothing else, rose high and deafening in the air, a faint mist hung over all the trees, the water about us fairly flew!

All this I remember noticing with that weird coolness that sometimes precedes death or follows its sudden fear, and then I realized that our canoe stood shivering on the very verge of the precipice, while I gazed into the seething water below!

Stood there, I say, for to this day as I look back it seems as though we were motionless for several seconds ere taking the fearful plunge.

I saw everything—the whirling waters—the rainbow mist—



HOW WE SHOT THE FALLS.—"WITHIN AN HOUR CHARLIE LAY BY THE CAMP-FIRE BREATHING REGULARLY AND WELL."

the distant sunlight glinting all the trees; saw Charlie leap far out, and go heavily downward through the air, heard his wild cry ringing in my brain, and then sank fainting in the bottom of the boat, losing knowledge of everything in the few horrible moments that followed.

May heaven grant that it shall never be my lot to endure another such hour.

And I was not drowned? No.

Half-way down in the face of the fall a flat shelf jutted out, inclined to an angle of about forty-five degrees to the plane of the river below; against or over this my boat rushed in its descent, and was so shot out thirty feet or more, striking the water again bow foremost, and, providentally, without dangerous strain. Providentally, for it was some time ere my senses returned, and had the boat sunk, I must have drowned then and there.

When I did come slowly back to the light and a knowledge of my surroundings, I found the canoe lodged in a mass of flood-wood, many rods below the fall.

Naturally enough my first thought, after ascertaining that I was well and sound, was for Charlie. Had he escaped? I then remembered his leap, and knew the reason for it. He had hoped to clear the falls, trusting that the water below was deep, and so swim ashore.

I raised myself, and glanced over the rail of the boat. The bottom was clearly discernible. Unless the river was much deeper under the falls, Charlie was killed.

Seizing my paddles, with a faint heart I pushed the boat clear of the flood-wood about it, and, stemming the current, began moving up-stream. Carefully I scrutinized every inch of shore, shouting as I did so. Only the dismal echoes replied from the recesses of the forest along the river-bank. Closer and closer to the roaring water did I venture, in among the wild white foam that whirled about hither and thither, among the little whirlpools that began beneath the bow and died again at the stern of my boat, but could find nothing. The water was deeper here, and that gave me hope; but an hour passed, and still I searched in vain.

Night was coming down. I determined to camp on shore, and continue my search in the morning if necessary. If Charlie was drowned, I must find his body.

Slowly and sadly I turned the boat's prow toward the beach. Almost there, my paddle raised for its last stroke, I saw, half in the water and half out of it, almost drifting on the sand of the shore, Charlie!

With a wild cry, I sprang overboard, seized his inanimate body in my arms, and carried him ashore. Eyes closed, heart still, hands and face cold! Could he be dead?

I sank upon my knees beside him, and prayed; then, rising, began at once to put into practice all I knew of the art of resuscitating a half-drowned person; but, doubting my abilities in that line, forced several swallows of brandy down the poor fellow's throat, the last of which he made an effort to resist. That gave me hope, and with that remedy I persevered, for in it I had confidence.

Nor was that confidence misplaced. Within an hour Charlie lay by the camp-fire breathing regularly and well, and, after a little nourishment, delared he was all right again.

In his fall he had struck sideways upon the water, so injuring him that he could not swim, which was the occasion of the condition in which I found him. Were we not a happy, thankful pair of hunters that night!

Ere noon of the day following we were at Beaver Point. Our story when told excited the most lively sympathy for Will, but John the guide seemed to somewhat doubt it. If, however, he will shoot those unnamed falls in an open canoe, himself and alone, I feel assured that he will find it no laughing matter. For myself, one such experience is enough.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.

The following adventure is told by Colonel Marcy in his "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border":

"A naval officer, not many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able, at twenty or thirty paces, to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill, that, on his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a guide, and mounted upon a well-trained horse, with lasso properly coiled ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

"He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrible aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly in direct opposition to the advice of the guide, he resolved to show him that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noose around the bear's neck at the very first cast; but the animal, instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he anticipated, very deliberately sat up on his haunches, faced his adversary, and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it; he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it were something he could not comprehend. In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in the opposite direction, and commenced applying the rowels to his side most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death and drag him off in triumph; but, to his astonishment, the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance.

"The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so that he soon became enraged, and gave the rope several violent slaps, first with one paw and then the other; but finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws and commenced pulling it in hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached in the opposite extremity. The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spur, but it was evidently of no avail—he had evidently 'caught a Tartar;' and in spite of all the efforts of his horse he recoiled rather than advanced.

"In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and to his horror found himself steadily backing toward the frightful monster, who sat with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending out the most terrific and deep-toned roars. He now, for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded promptly, rode up, and cut the lasso, and extricated the gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to the inquiry of the guide as to whether he desired to continue the hunt, he said it was getting so late he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day."

Without strong affection and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that Being whose code is mercy, and whose great attribute is benevolence to all things that breathe, true happiness can never be attained.

PEARL MARGON'S REVENGE.

YOU would never have thought that there was such a word as revenge in the girl's vocabulary, if you had looked into her face. It was such a pretty, peach-like face, so full of soft color and softer feeling, fluctuating in hue with every emotion that swept over her impressionable young soul. And she had such a generous brow, wide and honest and fearless, and such a sweet, brave mouth, and such tender eyes! They were lakes of fire and love, those deep blue eyes. They were not the pale china-blue that are fringed with amber lashes. They were "violets steeped in dew," and shaded by lashes long and dark as a Summer night. And she had a wealth of rich golden-shaded hair, that grew in pretty undulations about her brow, and cascaded behind in an arrangement that was partly chignon, partly curl, and partly defiance of any recognized method of "doing the hair." Added to these charms, she had a lithe, supple, graceful figure, "full of panther-like movement," as the sensation-writers (would that I were one!) have it. Still, she was not happy, being in love, and her love was not returned.

Poor Pearl! Her pretty name and pretty face made her the envy of every girl in Sandown. She put them all out, with her color, and her brightness, and her intense vitality. Put them all out for a season or two, and then a change came! Pearl Margon altered visibly, grew not less pretty, but less brilliant; and conjecture was rife about her, and people worried their minds with wondering what had befallen the belle of Sandown.

In truth, the belle of Sandown wondered what could have befallen herself. Here, in these her palmiest days of beauty, she was loving, and loving in vain. The hour had come, and the man! And, for some utterly incomprehensible reason, the man was indifferent to the goods the gods gave, and careless of the smiles and blushes of Pearl Margon.

He, Mr. Sutherland, had put into Sandown, some three weeks before the date at which Pearl Margon is introduced to the reader, in his yacht, the *Belle Aurore;* and Sandown had made the best of itself, in the way of balls and dinner-parties, and such like gaieties, ever since. He was an untitled aristocrat; a man of ancient lineage and large property; young, handsome, cultivated, and—cold to Pearl Margon.

The pair met, first, at a ball, the night of his arrival, and, in the language of the situation, he "seemed to be much struck with her." That is to say, he secured her for as many round-dances as she would give him, and sat out two or three quadrilles talking to her. The hours flew in a sort of rapturous whirl, and, though she was not apt to be lightly won, she was interested intensely in the man by the time he bid her good-by that night.

The next morning, Pearl went out riding early, according to her wont, and, almost without will of hers, it seemed that her horse carried her along the strand, close to which the *Belle Aurore* was lying.

The girl had never been an enthusiast about the sea or ships before; but now it seemed to her that yachting must be the most delightful of all amusements.

"If he would only ask us to go out for a few hours one day, how happy I should be!" she sighed, as she pulled up, and gazed at the thing of beauty that was resting so peacefully and buoyantly on the water; and then she was recalled to the present, for Mr. Sutherland was addressing her.

"You're admiring my yacht, Miss Margon; I hope you'll do me the honor of coming on board."

"I shall be very happy. Yachting will be a new feature in my life," she said, laughing, and, recovering her *insouciance*, in the rapid way in which women are taught by their instincts to recover it. "Papa is going to call on you to-day," she added, "when he has found out from the "Directory" what hotel you're staying at."

He told her he was at The Royal; and he admired her pet horse Cavalier, and then their interview came to an end, and the girl rode on. He looked after her for a moment, and a half-smile played over his lips.

"I wonder what Ju will think of the lovely Pearl coming on board my yacht," he said to himself. "Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary, the women lay on their flattery so deuced thick."

Then he stepped into the boat that was waiting for him, and went on board. And Pearl rode on, her heart beating high with joyous anticipations of the happy time she would have soon, on board the *Belle Aurore*.

Three weeks passed, and during those three weeks poor Pearl learned all the gradations of hope and fear, from fell experience. Mr. Sutherland always singled her out to dance with and talk to. He had ridden out with her several times. He had sauntered on the piers with her in the moonlight; but he had not made love to her, and it was his love she yearned for. Everybody in Sandown believed that the *fête* which was coming off this night, on board the *Belle Aurore*, was entirely in honor of Pearl. Pearl believed it herself, and wondered, as he had said so much, why he did not say a little more.

He had consulted her greatly about the floral decorations to be employed, and Pearl had sent him huge baskets full of flowers from her own greenhouse. He had consulted her as to the programme of the music that his own private band was to perform; and now, on the morning of the day of the party, he came for her to "go off and see if the flowers were arranged properly." So Colonel Margon and Pearl went off; and Pearl, in a happy, hopeful flutter, made up bouquets and wreaths and festoons, until the *Belle Aurore* looked like a fairy-bower; and every one in Sandown "expected that the engagement would be announced to-night."

"I shall ask you a great favor to-night, Miss Margon," he said to her, significantly, as he was handing her over the side, when her floral labors were over.

"And any favors you ask, I shall be sure to grant," the girl said, in a low voice.

And then he pressed her hand gratefully, and Pearl went home to superintend the preparation of her toilet for the evening.

The belle of Sandown looked exquisitely lovely that night, in clouds of silvery tulle. The only color about her was in her hair and eyes and delicately rounded cheeks.

"A very Venus," was Mr. Sutherland's mental verdict on her, as he met and welcomed her. And then he led her to a seat on a raised dais, where he placed her among a group of ladies who were strangers to her; and all Sandown people on board exchanged looks, and whispered to each other: "His own family, probably; it's evidently a settled thing. What a glorious chance for Pearl!"

Presently, wine and ices and fruits were handed round; and, while he was helping her to some champagne, Mr. Sutherland said to Pearl:

"May I introduce you now to my cousin, Lady Julia Stodart?" and, at the same moment, he touched the shoulder of the lady who was seated by Pearl; the lady turned graciously, and Pearl saw a very superb beauty.

"My cousin described you so accurately," Lady Julia said, in a clear, ringing voice, "that I knew you the instant you stepped over the side. Do you like yachting?"

"I have never had any," Pearl said. "I'm rather afraid on the water, generally, but——"

"You mustn't be afraid in the *Belle Aurore*," Mr. Sutherland interrupted; "we want you to go for a trip with us, Miss Margon. My aunt, Lady Boynton, is the *chaperone* of

XUM

the party; and we'll go to the Channel Islands for a blow, to-morrow, if you're ready."

Pearl, happening to glance up at the moment, saw a slow smile cross Lady Julia's face, as her cousin said these words. It was a very handsome face—a Southern face, almost, in its dark splendor; rich brown hair, and dreary brown eyes—those eyes that can be so kind, as well as so cruel, in their fervor and their fierceness.

"I don't like his cousin," was Pearl's flashing thought. "I hope his aunt, Lady Boynton, will be nicer."

Presently, some one of the guests was asked to sing, and from that moment vocal music became the order of the night. One after another sang; and at length, after a few low-spoken words from her cousin, Lady Julia rose, took a guitar, seated herself on a low chair that Sutherland placed for her, and began that passion-stirring song that Swinburne has written and Molloy has set—"Kissing her Hair."

She sang it wondrously! As the last note died away in the flower-laden air, a murmur arose—one of those murmurs that show the hearts of the audience have been touched. Lady Julia moved from her seat, elated, gratified, the queen of the occasion, and Pearl experienced the first throb of jealousy, as she marked how ardently Mr. Sutherland thanked the lovely prima donna. Was it possible that it was really the man who had been devoted to her, to Pearl, for the last three weeks, who was now bending over, and bestowing a rapturous clasp on the taper fingers of the Lady Julia? It was possible—it was a fact! and poor Pearl sickened at the sight.

"Do you sing, Miss Margon?" Lady Julia asked, presently.

And one of Pearl's most injudicious friends, not perceiving how utterly incapable the girl was of singing properly, of doing justice to herself just then, began wildly extolling Miss Margon's vocal powers.

"I only sing little commonplace ballads," Pearl said.

"Well, but we like commonplace ballads," the regal beauty said, putting her hand through her cousin's arm; "don't we, Cecil? Come! add your persuasions to mine, and get Miss Margon to sing to us."

"Do, Pearl," he whispered, dropping his cousin's hand, and coming nearer to the girl, who was looking at him with all her soul in her eyes. "Do, Pearl! to please me!"

She could hardly do it, but she made the effort, conquered herself, and began. A very short song; but there was a world of passion and tenderness—of love and despair and misery—in it. She rang out the last verse with a wild wailing energy that thrilled through more than one heart there—

"Say, what can I do for thee? Weary thee, grieve thee?
Lean on thy shoulder, new burdens to add?
Weep my tears over thee, making thee sad?
Oh! hold me not! love me not! let me retrieve thee!
I love thee so dear, that I can only leave thee!"

"There's a challenge, Cis," Lady Julia whispered; and poor Pearl heard the whisper, and hated the whisperer.

"Take me home, papa," she said, presently. "I am tired, and I feel ill."

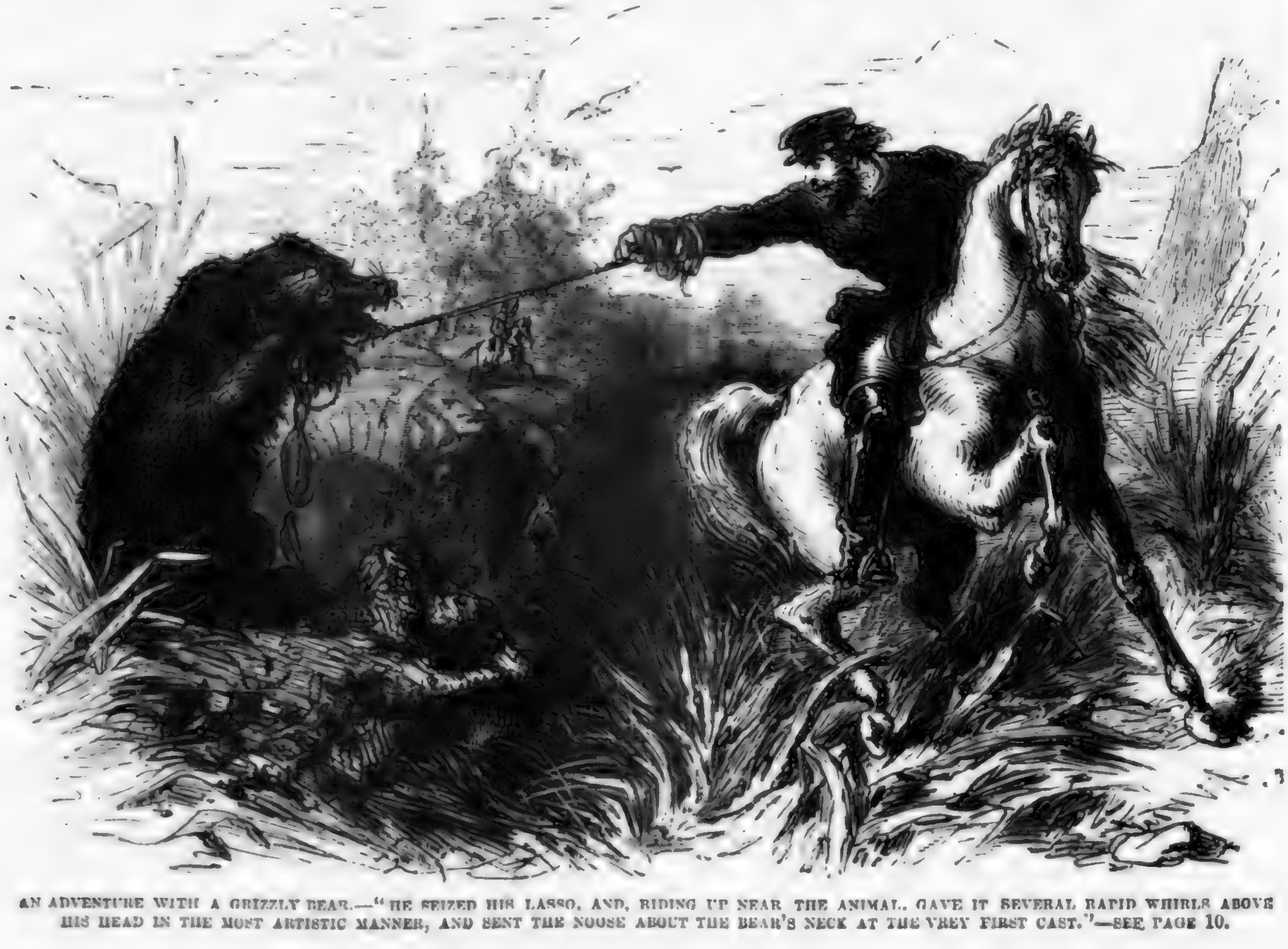
"Tired, my child! *You* tired, Pearl! You don't mean it!" her father said, looking at her wonderingly.

But Pearl reiterated her request—reiterated it hastily, petulantly almost, it appeared; and so the puzzled father, who had, in common with others, fancied that things were on a very fair footing between Pearl and Mr. Sutherland, was obliged to humor her, and make preparations for their departure.

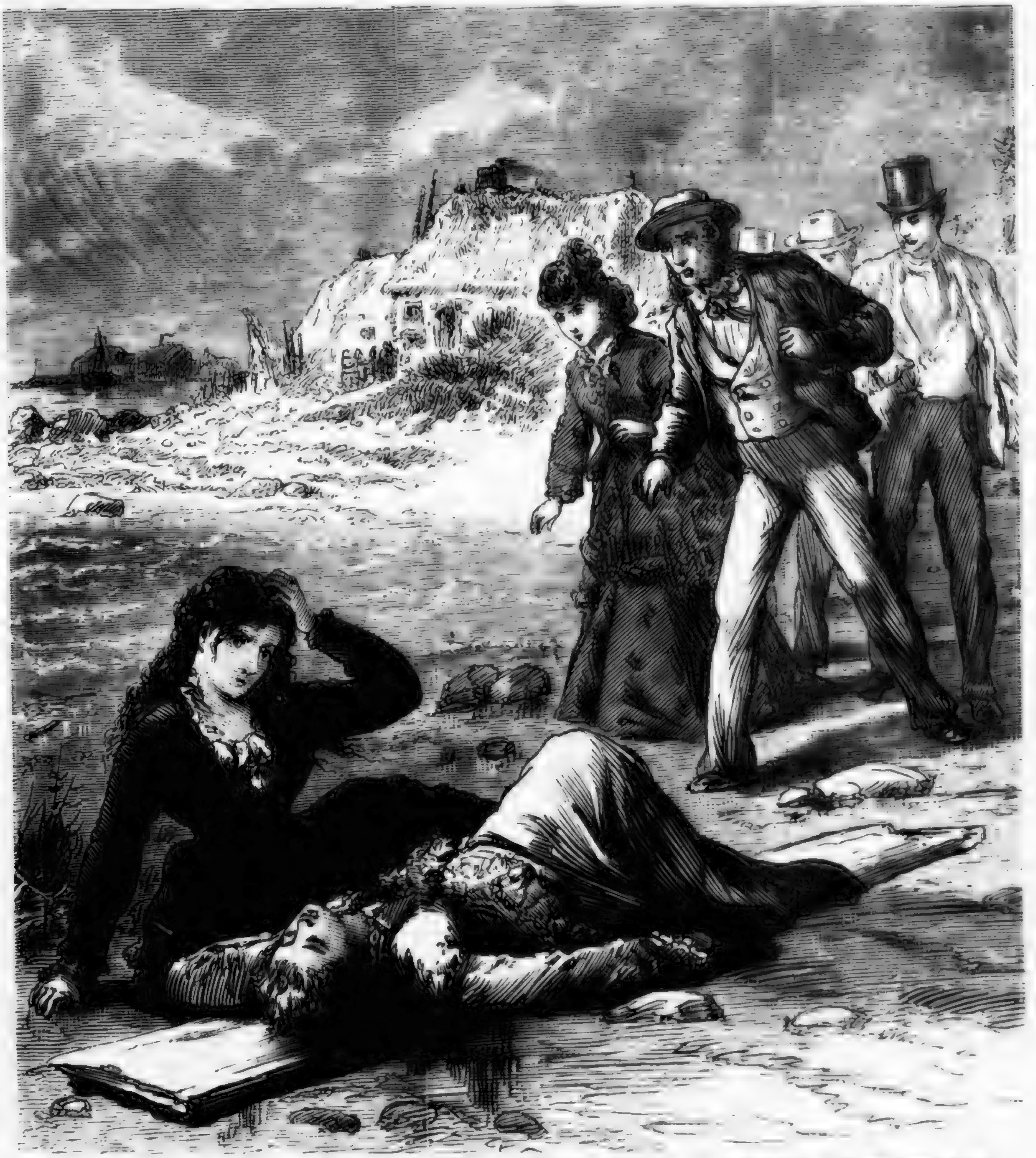
"Good-night! We are going, Mr. Sutherland."

She breathed the words so softly, that only he heard them. Pearl had been standing a little apart from the rest, when he came near enough for her to speak without exciting the suspicion of the others. He answered, promptly:

"Going! Impossible! All this is in your honor. I shall



AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY BEAR.—"HE SEIZED HIS LASSO, AND, RIDING UP NEAR THE ANIMAL, GAVE IT SEVERAL RAPID WHIRLS ABOVE HIS HEAD IN THE MOST ARTISTIC MANNER, AND SENT THE NOOSE ABOUT THE BEAR'S NECK AT THE VREY FIRST CAST."—SEE PAGE 10.



PEARL MARGON.—"A LONG AND SLENDER PLANK, WITH ONE LIVING WOMAN BOUND TO IT, AND A DEAD ONE. AND THE LIVING WOMAN WAS LADY JULIA STODART."

feel publicly snubbed, if you withdraw yourself so early. Pearl! What is the matter?"

For a moment, only a moment, the girl felt hysterical. Then, she recovered herself, and answered:

"*Is* it in my honor, truly? How can you tell me that, when Lady Julia is here?"

You see, they had advanced toward intimacy sufficiently for her to utter one of those veiled approaches which women are so skilled in uttering.

"Lady Julia Stodart is my cousin," he exclaimed, in a little mournful cadence. "Pearl! what have I done that you want to punish me by going away?" Then he began to sing (he took care to sing it in a whisper):

"Stay with me, my darling, stay!
And, like a dream, my life shall pass away."

And poor Pearl suffered her senses once more to be steeped in the fumes of the drug called Hope, and told him gently that she "would stay—stay as long as he liked, and papa would, she knew, if she asked him, countermand the boat at once."

"And you'll come on board, and go on this trip with us to-morrow?" he whispered, as, late that night, he leaned over to catch her parting words, pressing her hand with a feverish clasp. "You'll come on board early? Tell me that you will."

Of course, she told him that she would come on board early the following morning—making, at the same time, some proper little reservation about "papa." And then she went off home, quite happy and light-hearted again, with all her doubts and fears respecting Cecil Sutherland melting

XUM

away before the memory of the warm words and warmer looks he had given that night. Over and over again she told herself, "He will speak out to-morrow; he must see that I love him; he can't be doubtful of me; he will speak out to-morrow."

Meanwhile, on board the yacht the following brief colloquy was taking place between the cousins. The last guest was gone, the Countess of Boynton and her daughter, Lady Julia Stodart, were preparing to vanish down into the state sleeping-cabin set apart for them, when Cecil Sutherland said:

"Take one turn up and down with me, Ju."

And she, thinking there was something strange in his look and manner, obeyed him, though she was very sleepy, and not too apt to accede to any demands that interfered with her own pleasures.

"What's the matter with you, Cecil?" she said, languidly. "Is it possible that you are really spoony on that very susceptible young person?—

'Who loves thee so dear, that she can only leave thee.'"

"It is possible——"

He was on the brink of saying these words, but he checked himself, he only thought it. What he said aloud was:

"Will you let me make our engagement public to-morrow, Ju?"

"Why should we undergo the tedium of listening to congratulations that we shall not value—from people whose good wishes or bad wishes are a matter of utter indifference to us? Be satisfied, Cis; I am."

"Yes; you're precious easily satisfied," he said, bitterly.

And Lady Julia laughed her clear, light laugh, and said:

"It will be known that you are tied to me quite soon enough. How ungrateful you are! Most men would appreciate the generosity which makes me leave you at perfect liberty to pick up all the Pearls that are cast in your path."

"Don't joke about Miss Margon," he said, quietly. "I am sorry you have refused my request, Ju. I won't keep you up in the cold. Good-night."

The next morning, Colonel Margon and Pearl came off early, as they had been entreated to do, and they sailed out of the fair sheltered harbor with a favoring wind. Pearl was intensely happy. It seemed to her that Cecil Sutherland was softer, more tender and lover-like than ever. This manner of his made her so happy, flooding her whole soul with hope as it did, that she scarcely noticed the calmly triumphant, amused smile with which Lady Julia regarded her.

"She thinks I am not patrician enough to marry her cousin," Pearl thought. "However, if he thinks I am, what need I care for her opinion?"

About twelve o'clock there was a diversion effected, by the introduction of champagne, and chablis, and oysters, and the little group broke up, and rearranged itself. When quiet fell again, Pearl found that Cecil Sutherland and herself were quite apart from the others; and, "Now he will speak out," her prophetic soul told her.

"Pearl!" he began, with a voice that he vainly tried to steady, "I must tell you something now, that I ought perhaps to have told you before; my cousin, Lady Julia, and I, are engaged to be married."

Can any one of our readers imagine the agony with which she listened to and took in the truth, the words which told her that the one whom she believed to be heart-pledged to herself, was honor-plighted to another? One must have passed through this furnace oneself, in order to comprehend how fiery it is. Poor Pearl! Not all her pure pride could save her from gasping, and betraying how deeply she was cut. Twice she tried to speak, and twice the words failed her. She could only look at him with dumb agony, and her look was reflected in his face.

"Pearl," he muttered, "for God's sake, forgive me; say you forgive me, my own darling. Oh, Pearl! I am not such a blackguard as I appear. I loved you from the first, and I struggled against my love, but it has mastered me. Can you forgive me?"

"Yes," she murmured. "But you should have told me. Oh, you *should* have told me!" Then the recollection of how long, and dull, and vapid, her life would be when this love was torn out of it, flashed upon her, and she sank down on a seat, moaning: "What had I done that you should have mocked me so?"

"Pearl! Pearl! I loved you! You can never blame me as I blame myself. But these words mean nothing. Pearl, look up; it will kill me if you are crushed."

"I am not crushed," the girl said, rising up in a sudden calm way that staggered him. "Was it *her* wish that I should be kept in the dark?"

She indicated Lady Julia with a look, and Cecil Sutherland nodded assent to her interrogation.

"What a womanly thing to do!" she said, bitterly. "I wonder if I shall ever have the opportunity of paying the debt I owe her?" Then, seeing that he was looking at her anxiously, with loving concern in his eyes, she said, hastily: "Mr. Sutherland, I think I must be half mad. Don't mind my words; they mean nothing, only I'm—very miserable."

He would have given a year of his life, then, to fall on his knees before her and clasp her to his heart. But it would have been worse than crime—it would have been a blunder—to do so, for Lady Julia by this time was watching them with what would have been a sneer on a less pretty face than hers. As it was, it was only a cynical smile.

"Pearl, tell me to do something, or I shall go mad!" he muttered, hoarsely. Why do the emotions of the heart always affect the bronchial tubes in this way? "Tell me to do something," he repeated. "Pearl, don't hate me."

"I shall never hate you; and I'll ask you to do this: Let me go home; I mean, let me be landed somewhere, as soon as possible, for I feel ill—very ill. The sea always did disagree with me."

She wound up with a feeble attempt at concealing the truth from him, that would have been comic had it not been so intensely tragic.

All these sentences had been spoken in such a disjointed way—there had been so many little subterfuges in the tone and manner of their utterance—that Lady Julia, watching the conversation from afar, had made nothing of it.

"Miss Pearl is pretty enough to turn a stronger head than Cecil's, when she puts on those little airs and graces," she observed, with an utter unconsciousness of the real bearings of the case, turning to her mother as she spoke.

And Lady Boynton put up her glass, looked at Pearl, and said, kindly:

"Yes; she is pretty; but how pale she has turned! We shall be 'put back' for Miss Margon before long, if I am not very much mistaken."

And Lady Boynton was right. Before long, the yacht was put about, and Cecil Sutherland came forward, in an explanatory way, and told them that Miss Margon felt too ill to go on. They must take her back to Sandown.

"Ill-bred people always get seasick, and cause a *fiasco*," Lady Julia said, haughtily. "I can't help it, Cecil; she *is* ill-bred, or she would suffer all things rather than mar a pleasure-party."

And then Lady Julia huffed away, with a stately step, to the other side of the deck, where was an awning, and plenty of light literature, and the most comfortable of places reserved for her by a group of admiring friends.

A little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, had come up—a speck on the horizon. The wind had risen, and now, on their homeward way, the yacht was driven before it like chaff before the wind. The girl—poor Pearl—in her new-born misery, never heeded the tempest that was rising above them What did it matter whether the waves ran high or not? What did it matter whether the frail bark that was bearing them, tossed tremblingly on the crest of one wave for a moment, only to be engulfed the next in a bigger, more raging one? What did it matter that the clouds were lowering, and that even the sailors, who had run the gauntlet of many a storm, probably, were shaking their heads? What did anything matter, now that she knew that Cecil Sutherland and herself were divided?

How she loved him! Heavens above us! how she loved that man; and how utterly unworthy he, or any other man that ever lived, is of such wholesale devotion! The glory had gone from the sunshine, and the gloss had gone out of existence, for her, in those few minutes in which he told her how things were between his cousin and himself.

"'Tis better being good than bad.
'Tis wiser being sane than sad."

But, ah, me! ah, me! how seldom one can be wise and good, when young blood is having its day!

And so the dream was wholly o'er, and she could never hope or expect to be Mrs. Cecil Sutherland. How she hated herself, poor child, for having been deficient in that so-called proper feeling which should have saved her from betraying to him how intensely dear he was to her!

"Oh, my love! my love!" she sighed to herself as she sat, silent and stony, by her father's side. "Oh, more mine than hers, even now! How can I give him up to her!"

A wild wind rose up and followed them, beating them about remorselessly; and at last Lady Boynton remonstrated, not exactly with the wind for blowing, nor with Cecil for suffering it to blow, but with both the wind and Cecil, in a polite, meaningless way, that was very pitiful at this juncture. For this was no stage-storm; no little tempest in a teapot, that would simply act as an appetizer. They were in great danger. And soon they all knew it.

How differently the thought of rapidly approaching death affects us poor creatures! For my own part, I am free to confess that the mighty awfulness of it crushes all ill-feeling toward my fellow-worms out of my heart. I am oppressed with such a magnitude of terror, that I dare not do more or less than bend beneath the weight of it.

And so, this being the case, I can sympathize with the abrupt transition Pearl made, from indifference to horror. It had come upon her. Death had come upon her! Death to her and to her rival; and, oh, how infinitely dear life was, after all!

Dumb with terror, the poor girl fell on her knees, and prayed as she had never prayed before. But an hour ago—a little hour ago—and she had almost prayed for death, for annihilation, for anything that would carry her away from the consciousness of the overwhelming evil it was that Lady Julia should rob her of Cecil Sutherland. And now they were all in peril together. She was being revenged! And, oh! how piteously she prayed for life, and time, and grace!

Was it a cloud? Was it land? Was it the end of all things? There was a crash somewhere, and she found herself on a height, looking down on a mass of white, terrified faces. They were launching a boat, and she was refusing to go in it, because *all* could not go. Suddenly the boat was pushed off, and the yacht was beginning to settle down. And she and Lady Julia, and Sutherland were together. What frantic words were those he uttered in those supreme moments?

"I must save you both, or perish forever. I *must* save you both! Pearl, cling to me?"

How calm she felt now! How—running through the calm—was a vein of surprise at it, and the turn events were taking!

"You must save your cousin; she is to be your wife, you know," she said to the half-maddened man, as the yacht gave a few final frantic plunges, and then began to break up. "You *must* save her!" she cried. And then Cecil Sutherland found himself striking off, without either woman.

He was picked up at last by a boat, and carried to the shore, close to Sandown; and then a sympathetic crowd assembled, to watch and wait for the other hapless ones who had gone out full of life and health, and hope and happiness, in the *Belle Aurore*. The patient, hearty watchers were rewarded by-and-by, by the boat coming in, with the whole of the crew, and a damp and draggled Lady Boynton, and a bereaved-looking old man, whom his townsfolk had much difficulty in recognizing as Colonel Margon. And then the crowd broke up and dispersed, for they could not hope against hope that the tide would cast up more.

After a time, tidings reached them that the waves had rendered up something, a mile or two lower down. They went off in a wild burst, hardly knowing what they hoped to find, but longing for excitement; and when they came to the bank of sand that was the stage whereon the scene was set, they found just this:

A long and slender plank, with one living woman bound to it, and a dead one. And the living woman was Lady Julia Stodart; and the saving bonds that held her to the plank that had brought her, beaten and bruised, but in safety still, to the beach, were tresses of Pearl Margon's hair.

This was Pearl Margon's revenge. When destruction was imminent, and death was upon them, all the woman reasserted itself in her pure, brave young soul.

"I thought she was mad at first," Ju said, when describing the scene to Cecil Sutherland, "I thought she was mad at first, when she began to clip off her great coils of hair; but when she came to me and told me, so quickly and so clearly, that binding me to the plank was the only way to save me, I thought her mad no longer, but an angel."

"And so she is an angel," he said, huskily.

"Cis, did you love her very much?"

"Not so much as she loved me," he said, frankly. "But I sorrow for her more than I could have sorrowed for her, if it had been the other way."

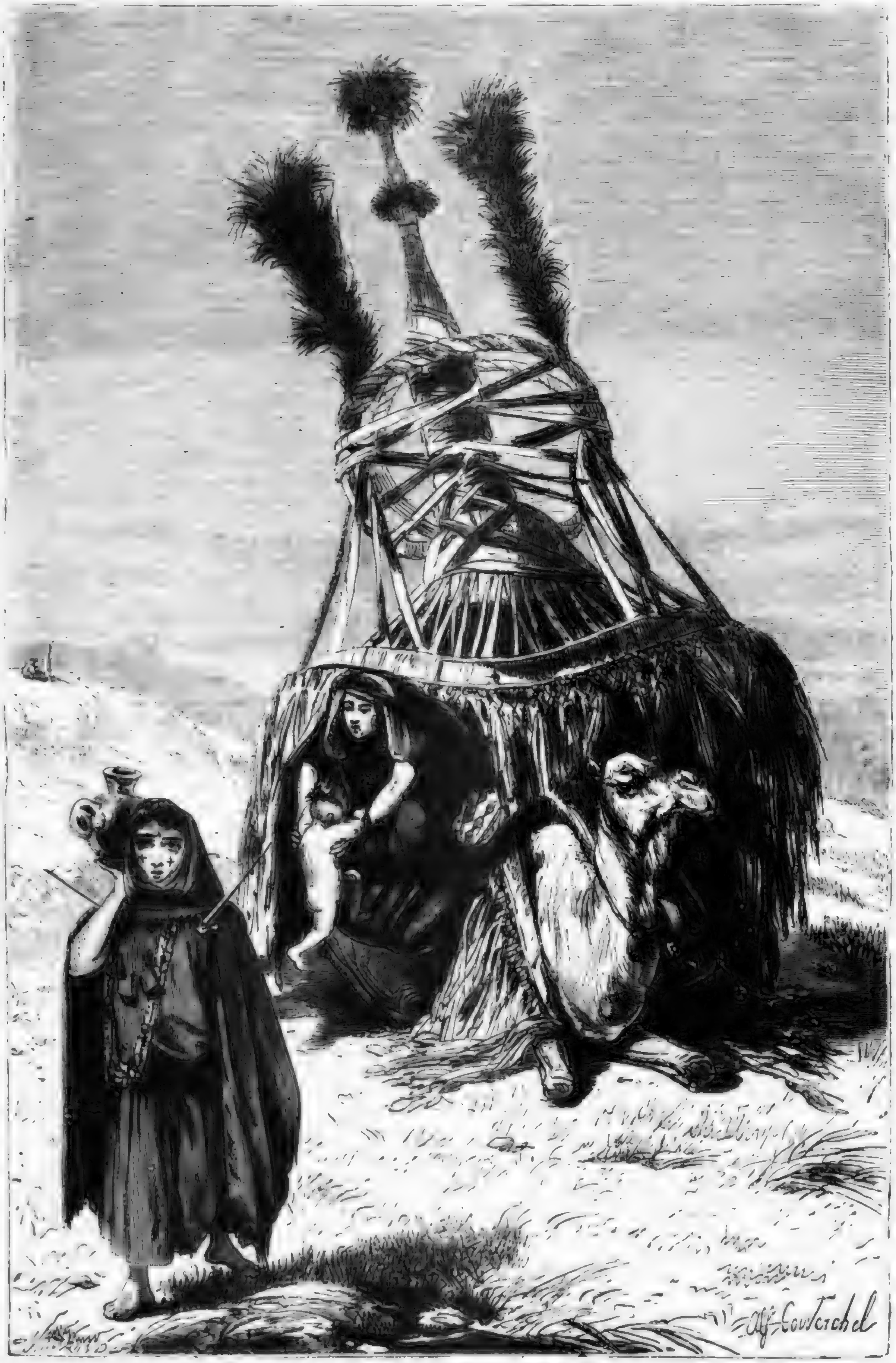
"Ah! you're a man; there's the difference," Julia said, reflectively. "Poor Pearl! she loved you, so well, that she took the sweet revenge on you of saving me. Cecil, if I had died, instead of Pearl, what would you have done? No; don't tell me! don't tell me! Oh, Cis! if we ever have a child, let us pray that it will never enter into an engagement with a cousin for family reasons. I never thought to have carried so heavy a heart for a woman who might have cut me out, as I carry for Pearl to-day."

* * * * * * * *

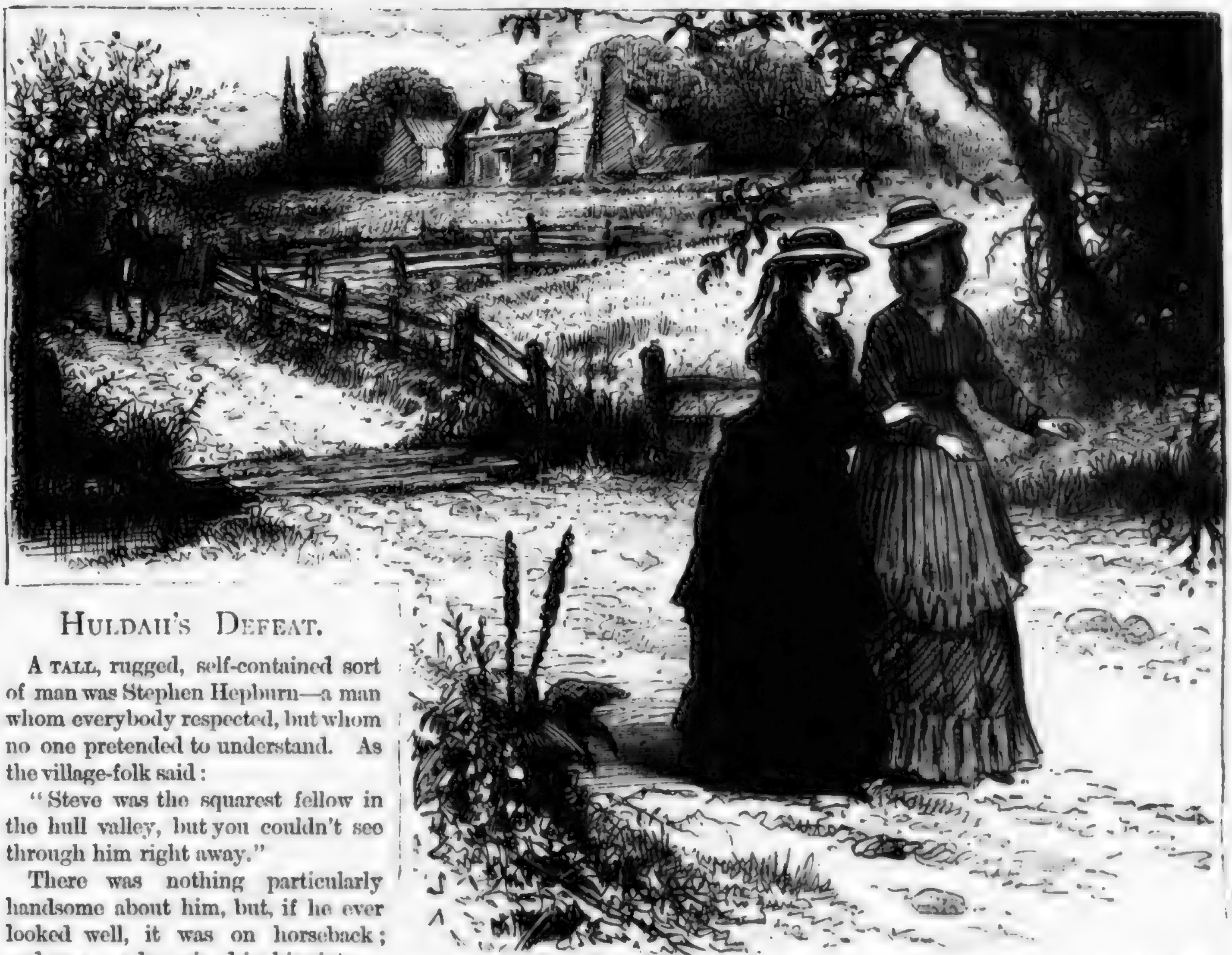
There is a little grave in Sandown churchyard that is always bright with flowers. Children come there every Autumn, and lay wreaths tenderly and reverently upon it; and a stately lady guides them to it, and tells them, standing there, in a sweet voice that is both sad and loving, the solemn story of the loss of the *Belle Aurore*. They know it by heart already, but they like to hear it afresh every year And they gather daisies from her grave and give them to their father, and hear from him, over and over again, but always with keen interest, what a lovely girl this was who saved their mother's life.

So this was Pearl's revenge; and it was worthy of her.

XUM



A SAHARA AMBULANCE, OR ATTATICH.—SEE PAGE 21.



"MEANTIME HULDAH MORRIS AND HER SISTER CONTINUED THEIR WALK AND TALK IN THE GOLDEN OCTOBER SUNSHINE."

HULDAH'S DEFEAT.

A TALL, rugged, self-contained sort of man was Stephen Hepburn—a man whom everybody respected, but whom no one pretended to understand. As the village-folk said:

"Steve was the squarest fellow in the hull valley, but you couldn't see through him right away."

There was nothing particularly handsome about him, but, if he ever looked well, it was on horseback; and now, as he reined in his sixteen-hand bay, and looked down the road after the retreating forms of Huldah Morris and her sister, he seemed indeed the very pattern of a well-to-do farmer.

On either side of him, to right and left, spread out many a broad acre of "plow and pasture land"; the brown Autumn fields were his own, and had been his father's before him, and so was the quaint old homestead that looked out from the grove of horse-chestnuts and maples on the hillside.

All his own, and as yet he had seemed to have no thought of calling in anybody else to divide with him his comforts and responsibilities.

Just now, however, his eyes turned more than once from the women to the fields and homestead, and back again, as if in his own mind there had been suggested some sort of possible connection between them.

"They're good girls," he said to himself, aloud, "both of them, but it's hard to understand Huldah, or Hetty, either, for that matter. I wish I could ever chance in on 'em of an evening, and not find Joe Stanton on hand. Can't I make out to manage him somehow? I'll try it on."

Even as he spoke the light of some new idea arose in Steve's sunburnt face, and there must have been a comical element in it, for his hard, strong, yet not unkindly mouth, widened first into a humorous smile, and then opened in a loud and ringing laugh, which the good beast under him instantly took and acted on as an order to gallop briskly away with him in the direction of the village.

Meantime Huldah Morris and her sister had continued their walk and talk in the golden October sunshine; and it may be that both of them were thinking of Stephen Hepburn, each in her own way.

"Huldah," said Hetty, "you're the strangest girl sometimes. You talk of money and property, and being settled as you call it, as if that was all I or anybody else ought to think of. I don't see but what we've been happy enough with all our hard work, and all alone in the world, too."

Very pretty, indeed, was Hetty Morris, for her rosy, merry face looked out from an ambush of irrepressible brown curls, and there was not a line upon it that care or trouble could have made.

Huldah was taller, and a good five years older, and her grave, sober, thoughtful countenance put on a deeper shade than usual as she replied:

"Hetty, dear, you don't know everything about even the past, and it's the future I'm thinking of. You should not treat Stephen Hepburn as carelessly as you do. He's a most respectable and honorable man, and his farm is the best in all the valley."

"Now, Huldah," exclaimed her sister, "one would think you the most worldly and heartless old matchmaker, and hadn't a bit of soft spot in you. You make people think you are hard and selfish, and don't I know better? Come, Huldah, dear, don't let's spoil our walk. I want to cultivate my appetite. It's only two weeks to Thanksgiving."

Huldah's face was very grave and thoughtful still, and at times an expression very much like pain would shoot across it, but she seemed willing, nevertheless, to yield for the time to Hetty's flow of spirits and say no more about Stephen and his various attractions.

Not a handsome girl was Huldah, and though her twenty-seven years had brought her a healthful and well-developed womanhood, there had been that in them of care and anxiety which had made her feel old before her time.

XUM

In fact, while regarding herself as others did, in the light of an "old maid," Huldah's feeling for her younger sister was more motherly than anything else.

Hetty was her pet, her idol, her one treasure, and Hetty's beauty, her popularity, her "settlement in life," gave Huldah very nearly her most interesting and absorbing topics of thought and forethought.

That, on some accounts, Stephen Hepburn was decidedly the best match in the valley, there could be no question; nor would Huldah's judgment have admitted a favorable comparison to him, in any respect, on behalf of Joe Stanton, the almost penniless young lawyer, who had settled in the village during the preceding Summer.

Joe was a good fellow, no doubt; there was nothing to dislike in him, and he had good abilities, too, men said, but he was no such person as Stephen, and never would be, in Huldah's eyes; and he came to spend his evenings at the Morris cottage only too often to please the mind or heart of Hetty's careful "overseer."

Stephen Hepburn himself had of late been more and more frequently a visitor, and he knew very well how to make his company agreeable; but Hetty's persistent manner of treating "the best match in the valley" had been a subject of more than a little tribulation to Huldah.

She had, indeed, time after time, exerted her own social powers to the very uttermost to make good her younger sister's deficiency, but she had learned to almost dread the sound of Joe Stanton's well-known knock at the cottage-door.

The evening of that very day witnessed a repetition of the same old story, for never before had Hetty exhibited so evident a manifestation of indifference to Stephen Hepburn's presence, or compelled Huldah to "come to the front" so strongly. It was only too clear that the matter could not go on so for any great length of time; but Huldah could hardly repress her admiration of the cool self-control and apparent unconcern with which Stephen actually "sat it out," and walked off down the village street in company with his younger and, personally, more attractive rival.

"There ain't many men like him," she was saying to herself. "He's worth a ten-acre lot full of Joe Stantons," when suddenly Hetty's voice—for she, too, had watched the disappearing forms of their guests—broke rudely in upon her thoughts with:

"Huldah, I just hate Stephen Hepburn!"

"Hetty, what do you mean, in all the world?" exclaimed Huldah.

"Mean? Why, what do you think he's been doing today? and poor Joe don't see through him any more'n if he was a post."

'Well, my dear child, what has he been doing that's so bad?"

"Doing? why, he's made arrangements with Joe Stanton to go down into Pennsylvania for him, and look after some wretched law-business. It's about some mills and lumber and mines, and I don't know what all besides."

"Will he be gone long?" quietly responded Huldah.

"He don't know how long, he says, for it will take nobody can tell how much of hard work."

"But don't you suppose Stephen means to pay him for it?"

"Yes; and he thinks it's a good thing for him, but——"

And here Hetty's eyes fell a little, and a flush of rosy color began to mount in her cheeks as the thought came to her that, after all, *she* had no special reason for quarreling with such an access of business to her friend.

"For all I can see, then," said Huldah, wisely ignoring her sister's confusion, "Stephen has been doing a kindly thing by Joe. He could easily get his business attended to some other way. Lawyers are as plentiful as blackberries and better ones than Joe Stanton."

A little sparkle of temper began to flash in Hetty's eyes, as was very apt to be the case when her sister ventured on comparisons with reference to Joe, but she only said:

"Huldah, I'm as glad as anybody to have business come to Joe, but you'll have to take all of Steve's visits till Joe gets back. I don't care how often he calls."

"Very well, Hetty, we'll see," said Huldah, with a sort of sigh. "I only wish you would think a little, and try to understand your own interests."

"I understand them a good deal better than you think I do," half sharply returned Hetty; but a glance at the earnest, loving, hurt expression of Huldah's face brought her back to a kiss of reconciliation instantly, as it always did, and there was peace between the two—for that night, at least.

The next day came, but the evening, although a fine one, brought no visitors to the cottage of the two "lone women," and so with the next; but the third morning, when Hetty Morris came back from a brief errand down the village, there was a light on her face which puzzled Huldah more than anything else she had ever seen there. Nor did it lessen her perplexity that Hetty had gone straight to her own room, and had willfully shut the door behind her.

A full hour thereafter did Huldah busy herself at her window with a pretense of sewing, but at the end of it she could endure the irritation of her curious thoughts no longer, but put aside her work, and, with an air half of a Christian martyr and of a Roman matron, she opened the door, and walked in upon Hetty's extraordinary privacy.

With the noise of Huldah's entrance, Hetty had given a quick little start and a motion as if she was about to hide something under the table at which she was sitting, and Huldah saw at a glance that her sister had been writing.

And then, with a crimson glow all over her dimpled, smiling, half-weeping face, Hetty sprang and threw her arms around her sister's neck.

"No, Huldah, dear. No, no, no—not from you! I must tell it all to you. I'm so glad!"

"But, Hetty, my child, what is it? What does it all mean?" exclaimed Huldah.

"Well, I just *can't* let you read this letter—indeed I can't—not even you; but he has written it, Joe has, and it's so terribly hard to answer him. I've been trying ever so long."

"But what do you want to say to him, Hetty?" most sadly inquired her sister.

"Oh, Huldah, all I want to say is just 'Yes,' and it seems as if it was the longest word in all the dictionary."

"But, Hetty, what about Stephen?" asked Hulda, with a flush of unusual color slowly gaining ground in her grave, composed features.

"Oh, I don't care! I don't believe he'll be so much put out as you are. He's got his farm, and his money, and ever so much, you know, and poor Joe has nothing but me. He says, too, he don't care much for anything else, unless ——. Oh, Huldah, I'm so happy!"

To save her life Huldah Morris could not have refused to sympathize with her sister's happiness, even if it so utterly upset her own sage and provident plans for the future; but later in the day it was by no means pleasant to reflect that the task of explaining matters would be very likely her own.

Now, it had happened that all day there had seemed to be a singular spell upon the spirits and conduct of Stephen Hepburn. He was like a man who concealed in his bosom, or tried to do so, the keen consciousness of triumph in some cherished plot. His heavily-bearded mouth would now and then bristle strangely in the workings of an irrepressible smile, and more than once he had laughed aloud:

"Got it all fixed this time," he muttered, as he approached the cottage that evening, "and there won't be any Joe in the way. Hope he took his best luck with him."

Perhaps Steve could scarcely have guessed the precise amount or character of the "luck" Joe had secured during his brief absence; but, in a few moments more, Huldah had admitted him to the little parlor, where, for the very first time in his life, Steve found himself unincumbered by Joe's presence.

But, on the other hand, neither was Hetty Morris there.

Steve looked around half inquiringly as he took his seat, and Huldah tried to answer the look with:

"Hetty has gone out for a walk, and I hardly know when she will be in."

"Oh, never mind—perhaps it's just as well; the fact is, I wanted really to have a little talk with you, Huldah ——"

Stephen hesitated—which was an odd thing for him to do, and Huldah, as in duty bound, took up the broken thread of the talk, with a set determination to go at once to the very root of the matter, even while a strange fluttering at her heart warned her that the task she had undertaken had its difficulties.

"I suppose I know," she said, "and I think I ought to tell you all about it. You can't have any doubt how highly I—we—everybody esteem you; but the fact is—well, I may as well out with it—Stephen, Hetty's engaged to Joe Stanton. He wrote to her the night after he went away."

Huldah's face was all ablaze for the moment, and there was a very peculiar expression of pain on her lips; but Steve steadily replied:

"Well, now, that's just about as I calculated. He promised to mail it day before yesterday, and I gave plenty of time for it to get here, so I'd be sure she wouldn't be around to-night."

"Why, Stephen! what did you mean?" exclaimed Huldah. "Did you know ——"

"Well, I'm not the blindest man in the world," said Steve, "even if I'm a little slow and awkward about some things. You see, Huldah, I've been trying this good while to get a chance for a talk with you."

"With me!" exclaimed Huldah.

"Yes, with *you*," energetically answered Steve. "I may as well right out with it. I know I ain't good enough—not the sort of feller, for such a woman as you are. I do believe you're the best in the world—but, then, Huldah ——"

Steve sort of broke down just there, but so did the utterly astonished Huldah, from whose face a radiance of warm light had chased the expression of pain.

When Hetty Morris came in from her walk, long afterward, by the garden-gate, and peered for a moment into the parlor, it flashed upon her mind that her sister also had been trying to say "Yes," and that, if appearances were at all to be trusted, she had succeeded.

Out of 2,200,000 watches manufactured in Europe and America, in 1873, Switzerland alone contributed 1,600,000. The canton of Berne supplies the greater part of the ordinary watches—about 500,000 yearly. Geneva, devoted to the manufacture of the better sort, makes 150,000 a year. The canton of Vaud confines its labors generally to making the works, exported to the number of 150,000; and the canton of Neufchatel is the most productive, alike in quantity and quality, yielding one-half of the total value. Hitherto, the observatory at Neufchatel has done the most for the regulation of watches. The variations, which in 1862 averaged 1.61 seconds per watch per day, did not exceed 0.57 seconds in 1868. As regards chronometers, out of 99 submitted in 1868, 50 gave less than half a second of variation in twenty-four hours, and eight gave a little more than one second.

SEPARATE.

For the last time, dear, the last, let me hold your hand;
Separate forever from to-night we stand.

The flowers grew so thickly o'er the gulf below,
We never thought we heard it till to-night, you know.

Jasmine, roses, heliotrope, blossoms rich and rare,
Filled the eye with loveliness, filled the fragrant air.

Dazzled with their glory, drunken with their scent,
Hand-in-hand together to the brink we went.

Heedless where the pathway led, careless of the goal;
Sweetness, calm, and beauty lapping heart and soul.

Never from the sunny South, from the languid West,
Came the bitter blast that brought reason's searching test.

Black and keen the east wind through the blossoms blew,
Forced the clinging tendrils back from where they grew.

Crushed the gorgeous mass of bloom, broke the fairy wreath,
Showed in naked ugliness all that lurked beneath.

Dear, good-by forever, each too weak to stand
By such graceful danger, lingering hand-in-hand!

The south wind's subtle sweetness would steal the sense again,
The west wind's luscious languor lull the lazy brain.

Though the blast blow bitterly, though we shrink and shiver,
Better so than lying lost in that sullen river.

Let the lovely poison-leaves wreathe and cling once more;
We have seen beneath the vail—ah, happy blindness o'er!

The parted paths lie straight and grey, the flowery dream is broken;
Separate forever, dear; our last words are spoken.

THE SANDI, OR COW TREE.

(Galactodendron Utile.)

I was coasting along the banks of the Ucayali when the sight of a sandi tree inspired me with a sudden desire to tap its trunk and draw some of its curious sap. Taking a hatchet and gourd in hand, I pushed the pirogue to the shore and struck for the stoutest of the milk-bearers. I dealt a blow with all my strength; in a moment the milk appeared at the lips of the wound, and, after beginning to drop slowly, soon flowed in a snowy stream, contrasting as it fell with the velvety green of the moss and the reddish-brown of the soil. I admired the picture for a moment, then held my gourd to receive it, and as it filled, tasted the milky sap.

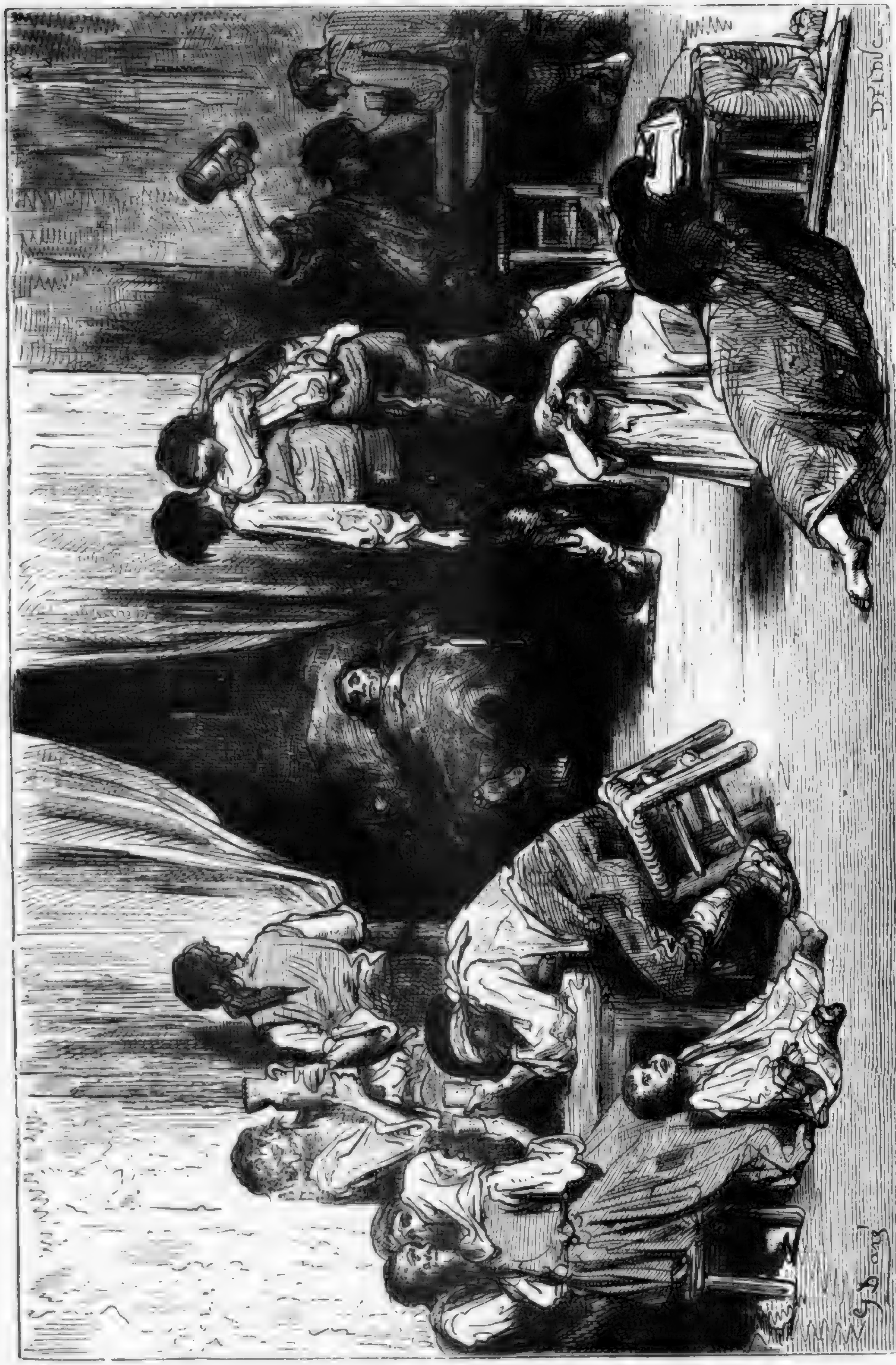
This thick, white, and creamy milk, soon turns yellowish on exposure to the air, and hardens in a few hours. Although at first very sweet to the taste, it leaves in the mouth a bitter and disagreeable taste; but the intoxicating and narcotic effects ascribed to it exists only in the imagination of wonder-lovers. We tried it several times simply to test its effects, but beyond its unpalatable after-taste, the bitterness of repentance after the allurement of sin, we perceived no inconvenience except that of a tendency to glue our mouth firmly, a tendency which induced us to rinse the mouth with water at once. As a milk for scolds, we could recommend it. It would insure silence and time for repentance.

As to the nutritious qualities, I have my grave doubts; in the interior, at all events, I saw it applied to no use except that of forming with lamp-black a kind of pitch for their canoes, although it is used successfully as an astringent in cases of dysentery.

On the whole, however, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of Humboldt's description.

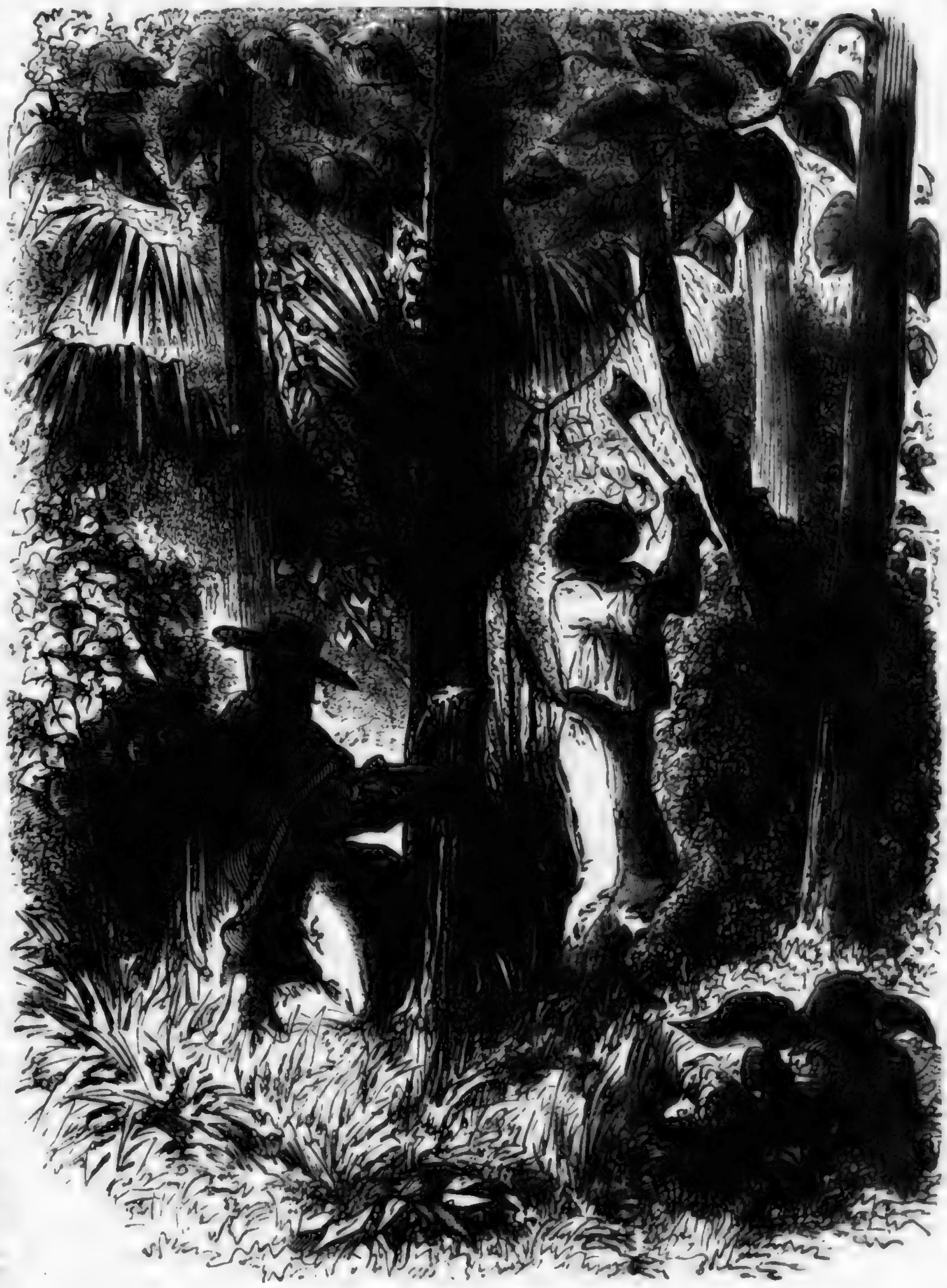
Baron Humboldt gives the following description of this tree:

XUM


G Doré
DELDUC

GIPSY WAKE AT TRIANA, A SUBURB OF SEVILLE.

"On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dried and dead; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow, and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children · and you might fancy, as the father returned home with the milk, you saw the family of a shepherd gathering around and receiving from him the production of his kine. The milk obtained by incision made in the trunk is tolerably thick, free from all acidity, of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of a calabash tree. We drank the milk in the evening before we went to bed, and early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest effect."



THE SANDI, OR COW-TREE.

THE SAHARA AMBULANCE.

Modern civilization has brought to war some civilizing appliances, while it has added to the destructive power of weapons. If all campaigns could be as brief as that which, while defeating Austria and the Catholic supremacy in Germany, swept out of existence most of the Protestant States, to let Prussia reign alone, we might admire the progress of civilization; but we cannot rejoice in so millennial a prospect.

Meanwhile, let us study an attatich, or ambulance for the sick and wounded, such as is even now found in the Desert of Sahara. It is not just now in the active war service, yet it would seem capable of affording a retreat to the women and children, a lady's carriage in Tunis and adjacent parts not being much unlike it.

In a force mounting eight hundred and sixty camels and one hundred and sixty horses, there were eight of these attatich or palanquins.

The covering, though fantastic and clumsy, is not heavy, and affords sufficient air to breathe, while i protects the invalid from the scorching sun.

Our illustration shows two women of Ouargia, beautiful in form, if browned in complexion, their gazelle eyes looking curiously out from amid the three crosses, that seem strange there, looking like Christian and Trinitarian marks amid those who continually cry: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet."

GIPSY WAKE IN SPAIN.

Spain seems a paradise for gipsies. Borrow's inimitable work on the Gitanos has made most readers acquainted with this strange race as they are now to be found in the Peninsula, where, in spite of Inquisition and persecution, they thrive.

In some parts gipsies are comparatively rich and prosperous, but in Seville they occupy chiefly the miserable Triana quarter, most of them being exceptionably wretched even in the midst of misery. Here the gipsies ply only the lowest callings—horse-dealers, mule-clippers, a few bull-fighters; they are rarely blacksmiths. As for the women, they are cigar-makers, dancing-girls, and fortune-tellers; some are street-venders, offering chestnuts, blood-puddings, dough-nuts. Some buy cheap, showy articles, and trade them from house to house in exchange for rags or old clothes. In making bargains, the gipsies show all the wonted dexterity of their race. Some called *diteras* sell goods, taking pay in monthly or weekly instalments.

The popular ballads are very often severe on the gipsies, and do not spare them even when dead.

When a gipsy dies their customs are very singular. The dead body is exposed on a straw bed on the ground between two lighted candles. The women throw themselves on their faces on the ground, tearing wildly at their long black hair. As for the men, they frequently drown their sorrow in draughts of wine, or even brandy, in honor of the dead. The Gachés, as they call the Spaniards, always make out the gipsies to be tipsy, and in a popular ballad it is said:

Un gitano se murio,
  Y dejo en el testamento
Que le enterasen en viña,
  Para chupar los sarmientos.

(A gipsy came to die,
  And on his will he wrote
That in a vineyard he should lie,
  To tap the vines at root.)

Stories current elsewhere of knavery are ascribed to the gipsies, but in the chamber of death, even where the grief takes such unseemly forms, we may invoke a charitable feeling for this strange people.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

THE stately old room was flooded with a soft, warm glow, and near the blazing fire sat Lady Dorothea Apton's two grand-daughters.

They were cousins, those girls, yet they embodied very different types of womanhood. One, Gertrude Galbraith, was twenty-two — a dreamy-eyed brunette — tall, magnificently formed and strikingly imposing, without being decidedly beautiful.

The other—Helena Aldcliffe, and the younger by a year—was sweet, bright and winsome, with a lily-fair skin, eyes of the darkest blue, and wavy golden hair —just such a creature, in fact, as strong men love and pet.

But now, all these pretty blandishments were forgotten; there were tears in her eyes, and she looked like an abject and broken-hearted penitent in the freshest and most becoming of toilets. Beside her, Gertrude, in her sombre tints, was nun-like, and most duenna-like were her tone and manner.

"Now, just tell me the whole truth, Helena. Tell it, I implore you."

Thus adjured, Miss Aldcliffe dried her eyes and spoke:

"The whole truth is this—simply this—I said it!"

"You called me 'a maiden all forlorn'?"

"Yes; but of course that was only in jest. I meant nothing by it. You must know that I did not dream of wounding you."

"So you have assured me a dozen times. If you please, tell me how it all came about?"

"Well, my dear darling, it came about in this way. That old Lady Lourides had been counting off all the old maids she knew, and I only just said, laughingly, 'Don't forget Gertrude Galbraith; she is and always will be 'a maiden all forlorn.' There now, that was all I did say; and I repeat, Gertrude, that no angel ever spoke more innocently. I am sure that, if I had suspected you were so near, I would have died rather than have said it. Come now, dear, do be reasonable; how could I possibly have been serious when I called you an old maid?"

"How could you, indeed! You know better than that."

"Certainly; and why should I call you 'forlorn'?"

"Am I?" demanded Miss Galbraith, fearlessly. "Am I? Why I can count a dozen offers to one of yours, notwithstanding the fact that you are really very pretty and I am not. A dozen to one! Think of that, my love."

"Exactly, and that is the reason ——"

"My dear girl," interrupted the other, "that is the reason why I pay so little attention to the matter. Ah! let us be done with it, I wish to hear no more about it."

"But I do; I want to know how you could have overheard us?"

"Very easily. You were at the window, and I chanced to be upon the balcony."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Therefore, Helena, my darling, if you desire to propitiate me, finish the confession you commenced just now."

"About those awful letters?"

"Yes, about those letters."

Helena Aldcliffe, then kneeling at her cousin's feet, was a perfect picture of sorrowful loveliness: long, dark lashes vailing downcast eyes, soft hair gleaming with sherny ripples, a dear little *nez retroussé*, and a tiny mouth, with the full, scarlet lips drawn down into a charming affectation of utter misery.

"I will tell you all," she commenced. "Yes, Gertrude, to prove to you how utterly I trust you and how little I meant to wound you by my foolish speech, I will tell you *all*. To begin, it happened ever so long ago, last Winter, in fact. If you remember, I was at Paris with Aunt Audley. It was just at the *Micarême* and we all went to a masked ball at the Embassy. And it was there that I met him."

"Met who?"

"I cannot tell you."

"You cannot tell?"

"No, dear," sobbed the girl. "I only know that he has been my *Fate!*"

"Helena Aldcliffe, do you really mean to say that you have been flirting to this shameful extent with a man whose name even you do not know?"

"Oh, Gertrude, he was so exquisite as a Neapolitan peasant! And he wrote such superb letters, too! Gertrude, it was a perfect romance, for he found out my name, but I could not learn his. I was a Watteau shepherdess that night, and how he contrived to penetrate my disguise I cannot imagine. But he did, I assure you, and the sweet mystery of the whole affair was he told me his name was Harry Selwyn, and he vowed that he would see me the very next day."

"Do you call that mystery, pray? Of course he saw you?"

"Of course he did not. The next day he was called away suddenly to the country, but he wrote to me, and I was idiot enough to answer his letter, and so the matter has been running on from bad to worse, until I am nearly wild."

"Let me understand," said Miss Galbraith. "How often have you seen him since that eventful night?"

"I have never seen him, I tell you."

"But you love him?"

"*Love him!*" scornfully echoed the penitent. "I am astonished at you, Gertrude; however, I suppose that you are equally astonished at me," she concluded, with a great sigh.

"I confess that I am," returned her cousin, gravely.

"Then what will you say when I tell you that he is here? Oh, darling, yes—that awful man is at the village now, and may be in this house to-morrow. He sent me a note not three hours ago."

"In that case there is but one course to pursue, for you should act with precision, and break off this affair at once. There is but one course, Helena. See him and *demand* your letters."

"Shall I?"

XUM

"You must."

"When?"

"In the morning."

"So much the better; then we can have it all over before Sir Lionel Moncrieff arrives, can't we?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Galbraith, very slowly.

"Yes, darling," echoed the fickle one at her feet, "before Sir Lionel arrives, because—— Shall I tell you another secret, Gertrude? Ah, I know that I may, you are so sweet and good. Well, dear, because I have quite made up my mind to become Lady Moncrieff. Now, don't judge me harshly, please. I am not mercenary, and you know that, for I am not poor. But I am ambitious, I confess it, very ambitious, and one of these days he will be the peer of the realm. Am I not right, Gertrude? Of course, I speak very frankly to you about this matter, and, as I have already said, I prove my friendship by revealing the secrets of my inmost heart, for somehow, you, dear girl, I am convinced that you will never marry, so by taking Sir Lionel I interfere with none of your plans, do I?"

"No, indeed! And you are quite right about taking Sir Lionel, and to prove *my* friendship I promise to assist you. Now, in the first place, he must not be permitted to come here—that Harry Selwyn, I mean."

"Exactly; but how are we to prevent it?"

"Easily enough. You must ride to the village in the morning and see him."

"Very well; and I shall ask him to go away immediately."

"Ask him?" Miss Galbraith's tone was full of lofty sarcasm. "Do you fancy that he will go for the *asking?* Oh, no, my love, you must *command* him to do so."

"Very well, I shall command him, then."

"And do it in no measured terms. Take care to disenchant him. Be rude, if need be. Remember how much depends upon your firmness."

"Never fear, I shall remember. But if he should chance to be out when I get there? I can't risk waiting, you know."

"Then leave a note for him—a very peremptory note; do you understand?"

"Yes, I will, Gertrude—I will. Oh, my darling, what brilliant ideas you have, and what a tower of strength you are! You are my savior, Gertrude; but what if he won't mind the note?"

"Then I shall see him—he will mind me. Now, dear, get up, and trouble yourself no more. I would be an idiot, indeed, if I could not manage this matter satisfactorily."

"And—Gertrude——"

"Well?"

"You'll forgive me for having called you a 'maiden all forlorn'?"

"Forgive you? Silly child! I have forgotten it already."

It was morning, clear and cold, and for twenty minutes Helena Aldcliffe had been riding at a break-neck pace along the path that skirted the park wall. Now, however, the hoof-beats slackened, for before her, just in a curve of the road, and under a gigantic oak, was a little cottage from whose lowly chimneys curled the thin smoke of turf-fire.

At the gate of this cottage Miss Aldcliffe drew rein, and to a woman, standing in the doorway, she spoke:

"Jane, is a Mr. Selwyn staying with you?"

"Yes, miss, he is. He's stoppin' here, only he's not in. Out for a bit of a walk, he said; but if you'll be good enough to come right in, Miss Helena, an' take a seat by the fire in his own private parlor, I'm sure he'll be pleased, and he'll be here inside of ten minutes now—so he will, Miss."

"Very well." The young lady sprang to the ground, and threw her bridle to the woman who had come running to the gate. "Very well. Fasten my horse, and show me to the private parlor. I will wait."

The apartment thus loftily designated was, in fact, a portion of Mr. Selwyn's bedroom, which had been curtained off with gaudy-colored calico, and, despite the low walls and general air of neglect and smuttiness, presented a very magnificent appearance. True, the floor was uncarpeted, and the chairs were of the hardest, but there was a glorious fire on the wide stone hearth, and, by way of adornment, there was a meerschaum stuck conspicuously in the gilt frame of the little mirror over the mantelpiece.

"I wonder where he keeps his letters?" thought Helena, who, from her seat by the fire, was anxiously surveying the room. "If I could only find them, I would. Yes, I declare I would. I'd steal them. Ah, those horrid curtains! I shall certainly go mad if I have to sit staring at them much longer. How do I know that some one is not behind them now, watching me?"

But some one was not behind them, for in a few moments a light step came bounding upstairs, the door opened suddenly, and a gentleman stood before her.

A man of thirty, perhaps—tall and slim, dark, black-eyed, and clean-shaven, with the exception of a black, flossy mustache.

As this person approached, Miss Aldcliffe arose, pale as death, but as resolved as Fate.

"Mr. Selwyn?" she asked, composedly.

"He is not," he returned, bowing. "Mr. Selwyn has not yet arrived. I expect him to-morrow or next day."

"Not yet arrived! Why they told me downstairs that he was here?"

"Exactly! I asked the woman to admit any one who might desire to see him."

"But you, sir?"

"I am John Darrall, a friend of his, and awaiting him here. Perhaps, miss, I may be able to serve you; if so, I shall be truly happy."

"What? is he really not here, then?" cried Helena, her courage rising with the certainty that the dreaded interview might be postponed, and possibly altogether avoided.

"Assuredly he is not."

"Then, sir, will you permit me to leave a note for him?"

"A dozen, if you desire. Pray take this chair, and here, at this table, you will find all you need."

"Thanks."

"And I will leave you undisturbed. You will find me below, however, and I shall be delighted to charge myself with the personal delivery of your letter.

So below went Mr. Darrall, and then Miss Aldcliffe's white fingers flew over the paper. And this is what she wrote—with much underscoring, of course, after the manner of young ladies in general:

"Sir—I am here to *implore* you to cease writing to me, or even *attempting* to see me. You must understand—*any gentleman* should understand—that this clandestine correspondence is now becoming awkward to a degree. It positively must end. In fact, it will ruin me, and I am sure that your *good heart* will not permit you to cause annoyance to any lady.

"If I could have seen you to-day, I would have *demanded* my letters, and you would have returned them. As it is, I must entreat you to send them to me *immediately*. Should you persevere in your *unmanly persecution*, I will reveal the whole affair to my relatives, and seek their protection.

"I may as well tell you that I regard your behavior in coming here as unwarrantable impertinence as well as an

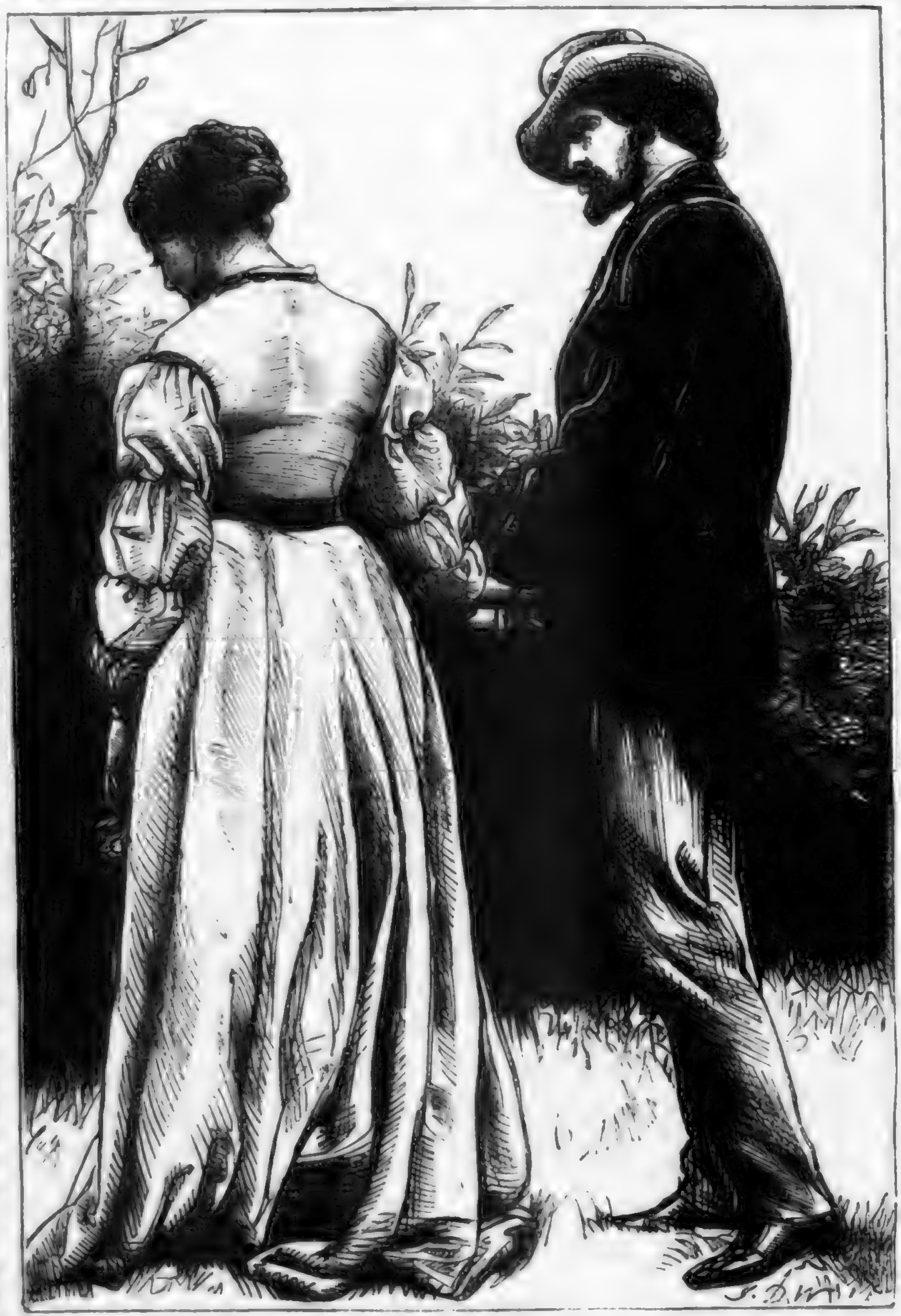
XUM

outrageous intrusion on one who, however *kindly disposed* she may once have been, yet never had, nor can have, the slightest *affection* for you. "H."

"P. S.—Please send the letters *immediately*, and I will *yours* by the same messenger."

This precious missive, sealed and addressed, was borne by the writer to the courteous gentleman awaiting it.

In less than half an hour the mistress of the little cottage, by Apton Park, was startled by the appearance of a second young equestrienne, who asked for Mr. Selwyn.



"SEPARATE."—SEE PAGE 19.

The bewildered creature recognized the anxious inquirer, and answered one question by asking another.

"Miss Gertrude, do you know who's been here this blessed mornin', already, to see that gentleman?"

"Yes; my cousin, I suppose."

"So she has, Miss. Well, he's in luck for company, anyhow, an' he's up in his parlor, miss. So if you'll jump off, an' come, I'll show you the way—so I will."

As Miss Galbraith entered, the gentleman seated arose quickly, and threw upon the table a letter that he had been reading; then stood quite still, apparently as much surprised as delighted at this second unexpected visit. "Mr. Henry Selwyn?" commenced the lady.

"Darrall," corrected the gentleman—"John Darrall. My friend, Mr. Selwyn, has not yet arrived."

"That is decidedly unfortunate, for I desired to see him upon business of vital importance."

"In that case I would take the liberty of suggesting a few lines be left for him, and to be delivered immediately upon his arrival," said the gentleman, with great civility.

"A few lines! Dear me! No, sir."

"But your cousin would be better satisfied."

"My cousin?" opening her dark eyes very wide, and looking earnestly at him. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Pardon me, I know Henry Selwyn intimately."

"Henry Selwyn is no relation of mine. Indeed, I have never even seen him."

"Oh! I understood——"

"You *misunderstood*," interrupted the young lady, with dignity, "for I certainly have said nothing that could lead you to entertain such a ridiculous idea. No; Mr. Selwyn is a stranger to me, and yet I earnestly desire to see him just as soon as possible." For a moment she stood gazing reflectively into the fire. Then she turned suddenly, and asked: "Sir, are you Mr. Selwyn's friend? Does he confide in you?"

"I know every secret of his heart."

"And have you any influence over him?"

"Unbounded influence."

"Do you know why he is coming here?"

"Yes; to see the woman who will one day, be his wife."

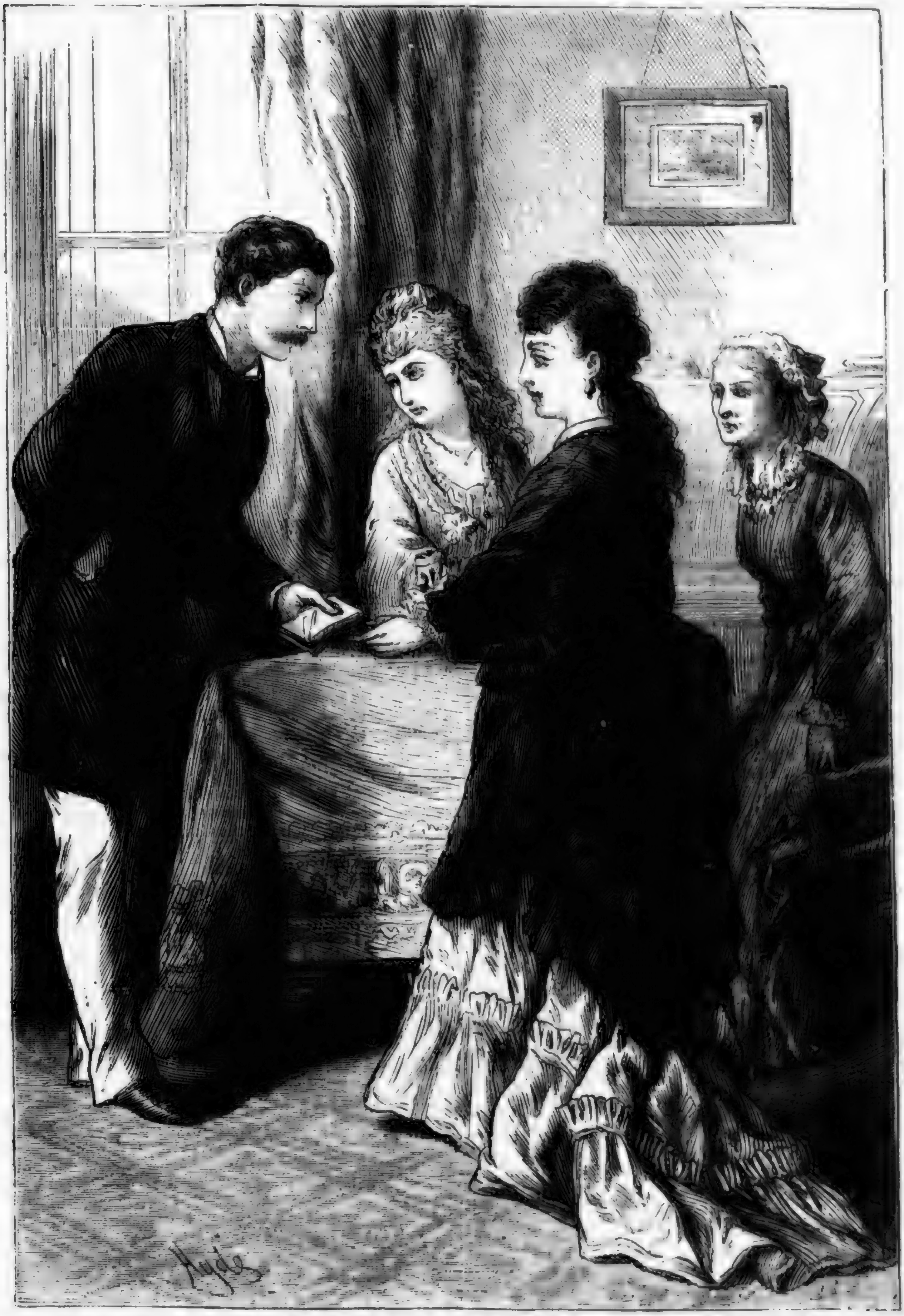
"And her name?"

"Pardon me, that is not my secret."

"You are right, sir; it is Helena Aldcliffe, my cousin. I am Gertrude Galbraith and I was totally unaware of this wretched entanglement until last night, when Helena, in an agony of tears, implored my assistance to free her from it. Now, Mr. Darrall, I implore you, as a gentleman, to exert that influence in Miss Aldcliffe's behalf. You have seen her, for I understand that she was here just now. I hoped to meet Mr. Selwyn; but, failing in that, I trust that I have met a friend."

"You may believe that, I assure you."

"You are very kind. You have seen my cousin, and you have divined her real character, have you not? You



DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—"HELENA HAD BECOME AS PALE AS DEATH, AND STOOD STARING AT THE GUEST IN A MANNER THAT BETOKENED FAR MORE ASTONISHMENT THAN DELIGHT."

have judged her to be what she really is—an innocent, romantic girl—far too pure-hearted to be guilty of an actual wrong, far too honest to attempt deception, and far too timid to fight her own battles."

"Exactly," assented the gentleman, with an involuntary glance at the letter still lying open upon the table.

"Yes," pursued Miss Galbraith, "that is my cousin—a poor child, almost brokenhearted at the thought of what she has done."

"But I understand Miss Aldcliffe loves my friend."

"She does *not* love your friend!" cried the girl, impetuously, her eyes flashing, her cheeks aflame. "She never loved him, I tell you; nor shall he tyrannize over her in this cowardly manner. *Love him!* why she loves another, who worships her—one who will soon come and claim her. Oh, you need not look so surprised, it is true. Nor need you attempt to blame her—she shall not be blamed."

"But, my dear young lady, do you mean to tell me that the person coming is one of her favored admirers?"

"She has told me so, and he is madly devoted to her, sir."

"Then, representing my friend, as I now do, I demand the name of the man who has won her heart."

"And I refuse to give it."

"Then I shall take immediate measures to ascertain it."

"Ah, sir, you would not—you could not—do that! Think of the misery that you would surely bring upon an honorable family. Mr. Darrall, I will go upon my knees to——"

"You will do nothing of the sort!" cried Mr. Darrall, softened—as any man would have been—at the sight of that beautiful face all bathed in tears. "Nothing of the sort, I assure you. Calm yourself, Miss Galbraith. I will see that it is done. Nor shall she ever be annoyed by my friend. I am not so despicable as I have pretended to be."

"Ah, you are not despicable—you are good and kind and honorable!" declared Miss Galbraith, trying to force a smile.

"There—that is right. I like to see you looking happy—indeed I do."

"I thank you with all my heart." She held out her hand to him in a frank, girlish way. "You have made me very happy, Mr. Darrall."

"I am glad of that," he answered, warmly. "And, trust me, I shall never make you unhappy, if I can help it."

He accompanied her down-stairs, and assisted her to mount. Then he suddenly startled her with this question:

"Is that fortunate fellow, my friend's rival, so very rich?"

"Very rich, indeed. Why do you ask?"

"My friend is poor—that is all."

A look of annoyance swept over her face.

"Do not say that," she pleaded. "You wrong her."

"Do I? Ah, I fancy not." Then, in a tone full of tender meaning: "You are going, and I have seen you for the first and last time."

"But I shall never forget your goodness," she shyly answered.

And he cried, boldly: "Nor shall I ever forget *you!*"

In the drawing-room were Lady Dorothea Apton and Sir Lionel Moncrieff. My lady was a woman of sixty, with silvery hair put smoothly back beneath a widow's cap.

Leaning upon the mantelpiece, in an attitude of careless grace, was her ladyship's guest, rich Sir Lionel Moncrieff, who owned half the county, and was now looking for a wife to share his possessions. He had, like every Moncrieff before him—a true, noble heart, pure honor, and a firm will.

"Wait until you see my granddaughters together," her ladyship was saying. "You will see then that one is a beauty and the other is not; that one can charm and the other cannot. In fact, you will be convinced that your father and I have chosen wisely, and that Helena is the wife for you, but Gertrude is not."

"Very well," acquiesced the gentleman; "I will see. But I know that you must be right, for I have heard ——"

"What, sir?" looking at him with an expression of haughty surprise—"tell me what!"

"Oh, nothing—except that one is noble-hearted and the other is not."

"And which is not, if you please?"

"Miss Galbraith, madame."

"If you have heard that," cried the dowager, "you have heard an infamous scandal, for Gertrude Galbraith is as far above all other women as Heaven is above earth. Noble-hearted? Well, find one who can compare with her, sir, and I will tell you that you have discovered a treasure."

"Then I am to understand that it is Miss Aldcliffe who will not make a desirable wife."

Lady Apton was caught in her own toils. She quickly endeavored to redeem herself.

"Miss Aldcliffe has not an unlovely character—far from it; but she is younger than her cousin, and less thoughtful. Otherwise —— Ah, here they come." This, as her two granddaughters entered the room: "Sir Lionel," she continued, graciously, "permit me to present you to Miss Galbraith and Miss Aldcliffe. My dear children, welcome Sir Lionel Moncrieff. What is the matter, Helena?"

For Helena, pale as death, stood staring at the guest.

"What ails you, girl?" repeated the dowager, sharply.

"I—I am not well," came the faltering answer. Oh, grandmamma!—oh, Gertrude——" Here she stopped, and burst into tears!

"In the name of Heaven—" commenced her ladyship. But Sir Lionel interrupted her.

"Miss Aldcliffe is suffering," said he, politely. "Pray use no ceremony with me, madame. But before you leave us, my dear young lady, permit me to redeem my promise and return this to you." And he laid upon the table a packet, which Helena caught up with a glad cry. Then my lady, puzzled, frowning, and silent, led the still sobbing girl from the room.

Sir Lionel turned to Gertrude, who, throughout all this strange scene, had not spoken a word.

"Will you forgive me, Miss Galbraith?" he asked.

"Mr. Selwyn——"

"For Heaven's sake, do not call me Mr. Selwyn!"

"Sir Lionel, then. And you ask if I forgive you? Oh, I cannot—you ask too much. This is terrible! This is terrible! How could you be so cruel, so unmanly?"

"It was not unmanly—and I have gained by it the knowledge I most desired, and for which I humbly thank God with all my heart and soul."

"But why should you pretend to be what you were not?"

"I confess that I desired to be loved for myself alone. That is the only excuse for my using an assumed name."

"Loved for yourself alone?" echoed Miss Galbraith, scornfully. "It certainly appears to me that you expected far more affection than you gave; for if you had ever cared for her——"

"But I never cared for her!" he cried. "Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude, I care for *you!*—I love *you!* I have loved you since the day you came to me and pleaded so nobly for Helena. Ah, blessed one—you do not frown—you forgive me! Gertrude, sweet, I love you! Madam, come here."

This to Lady Apton, who was entering the room.

"Madam, come here. See—this is the woman whom I choose from all others to be my own—my wife. Ah, I see that you know all now; and you told me she was far above other women as Heaven is above earth. And she is, my lady—an angel of goodness and mercy, and sweetest charity."

Helena Aldcliffe bore her disappointment gracefully. She even forgave Sir Lionel, and was heartily ashamed of herself.

Yet she could not resist giving this sly thrust upon Gertrude's wedding morning :

"My pet, just fancy how bad it would have been for you if I had not snubbed Harry Selwyn !"

"It would, indeed," was the frank acknowledgment—"otherwise I might be forever '*a maiden all forlorn.*'"

"Gertrude," cried the other, I thought you had forgiven that."

"So I did, dear, long and long ago, Helena."

That morning Gertrude destroyed a letter, received months before, by a former schoolmate. Here is an extract :

"You know, dearest Gertrude, that, strive as I might, I could never like your cousin Helena, although she is such a clever girl ; and I like her even less than ever now, for I find that she has been for some time carrying on a scandalous flirtation with some one whom she knows as Harry Selwyn. *Harry Selwyn is really Sir Lionel Moncrieff.* He was brother Edward's chum at college, and so what one knows the other knows. Now, Gertrude, I do implore you, never, *never* to say that I told you all this. There would be awful trouble if you should."

"'A clever girl'? Why, yes," assented the future Lady Moncrieff, as she threw this important paper into the fire, "Helena certainly is a very clever girl ; but I fancy it has been diamond cut diamond. Poor Helena !"

SCENES IN THE CITY OF NAPLES.

IN the great street called "The Toledo," one of the principal thoroughfares in the city of Naples, the people sit on each side exposing their goods for sale, as if in the utmost quiet and security. Here, you are nearly treading upon one who lies asleep in the street ; there a cripple is making his way through the crowd ; further on sits a beggar. A gardener exposes his delicious flowers, which scatter perfumes as you pass ; when lo, comes by a fisherman, declaiming aloud on the merits of his fish. A seller of lemonade makes the air sweet with the fragrance of the citron, till a fellow thrusts between your nose and the lemons his ill savored oil cakes for Lent. Rival melon dealers shout across the street denunciations of each other, mingled with praises of his own fruit, given in all the luxuriance of Southern Italian. A vender of ices is succeeded by a vender of oysters and other shellfish ; and these by a butcher—a baker—a dealer in glassware—a woman crying porcelain, to the accompaniment of a screaming child—a barterer—a linendraper—venders of cherries, figs, citrons, peaches, and apricots—another beggar—book and picture-dealers—open-air cooks—boot-cleaners—and all in your way. Equipages do not, as with us, monopolize the streets, or threaten the lives of the pedestrians. The now almost forgotten corricolo is sometimes seen, with the grand coaches of the great, but the life in Naples is in those who throng its streets afoot.

All business seems to be done, here, out of doors. Think, too, of the buyers whom there must be for all these sellers ; —ladies, dandies, gentlemen, officers, travelers, sailors, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Germans, friars and clergymen, of all classes, scavengers collecting ordure and screaming its merits, beggar-women with children half naked, or wholly *au naturel*, begging aloud or in pantomime, children playing, mothers suckling, groups of wretched lazzaroni, soldiers in various uniforms, day thieves—I cannot name them as fast as they come !

Maidens make their toilet in the street ; yes, through the open doors you may see the people getting out of bed ! Here's a shoemaker or a tailor is taking the measure of a customer's foot or back—there a monk is solemnly probing the conscience of a poor woman ; here is a girl dictating a love-letter in the crowded street—and there they are taking tickets for a lottery. One fellow is picking up the ends of cigars, to sell again. Then, there passes by a procession of nuns, proceeding to perform their offices at the houses of the sick, and chanting their litany through all this hubbub. An altar follows, carried by four men, and bearing the head of a dying Madonna. The people around take off their caps, assume a moment's aspect of devotion—and then the noise begins again.

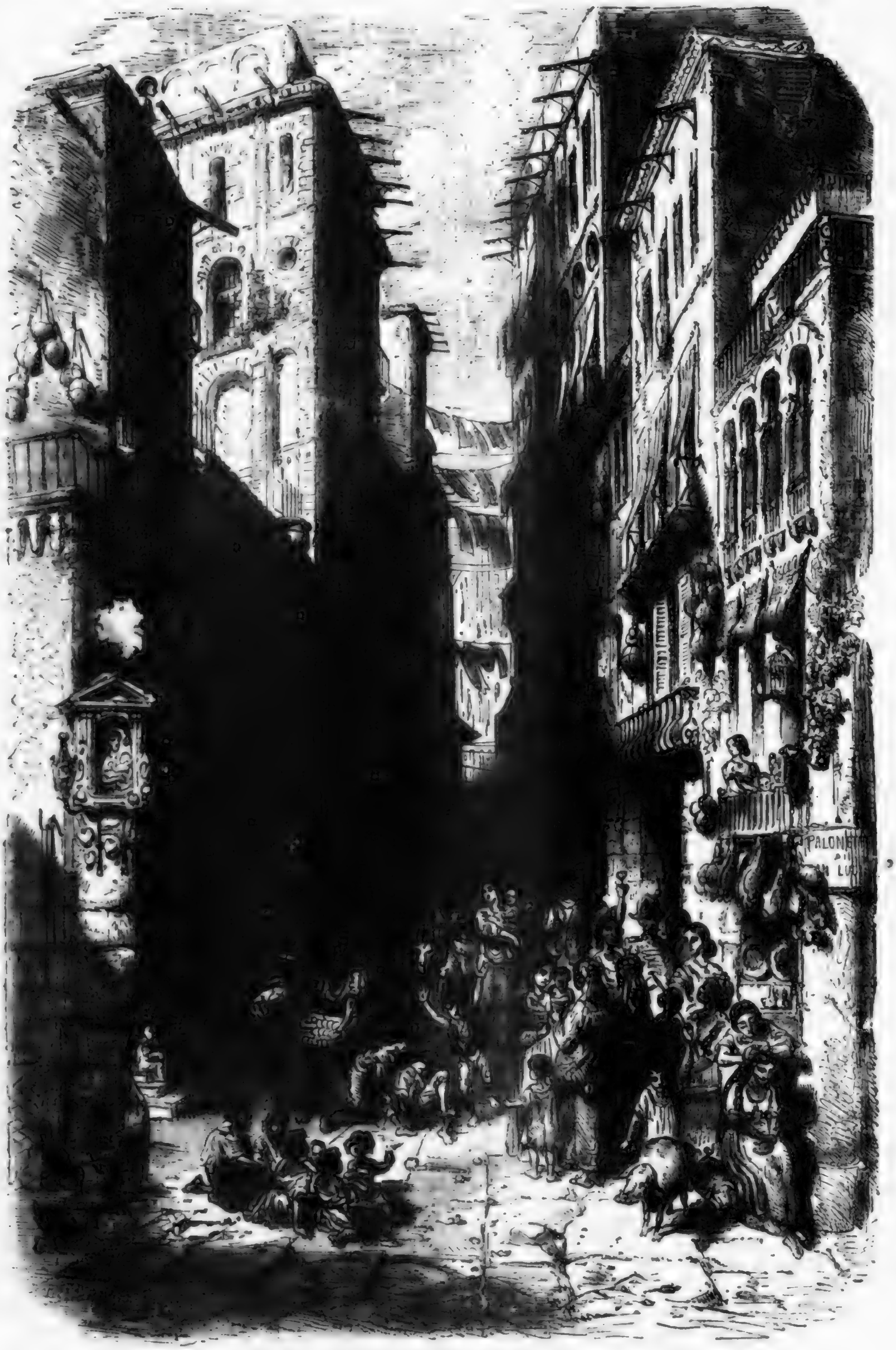
This scene in the Toledo looks like a satire—a caricature on human life, and all its doings and strivings. 'Tis a masquerade, like that of the Roman Corso, in Carnival time. A favorite mask is that of the beggar "dying of hunger." One woman, with an infant in her arms, fell down at my feet as if dead. I was terrified and disgusted, because no one seemed to regard such a spectacle of misery ; nor could I believe it to be a deception until I saw the same performance repeated twice, in one day, by the same woman.

The Palometta di Santa Lucia, less of a business street, shows less of the street-venders and more domestic out-door life groups, chiefly of women, of all ages and conditions, from the lady who looks down from her balcony to the beggar's child.

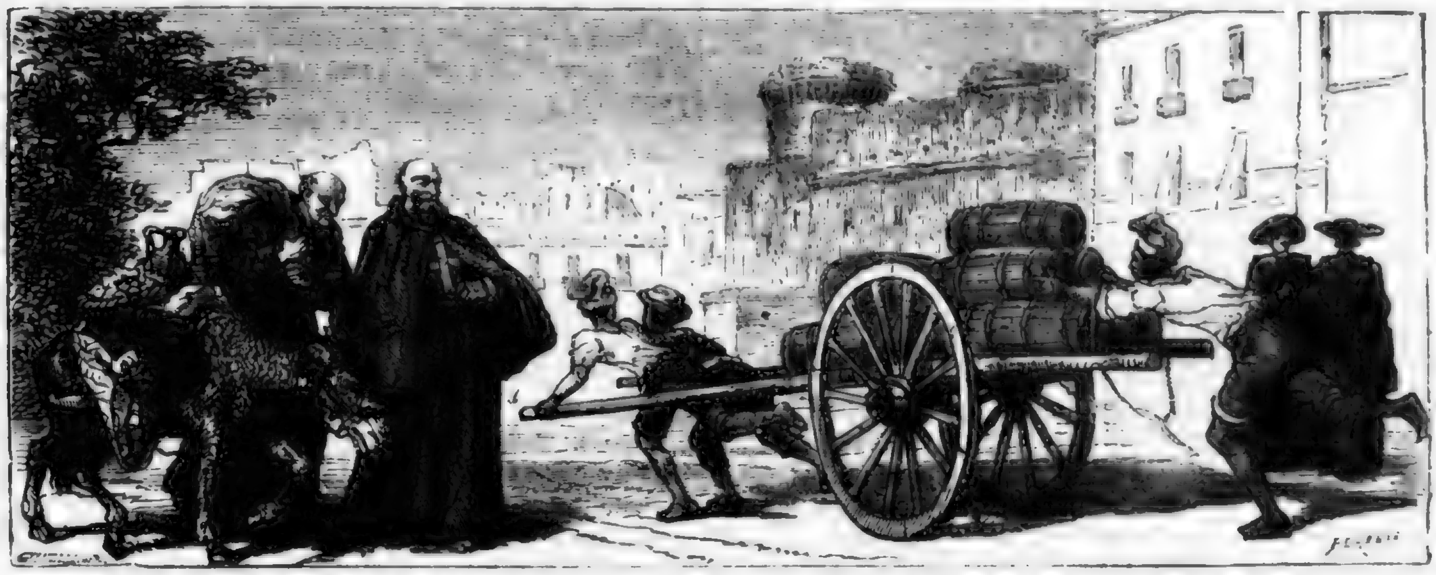
After all the fine forms and features that I had seen in Rome, I was astonished that I could discover so few fine women in Naples. I can venture to affirm that, for some days, I gazed through the masses of people around me without observing a single handsome woman.

We issued on the Molo ; and here you might imagine all the business and amusements of Naples to be concentred. The place was crowded with men not quite half-clad—lazzaroni, who offended the ears of the passer by with coarse jests. They stood, lay, and sat at the theatre door, delighting themselves with the drolleries as of Punchinello. A company in a booth ate maccaroni as fast as it came out of the kettle ; a family of beggars were grouped together on a dirty coverlet. Sailors and young women were confessing the secrets of their affections to the letter-writer—a hump-backed, old-fashioned fellow, in most instances. On the stone-work of the Molo sat an old sailor, with an oil-skin hat and a jacket swung over his shoulder, holding a manuscript and reading ; and near him a company of cooks, with white caps and aprons—sailors, with white trousers, their straw-hats flung knowingly on their heads—soldiers—and other Neapolitans —all listening with the utmost eagerness. We stepped into a boat, and were rowed over the water. The city presented a new spectacle as the night darkened—that of an illumination extending all along the margin of the bay. The stationary lights of the city shone through a tremulous haze of golden red—marking the outlines of the streets and open places, while the moving lights of carriages went sparkling to and fro—and all was reflected on the deep water of the bay. The scene was fairy-like. I could have fancied myself in a world of glow-worms—or that some spell had transformed the crowd into a people of will-o'-the-wisps. Before I had sufficiently enjoyed the vision, or reduced the manifold and wondrous impressions made upon my fancy to order, the notes of Naples were again sounding in my ears as we approached the Molo. We landed mid its hurry and confusion ; and, after the sublime quietude enjoyed on the bay, the scene here, with its wild groups in the torchlight, had something of a demoniac aspect. I could have fancied myself in some Pandemonian kitchen, when I saw the dark-brown, half-clad cooks, with their hocus-pocus, by their fires and tables with flambeaus stuck all around. Wild-looking

XUM


PALOMETTA
DI
LU

VIEW IN THE STREET PALOMETTA DI SANTA LUCIA, NAPLES.



WATER-CARRIERS, FRIARS AND CLERGY AS THEY WERE IN NAPLES.

men, with black snaky locks, and eyes that shone like the torches, were devouring their maccaroni; while a troop of lazzaroni went singing by, and the shouts from the booths and houses rivaled the cries of the open place. It seemed an Inferno—not Dante's, but one where some jocose demon ruled the riot. A wretched cripple of a beggar followed me, with abjurations so terrible, that I almost fled from him as from a spectre.

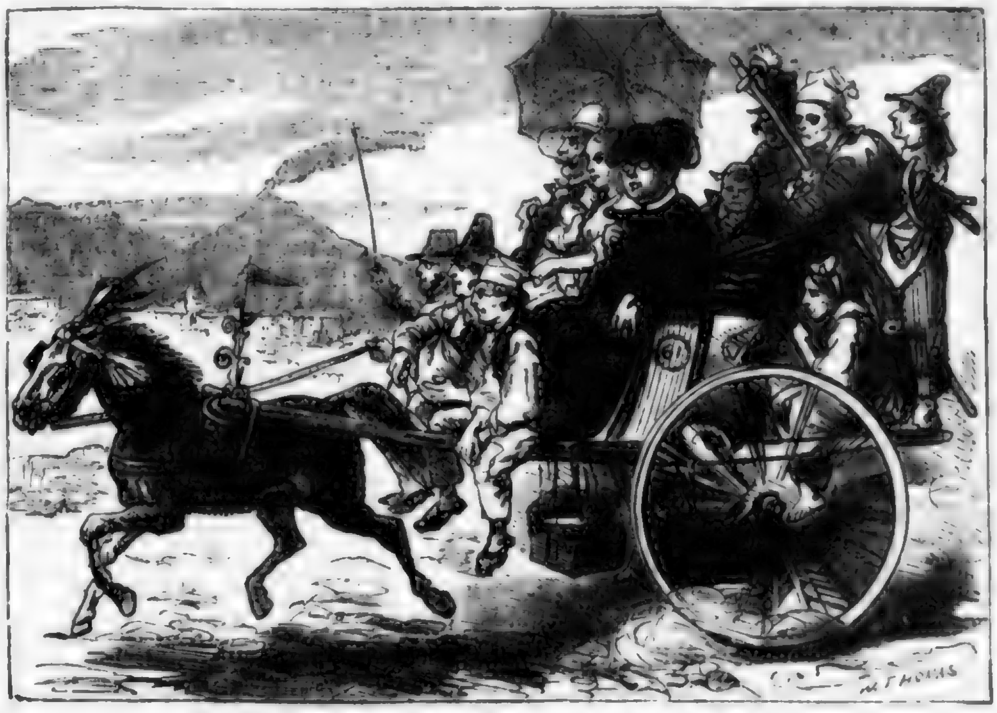
FROG STRATEGY.

A WELL-KNOWN naturalist, who has recently returned from Egypt, sends us a queer account of frog strategy. He says: "The liking of water-snakes for frogs is as ancient as the days of Elian. With that wonderful instinct which nature endows all its creatures with, frogs are ever on their guard. It is curious to watch a meeting between the marauder and his would-be victim, if it were not for its cunning. The water-snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the intentions of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the hydra. The latter now makes for the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much-desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast to the protecting twig, and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides around his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is, that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim lying across his open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The hydra, at length, gives up in despair, and 'froggy,' plumping into a safe spot where he knows his kindred to be assembled, no doubt tells his exciting tale, raising a very din of croaking congratulations."

A CHINESE SURGEON-BARBER'S HAND.

The young lady who wondered what people did with their nails before scissors were invented could find her mental question answered in our illustration. They let them grow. Savage tribes may rub them down on stones or shells, and so prevent undue growth, or the necessity of using the hands as digging implements may have prevented the nails extending too rapidly. The teeth, or rather tusks of rabbits, rats, and other rodents, would, but for their constant gnawing, grow so long as to be a serious inconvenience, and even cause death by starvation. Instances of abnormal growth may be seen in museums, where the tooth has grown into a long curled tusk that prevented the animal from eating.

If the growth of the nails was checked by groveling labor, it would be a matter of distinction to show nails not deprived of their natural growth by any such degrading occupation. Long nails would be aristocratic, or at least professional, as distinguished from plebeian, mechanical, and the like. This is actually the case in India, and especially in China. There the length, delicacy, and purity of the nail is a matter of highest import, and how grand a gentleman our barber-surgeon was our readers may infer from the very aristocratic length of his nails, as shown in the illustratration.



THE CORICCOLO OR PUBLIC CONVEYANCE AT NAPLES.

XUM

ONE NIGHT.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

COMING along the corridor, jingling a bunch of keys, was a turnkey. By his side walked a woman, shabby in dress, graceful in figure. A heavy vail concealed her face; but some tresses of dead-gold hair rolled from under her hat, and lay coiled like sunshine against the sombre black of her shawl.

Here and there a white face appeared at the gratings, and stared blankly out on the two as they passed. Now and then an oath was hurled after them, or a vile word from wild-eyed, dishevelled women, beating the bars with desperate hands. Once, a shrill, horrible peal of laughter followed down the narrow passage, and died in a hollow echo at its farthest end. The turnkey's companion shuddered.

"That's the fellow brought in last night for stabbing his wife," said the officer. Cause—jealousy. It's plain he's going quite out of his senses. You ain't used to this sort of thing, ma'am; it makes you a little faint. Well, no wonder!"

She did not answer. Their footsteps echoed drearily along the stone floor. Suddenly the turnkey paused at a door, fitted a key in the lock, and moved back that his companion might pass through.

"I'll come for you in half an hour," he said.

Hope North nodded, and stepped into the cell. Its heavy door closed upon her; the key grated in the lock, the turnkey went off alone down the corridor.

"My darling!"

Up from an iron camp-bed in a corner started the tall figure of a man, and sprang across his narrow prison to meet her. She cast herself silently into his arms. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, with a sinewy frame, and a quiet, dark face, full of grit and endurance. He pressed his visitor convulsively to his heart, kissing her, over and over, with passionate tenderness.

"My dear girl! my dear girl! Take off this vail—I want to see your face."

She obeyed. A lovely face it was—dimpled like a baby's, with little rings and clusters of dead-gold hair clinging around the low forehead, and wide, long-lashed, brown eyes, wet now with tears. She seemed quite unable to speak.

"It is fortunate," he said, cheerfully, sustaining her with his arm, "that you came to-day, my darling, for to-morrow I am to be removed to the State Prison. We must consider this our last meeting for five years."

A shudder shook her from head to foot. Her arms tightened around him.

"Oh, Silas—oh, my husband!" she sobbed.

He pressed her face into his breast, patting her head as he might have done some grieved child's.

"I wonder why they did not make it ten," he said, with the same forced cheerfulness with which he had before spoken, "for the case was clear against me. I knew that night when they went down to the factory and found the duplicate of the forged check in my desk—put there, God only knows by what hand—and the blotting-paper, with every letter still clear on it, that there was really nothing that any one could say for me, Hope!"

She clinched her hands. Silas North, though but the superintendent of a cotton-mill, had always managed to keep his young wife so daintily that those same hands of hers were white and delicate as lilies of the field.

"Oh," she cried, in her quick woman's wrath, "how can God see such wicked things done? How can He see your ruin planned and executed, and not put out His hand to save you?"

A curious look passed over his strong face.

"Well, as to that, my darling, innocent men have suffered for guilty ones ever since the world began. There's a mystery about such things not easily to explain. I had enemies, no doubt, at the mill. The operatives were an unruly set when Dudley put me there. I kept a tight rein on them for a spell; they didn't relish it. More than one owed me a grudge. I would be willing to serve the term for which I am sentenced if, at the end of the time, Dudley and his son and the mill people would believe me innocent; but they never will. I have been thinking, not only all this day, but for weeks, my dear girl, what are you to do—you and the boy—in these five years."

The tears welled slowly into her big eyes; but she put on a brave front and smiled up at him as she stood with the light of the grated window falling on her face.

"I have found a home, Silas," she answered, "and work—work in the mill, with pay enough to keep baby and I. We lodge with Dorcas Teale, in her little black house by the river."

A groan which his own fate could not wring from him escaped his lips.

"*You* in the mill, Hope—among those people! My God!"

She drew up her small figure, sturdily.

"Indeed, it was very good of Mr. Dudley to offer me the chance. I am strong and well. And I must work; I must have no time to think. Otherwise I might go mad."

By the blanching face that quivered to his kiss, by the velvety eyes dilating slowly as she spoke, there was truth in his words. He smoothed down her hair with his quiet, dark hand.

"My precious girl! my precious girl!"

They stood for a long time silent. Her arms were around his neck, her head rested on his breast.

"I see, night and day," she murmured, "that dreadful court-room, Silas—the Judge on his bench; the lawyers and clerks writing at the table in the bar; the stolid faces of the jurors as they listened to the evidence against you; Mr. Dudley, proud and cold, believing in your guilt, though you had served him so long and well; Mr. Otto, standing apart by the door, giving me a shiver whenever I looked that way—the whole world banded against you and I, my darling."

He kissed her, slowly, solemnly. A dark flush stained his face.

"When I think of what your life will be for the next five years, Hope, I wish from my heart that it had never been linked with mine—that you had been spared such shame, such sorrow, at any cost—that you had married Otto Dudley."

"Silas!"—her voice rising to a cry told how the words hurt her—"I would rather bear any pain, die any death with you, than live in luxury and ease with him. If you love me in the least, never, never, speak like that again."

He leaned his forehead against the bars of the window as he held her pressed to his side. Presently a key turned in the lock, the door of the cell opened, and the turnkey looked in upon the hapless pair.

"Time is up, ma'am," he said, not unkindly.

They stood gazing at each other. God only knew when they would stand thus again. In silence they embraced. She was quite tearless, but white as death.

"Don't let the boy forget me, Hope," he whispered. "There—go, go; and God keep you, my own!"

"Good-by. We will wait for you faithfully."

She lowered her vail with a shaking hand, cast one look backward towark the bowed, motionless figure at the grating, then followed the turnkey slowly out. The door closed betwixt her and the prisoner. She stood in the long, cold corridor, parted from him—whether for five years, or for all time, God only knew.

Day was already declining as she left the jail. It was Autumn weather—cold, sunless, dreary. The road connecting the upper town, where the county jail and court-house stood, with the lower one, crowded with factories and the swarming population whose centre they were, was a long and lonely one. As she passed through the darkening streets Hope North had thought enough left to look around her for some familiar face—some farmer who would give her a seat in his wagon, or a mill-hand friendly to the former superintendent—for there were those among the operatives who had loved as well as feared Silas North—but she saw no one. Drawing her vail closer over her face, she set forth upon her homeward way alone.

The road wound by lonely farms and desolate fallow lands. It was empty of all life save the solitary crows skimming over the turnip fields, or groups of cattle—their hairy coats ruffled and stiff with cold—huddled together in sheltered places. Tramp, tramp, through the mud and frost, went Hope, seeing, hearing nothing—her arms hanging listlessly by her side—goaded on only by the thought of a dimpled, baby face waiting for her in Dorcas Teale's cottage by the river.

Lights were already shining from door and casement when she reached the lower town. The cotton-mills—a long, black, indistinct mass—stretched along the banks of the stream. Hope North turned into a lane, very dark, very narrow, very crooked. The wash, wash of the water could be heard not far away. She had walked a dozen yards of its length, perhaps—her small, neutral-tinted figure blended indistinguishably with the darkness—when a loud clatter of hoofs rang suddenly on the ground behind her. She turned to look back. As she did so she saw a flash of fiery eyes, heard a quick snort. Then something strong as a sledge-hammer struck her in the side, flung her forward to the earth, trampled over her, and she knew no more.

"Hope! Hope!"

What voice was this—loud, almost impassioned—which called her back to life?

She stirred on a supporting arm, started and looked around. She had been carried to the nearest doorway, that of a dingy shop, whose owner, a wizened old woman, stood over her now with a candle in hand.

"Lord bless us!" she burst out, "it's Miss North, sir; wife of the superintendent."

The person addressed—he upon whose arm Hope lay—was bathing, with a perfumed cambric handkerchief, a cut in her white temple. A dark, mud-bespattered horseman's cloak fell back from his square shoulders. His face was dark, thin, handsome, with a full, sensual mouth and a hollow, restless look to his long, dark eyes.

"Hope!" He called her again. "Look up! tell me I have not killed you. God forgive me! How could I see you in the dark there?"

Her brown eyes opened wide on his face. As she saw who it was, a look of alarm, mingled with great embarrassment and pain, filled her face. She sprang up from his arm.

"Something struck me," she said, confusedly. "It was my own fault; I ought to have heard you coming. Many thanks for your kindness, and good-night."

He held her fast, rising also, tall and straight, with his large cloak slipping back from his shoulders.

"Wait! you must not go alone!" he said, "you are not able. I have given you a great shock—hurt you, too. I will walk with you. Farewell, Mrs. M'Grath."

The old woman with the candle moved back into the shop.

"I could give her a drop of liquor, maybe," she muttered. "She looks pretty well spent, poor thing. Been up to the jail, most likely."

"No, no, I want nothing," said Hope, "and, indeed, you must not come with me, Otto Dudley. I have but a few steps farther to go."

For answer he drew her hand through his arm.

"Lean on me! Not come? I must and shall! Don't tremble—that is my horse following us; he will not trample you down a second time. Have you indeed come from that accursed jail, Hope?"

"Yes."

As the syllable fell piteously from her lips she felt, rather than saw, that he turned his face from her.

"My poor child!"

He drew her out of the lane, along the river's bank, through the black shadow of the mills, on to Dorcas Teale's door.

"My father told me that you had taken refuge here," he said, and even in the dark she could see his eyes glow; "Hope, I pity you from my soul."

With her hand on the latch, she lifted her pale face to answer:

"Could I, could mine, have but *justice*, we should need no pity from you nor any other."

With that she pushed back the door of the low, river-side cottage, and entered. The room within was small and stifled, but it had a floor scrubbed white as snow, a cheerful fire, a little table with cups and saucers twinkling on it, and a presiding deity in the shape of a lean, deformed woman, with a handkerchief, twisted like a turban, round her head, cooking potatoes in an iron skillet. On a settee near the fire some pillows were placed, and among them, with long, sleek lashes sweeping his rose-leaf cheek, lay a two-year-old baby, fast asleep.

At the opening of the door, Dorcas Teale looked up from her potatoes.

"Lord be thanked! Are you here at last? I began to be worrit about you," she cried out at sight of Hope; then, as Dudley's swart figure appeared behind her in the doorway, the misshapen creature recoiled briskly. "You come back in queer company, Mrs. North," she added, in a shrill, cracked voice; "isn't it enough, Otto Dudley, that you and yours have ruined the husband—what would you have now of the wife? If you step across my threshold with her, it will not be because I asked or wanted you."

He laughed.

"What! vixenish as ever, Dorcas?" he said, gayly; "however, it doesn't signify. I haven't time to intrude on you to-night."

His eyes followed Hope as she went up to the settee, and, snatching the child from his pillow, strained him to her heart.

"My darling! my darling!" she cried out, wildly, standing there in her rich, young beauty, with the hat falling back from her riotous gold hair, and the shining head of the boy drooping like a blossom on her breast.

In that cry all the desolation of her heart spoke.

By your leave, Mr. Otto, I'll shut the door now," said Dorcas Teale, hobbling betwixt him and the girl-mother, hiding the picture which the latter made from his sight. "I've no mind to let the whole town see her trouble."

He moved back from the threshold slowly, mechanically, his eyes the while directed straight over her misshapen figure to the mother and child beyond.

Dorcas shut the door upon him with an angry slam; then stood a moment listening to hear him ride away, her withered face full of mingled wrath and fear.

"Hope North," she cried, turning about to where the girl had sunk upon the settee, with her sturdy, fair-haired boy clasping her neck in his rosy arms, "I wish to the Lord that I could put the length and breadth of the world betwixt you and him."

A FROG'S STRATEGY.—SEE PAGE 32.

Hope did not seem to hear. She made no answer. Her face was hidden in her boy's flaxen curls.

"Come now, and have a bite and a sup," said Dorcas. "So long as we have bodies they must be taken care of."

She drew the table to the fire, dished the potatoes, poured the tea, and brought a mug of milk for Robin.

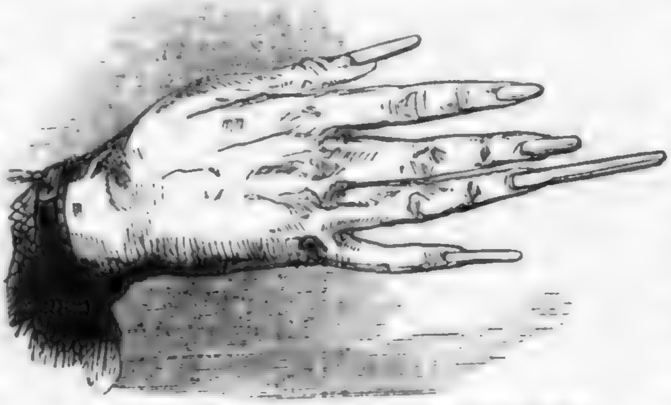
"Give me the child," she said, holding out her arms for him; "thank the Lord, nothing can spoil *his* appetite. I saw you, Hope, when you went to church with Silas North, and a handsome couple you were that day, and Otto Dudley stood in the church porch, and threw roses under your feet as you passed out—a bride—and his face was smiling, and pale as ashes. Do you remember it? These three years I've marked how Silas has watched over and petted and indulged you, and I've said more than once to myself, 'That girl is *too* happy,' for you see there ain't happiness enough in this world to go round—some folks have to do without it altogether; and so, when I see one or two getting a deal more than their reasonable share, I tremble for 'em. They are pretty sure not to keep it a great while."

Hope flung up her clinched hands.

"If you have never had my happiness, Dorcas, neither have you had my sorrow."

The deformed woman—common, withered, old—stooped suddenly to lift Robin to her knee. She kissed his fair hair, solemnly.

"The young think none can suffer but themselves," she said—a strange, gray look falling on her face. "Do you see this crooked back, Hope? It was once as straight and handsome as yours. I had a lover, too—rich, well-born, young—one who could and who meant to make a lady of me, poor work-girl as I was. And I loved him—loved him better than my heart's blood; and my own happiness used to scare me in those days just as that of some other people scares me now—it was too good to be true. Well, one morning I made a misstep, fell from a loft, and went down through an open scuttle, and was taken up for dead. That fall made me what you see me now. My beauty went like morning-dew. And my rich, handsome lover? He done just what plenty of other men would—what could he want of a poor, scarred, ruined creature like me?—married another woman, lovelier than I ever was, and better born. And I, who thirty years ago was his plighted wife, take my bread now, in old age, from his hand, work at his looms for it from year's end to year's end."


CHINESE SURGEON-BARBER'S HAND.—SEE PAGE 32.

Hope, sitting with hands clasped listlessly round her knees, looked up. "What?"

"Yes; it was John Dudley, the mill-owner—the father of the man who came here to-night."

Not another word was spoken. Robin finished his supper, and, slipping from Dorcas's knee, ran to his beautiful mother to be made ready for bed. She took off his little garments silently, put on his white night-dress and rose up, he clinging to her neck.

"Good-night, Dorcas," she said, and, taking up her candle, with heavy, tearless eyes, she went off up the stairs.

"Five years!" groaned Dorcas, listening to the retreating footsteps of the girl. "She will be dead before the time is over."

Loud called the great bell of the factory on the following morning. In answer to it the operatives came pouring like a stream into the yard. Hope North walked with the others, and took her place at a loom in the weaving-room. At her right hand Dorcas Teale's misshapen figure moved about before the busy shuttles.

"You look ready to faint," said the woman, disapprovingly; "what is it—the noise, the smell of the oil, or the other hands staring at you? Don't mind them. You will hear them talking in the yard—don't listen."

Down the long room two figures advanced: one—a tall, florid old man, with a high-bred face and haughty bearing; the other—young, dark, thin of feature, supercilious of air. They came slowly by the looms, the murmur of their voices drowned in the noise of the shuttles.

Hope felt a hand touch her shoulder. She looked up into the face of the proud old mill-owner.

"I am glad to see you at your post," he said, kindly. "So long as you need work you will find it here."

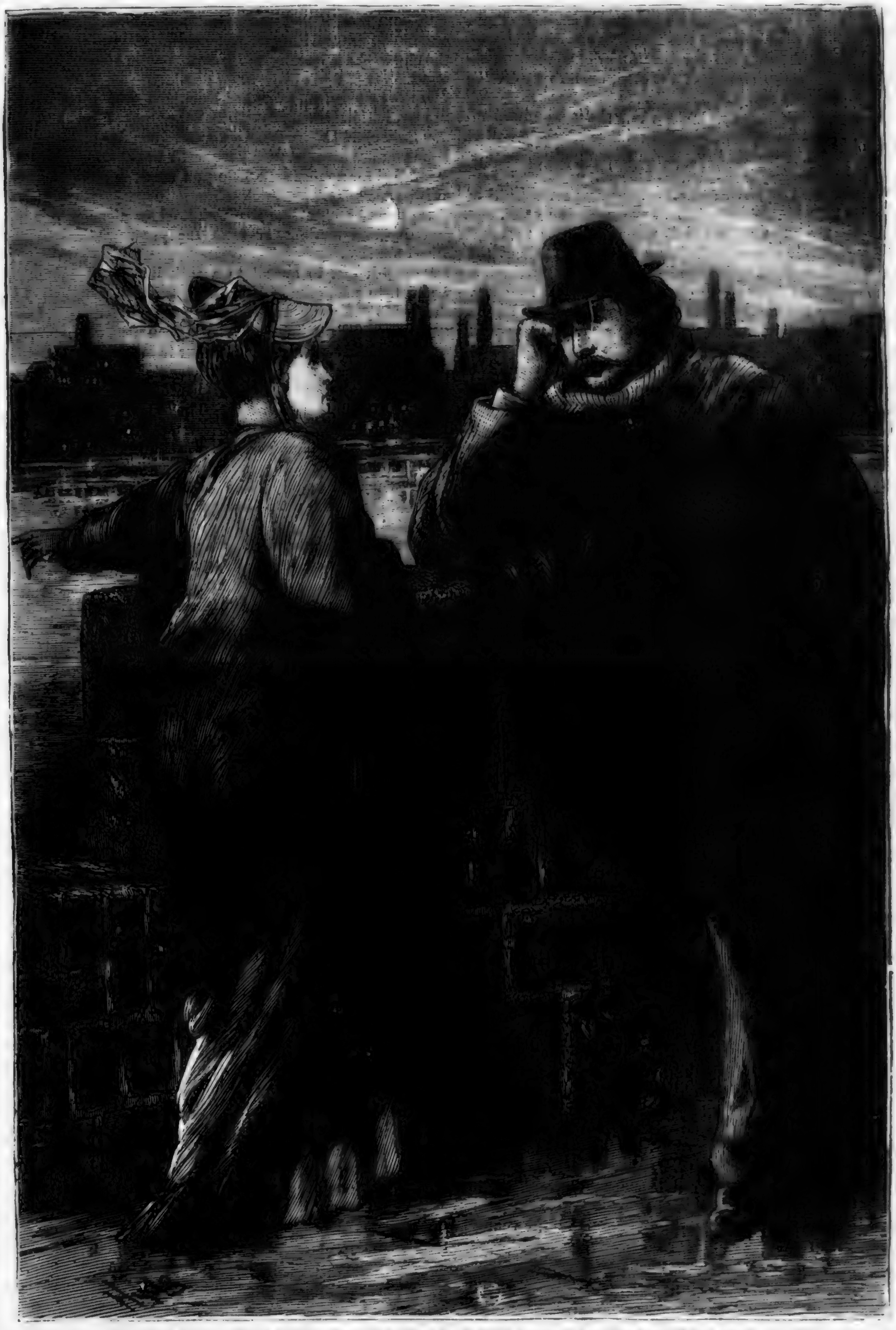
She bowed silently.

Otto Dudley gave her a long look, but said nothing.

The two passed on by the misshapen figure of the woman at Hope's right hand, by the whirring looms, and disappeared together through a door beyond.

With a quickened breath Hope looked up at Dorcas. Back and forth, back and forth—her steady eyes upon the threads, her face as expressionless as stone—paced the deformed old creature.

Had she not seen him come and go thus before her eyes for years? Hope might have looked long before finding in that Spartan face a betrayal of anything like emotion.



ONE NIGHT.—"I WOULD SOONER THROW MYSELF INTO THAT RIVER THAN WALK ANOTHER STEP WITH YOU," SHE CRIED. "I FEEL ACCURSED ALREADY IN LISTENING TO YOU—HONORABLE OR OTHERWISE, YOUR LOVE IS ABOMINABLE TO MY EARS. LEAVE ME!"

She stood at her work all the interminable day—this hopeless Hope—with the roar of the machinery in her ears, with the garish light falling on her from a row of windows opposite, with the sharp glances of the other operatives piercing her like so many knives.

At the ringing of the six o'clock bell, she put on her bonnet and shawl, walked out with Dorcas through the crowd of men, women, and children, back through dirty, narrow alleys to the river-side cottage, and Robin.

Dorcas built a fire, dismissed the fourteen-year-old girl of a neighbor, who had been left in charge of the child, and prepared the supper. When it was over, Hope took her sturdy boy in her arms, and, sitting down on the sill of the low door, looked out across the fast darkening river.

The day had been a rare one, even for Indian Summer. A few stars were out already in the deep purple sky. Lights moved like floating fires in the moving current. The dead flowers of Dorcas's little garden sent up a damp, pleasant odor in their decay. With her head resting against the frame of the door, Hope sat silent, motionless. She wore a dress of solemn black. The rippling masses of her gold hair fell away on either side from her dimpled, babyish face. There was a purple tint of suffering round her eyes, and a tired droop to her languid red mouth.

She held the boy on her knee, her warm, white arms clasped fast around him. His face was upturned in wonder to hers.

"Papa has gone away," she was saying in answer to his questioning; "gone where Robbie will not see him again for a long time. Dead? No, no! God forbid, my blossom! only parted for a time from you and I. And we must remember him always, and pray for him, and love him now, as we never did before, darling!"

Some unaccountable impulse compelled her suddenly to lift her eyes. A few yards from her—tall, dark, devouring her with a singularly intense gaze—she saw a man standing in the mud and mire of the river-side street. It was Otto Dudley. He spoke no word—made no movement—even when he saw that she had discovered him, only stood there, with unwavering eyes fixed covetously upon her, till, rising swiftly, with a white, startled face, she took a step backward across the threshold, closed the cottage door, and drew the bolt across it.

Day after day, week after week passed. Whirr! whirr! sleeping and waking, Hope's brain was full of the noise of the great looms. Every morning she knelt by Robin's bed and prayed!

"Oh, God, give me back my husband! Let him no longer suffer for the guilt of another. Clear his innocent name of the shame which covers it. Pity him—pity me—pity our child."

And every night she knelt again and said:

"The day is done and still he is a despised felon, and still I am wretched. Give me patience till another night."

She was crossing the mill-yard one day with Dorcas, when Mr. Dudley descended the steps of the office, just opposite the door through which they passed. She ran toward him, breathlessly, snatched at his rich cloak, and peered up into his face.

"Surely you could help him, if you would," she gasped; "will you not? How long must he suffer for a crime which he never committed?"

The mill-owner looked down in amazement on the young operative.

"My poor girl, how can I help him?" he answered. "He was fairly tried in a court of justice, what more would you have?"

She held him fast. Her thin nostrils expanded.

"Justice! Great God! How can you so abuse the word? But, even now, if you would but intercede for him, as you ought—as, before Heaven, you *ought*, for he never forged the check—he is bearing the guilt of another—he might be saved."

He drew his cloak from her hand, and smiled down half in pity, half in incredulity, upon her.

"Poor child! there is nothing that I can do—nothing. I hope you are satisfied with your work in the mill. Believe me, I feel for you—would help you more, if possible; but as it is, good-day."

He bowed to her like the high-bred gentleman he was, and departed straightway from the yard. Dorcas Teale seized her arm.

"Foolish girl to appeal to a rock like that! As if he would help you, even if he could! Somebody forged the check—do you think it makes such a great difference to him who suffers for it? What is the common herd of his work-people to him? I know him better than you do. I have known him longer. Now, come home."

She suffered Dorcas to draw her out into the muddy street, and along the river-side. The sad, dejected day was dead in the west.

A biting wind blew through the alleys. As they approached the cottage, Hope stopped.

"I cannot go in now," she said, feverishly. "I must walk on—down the river—somewhere! I should suffocate in there."

"Very well," answered Dorcas; "walk the pain out of your heart if you can," and she turned into the cottage.

Hope saw the door close on her. Then started off alone down the empty street. She walked as if trying to escape from herself. Her head was bent, her arms hung listlessly at her side. Her face was as wan as the dead day.

She left the vicinity of the mills, and passing on to the better portion of the town came, at last, to a pretty white cottage, glimmering among the grey bales of leafless trees, with the sign "To Let," placed conspicuously on its door.

To this house Silas North had brought her, three years before, a bride. Perhaps she found some sort of poor comfort in seeing that it still stood empty—that no other heart had found happiness in her forsaken nest.

She stood for a long time leaning on the gate, looking over into the garden plots which she had once tended, to the little porch where Silas used to sit with her on balmy Summer nights.

The neighborhood was a secluded one. No sign of life was visible anywhere around.

Hope, standing by the grave of her dead happiness, saw the night fall, and darkness gather, and a round white moon rise from the blue east and cast a track of silver light across the river. Suddenly a step falling near by among the rustling dead things of the road, shattered the spell which bound her.

She turned and saw by her side, with his cloak waving back from his broad shoulders, and the moonlight falling on his dark face, Otto Dudley.

"I knew where to find you," he said, making a quick gesture. "You will get your death standing here in the damp and chill. Come back to Dorcas Teale's cottage—I have something to say to you."

She was too startled and bewildered to make any resistance as he drew her hand through his arm. He turned her from the gate.

"Why do you come here at all, Hope?" he said, through his teeth. "As God hears me, you can do better. Yes, I *will* say it—do better than to cling to that felon, to martyrdize yourself for him in the way you are now doing. No man was ever worth such devotion, Hope—surely not a low-bred boor like Silas North."

She started back—cast the tangled shadow of yellow hair from her face—stared blankly at him for a moment with her great skittish, brown eyes.

"Will you be so good as to leave me, Mr. Dudley?" she said, in a low, firm voice. "I have not asked your advice, nor yet your opinion of my husband. Go your own way, and leave me to mine."

His eyes flashed.

"By Heaven, Hope, that is just what I cannot do! Do you remember the day when you chose that fellow to a gentleman's son—gave me the only refusal I ever received from woman's lips. That is why I take it so much to heart, perhaps. It is the nature of man to covet that which is refused him. I loved you that day, Hope—I love you still—madly, passionately!"

She grew red with shame, then pale with anger.

"How dare you say this to me?" she cried; "to me—Silas North's wife?"

"Were you ten times his wife I would speak!" he answered, boldly; and there was a look on his dark, thin face which drove the blood from her cheek to her heart. "Nothing shall keep me silent longer. I have watched you at your work in the mill till it seemed as if I must snatch you then and there, and fly with you to the world's end. Hope, you are desolate, but I love you! You are friendless—no! for I am your friend, your lover, your slave. My love for you to-night is a thousand times deeper than it ever was before. Come to me—hide in me from all the troubles that assail you. It is monstrous for anything so young, so beautiful, to suffer. Now that all the world has deserted you, now that you are left alone, can you afford, for the second time, to cast away such love as mine?"

They were walking now by the river. Black and sullen it rolled under the light of the large white moon Hope then stopped.

"If there was one thing needed to complete my misery," she said, slowly, "I have surely found it now. Your love, which even three years ago I despised from my heart, I trample, as I would fain trample you, if I could—under my feet!"

He looked at her in her fierce anger, not abashed, not defeated, only smiling, as if at her weakness and his own power.

"Little Puritan, I expected as much, and I may say, also, that I love you no whit the less for it. But the passion I offer you is what the world calls an honorable one. You can easily be freed from Silas North now—his crime will free you. Then, as God hears me, I will make you my wife. You shall forget in my arms all that has passed. I have been a devil for the last three years—now take and make of me a saint. Somewhere abroad we will begin a new life of love—of luxury—the life you were born for, Hope. Good God! how I love you! What spell have you laid on me to bring me thus to your feet?"

The white terror in her face grew steadily with his words.

"I would sooner throw myself into that river than walk another step with you," she cried. "I feel accursed already in listening to you. Honorable or otherwise, your love is abominable to my ears. Even were Silas North the criminal that you and yours have called him, I would rather die with him in all his shame and poverty than live to share a throne with you. Leave me!"

His face, flushed a moment before with passion, now whitened visibly.

"You talk boldly. Who would dream that a little Hebe like you had so much sptrit? Foolish Hope! Can neither your own interest, nor pity for me, move you? Faith, not every woman would be thus callous to the pleadings of an impassioned lover! Good-night, then—good-night—since you will have it so."

He snatched her hands before she was aware, and covered them with hot kisses: he made as if he would do the same with her soft body, but recoiled before the look in her eyes.

With a cry, Silas North's wife turned from that bad, dark face—from the moonlight gleam of the river, and fled along the muddy street—away, away, as if fiends pursued her—as one did, in heart—away to Dorcas Teale's cottage, hiding among the smoky lanes of the factory precincts.

She did not mention the matter to Dorcas. A day or two after, as she watched her noisy shuttles side by side with her deformed neighbor, the mill-owner entered the weaving-room, and, passing near, paused for a moment to look at her work. He drew from his pocket a slip of soiled paper.

"I was requested to give you this, Mrs. North," a well-bred surprise showing in his proud face; "I trust you will find it of pleasant import."

She took the slip mechanically. He walked on. Hope opened the paper, and read scrawled upon it, in an unsteady hand, the following words:

"If Mrs. North will come down to the tavern to-night at nine o'clock, she'll find a person there who knows more about the Dudley forgery business than any other man living."

No signature. With quickened breath, Hope turned to look after the mill-owner. He had already left the weaving-room.

"Dorcas!" She thrust the slip into her neighbor's hand. Her brown eyes shone with a faint, half-kindled hope. "What can it mean?"

"Go and see," answered Dorcas, and went on with her work.

A man who really knew about the forgery—that is, who could bear witness to Silas's innocence, for the two things were synonymous in Hope's eyes. Go? Surely. She looked across to the mill-windows. The Winter afternoon was already waning. It was storming violently, also. The whole prospect of river and low-lying town was blotted out in clouds of rain. Thank God, the night was near at hand!

Never did a sweeter sound fill her ears than the strokes of the great bell which released her. She put on her hat and shawl with eager hands, and hurried after Dorcas out of the mill-yard into the wild, wind-swept street.

"The tavern is up at the head of the bridge—a long walk for you on such a night," said Dorcas.

Hope laughed out wildly, wringing the wet from her hair as they entered the little black cottage.

"As if distance would keep me, or rain, or wind, or anything in the world!" she cried.

"It is very odd. I am afraid, after all, that some of the mill-hands are playing a trick on you. They will do it quick enough, no doubt."

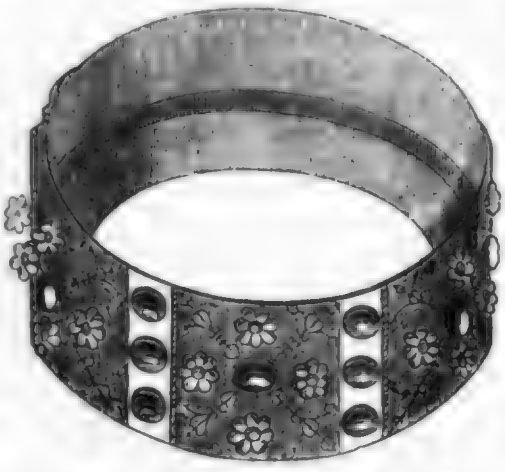
"Can I do less than go and see? Stay here with Robbie. I will come back as soon as possible."

The storm, blowing directly from the northeast, grew and grew in violence as the evening advanced.

"Don't go, Hope," Dorcas still grumbled.

She might as well have talked to the wind. As nine o'clock struck from the steeples, Hope kissed her sleeping boy, and, stepping out into the night, set her face toward the tavern far up at the head of the bridge.

The walk was a long and lonely one. The wind blew a gale, beating and buffeting like a ruffian the small, patient figure which toiled along the wet and dubious road. Everybody had retreated in-doors. The noisy operatives, to whom evening meant freedom and license, had, for once, deserted the storm-swept streets. The lights, which twinkled here and there from curtained windows, and glimmered in deep gutters and wayside pools, alone guided Hope—they and the steadfast love which filled and warmed her heart.



THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY.—SEE PAGE 38.

Half-way betwixt the upper and lower towns—dividing them, as it were, stretched the bridge. At its head the tavern stood, looking unusually dark and silent upon this night.

Struggling along through the wind and rain, Hope approached it in some trepidation. The river roared angrily in her ears. She was pressing past the bridge, where the rain beat harder, and the darkness seemed thicker than elsewhere, when she heard, over the noise of the storm, a stamping, as of the feet of restive horses, and then a voice, altogether unfamiliar, called out close to her ear: "Is it you, ma'am?"

Hope stopped. By the side of the miry road she saw a large, dark object—a carriage, evidently, with horses attached. At the same moment, a man advanced toward her through the darkness.

"Are you the lady as got the letter?" he asked, in a thick voice.

"Yes," answered Hope, checking a sudden impulse to turn and fly. "Who are you? What do you want of me?"

He came close up to her—a fiery breath, full of the fumes of liquor, was wafted across her face. He did not speak, but, seizing her silently in a pair of strong arms, lifted her off her feet. A handkerchief, reeking with some deadly, sickening odor, was pressed to her nostrils. Her brain reeled. She strugged wildly for a moment, then, fainting—dying, as it seemed—fell back, and knew no more.

When her senses returned, Hope North found herself lying on the soft cushions of a carriage, rolling rapidly along a rough road.

* * * * * * *

She opened her eyes upon total darkness. For a moment she lay, trying to realize her predicament, then leaped to her feet with a scream.

"Hope!"

The voice came from the opposite seat. As she stretched out her hand, searching for the carriage door, another hand caught and held it fast.

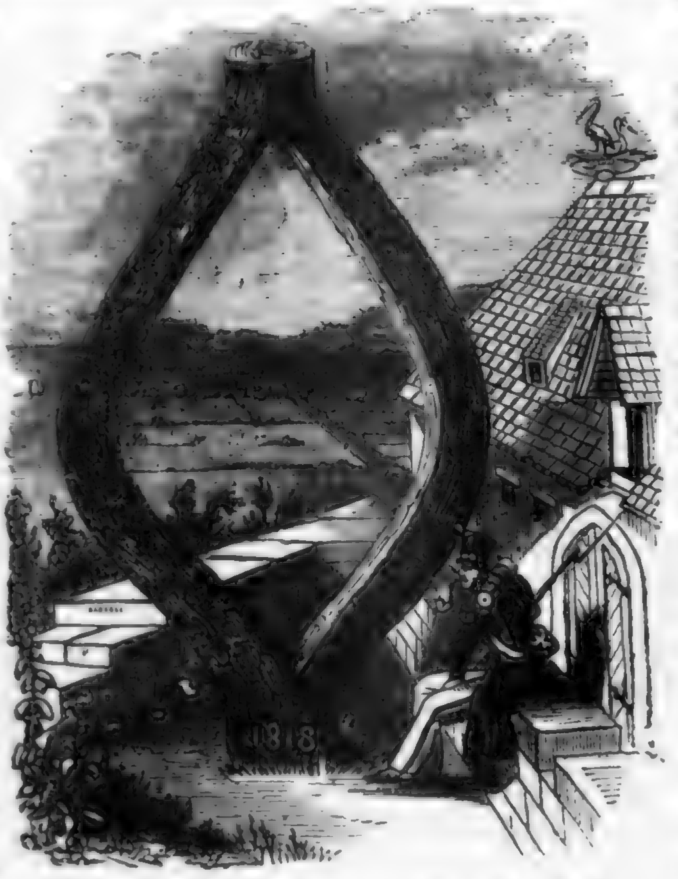
"Hope!" Horror! It was the voice of Otto Dudley.

"Be quiet! It will do no good to make an uproar here. We are on a byway where there are no dwellings. Do not force me to use the chloroform again, but sit down and listen to me."

Faint and sick she fell back in her seat.

"It was I who wrote the note," he continued, his voice full of cruel, exultant passion, "and begged my father to deliver it. He did so, ignorant alike of the writer and his plans. I was sure you would fall into a trap like that. Hope, I intreat you to be calm."

Shriek after shriek broke from her lips. Frantic with terror, she struggled to rise, but he held her fast.



CURIOUS OAK TREE AT BADEN-BADEN.—SEE PAGE 38.

"Do not be frightened, you shall not be harmed. Loving you as I do, how *could* I harm you, Hope?"

"What would you do? Where are you taking me?" she cried.

"I would bring you to your senses," he answered—"save you from the dreary future you have marked out for yourself. I am taking you to a hermitage of my own out here among the quarries. Should the gossips track you to it—and I shall take good care that they do—you will never dare go back to the world till you have sued for your divorce from Silas North—till you have taken shelter beneath my name." She slipped down to the floor of the carriage, clasping his knees in her frantic arms.

"No! no! For the love of God, no! My child! my child! He will die without me—I shall die parted from him. Mercy—for his sake! Stop the carriage—let me go back! I pray God—I pray Him from my heart—to curse you if you do this thing."

He leaned over her, kissed with passionate eagerness her white, writhing face,

'Let us go *now?* Impossible. I fear I am a trifle hard-hearted, since I cannot feel the least pity either for Silas North or his child. What was that low-bred boor, that he should step betwixt me and the woman I loved—that he should snatch from me the thing I most coveted? But I have had my revenge. Absurd, child! Spare your breath; you do not know for what you plead. I will yet make you happier than you ever dreamed of being. You must—you shall love me, Hope! Why struggle longer against it? 'Tis written in your fate."

She flung herself back into the farthest corner of the carriage.

"My child! my child!"

"Hush! We shall soon reach our destination; I can talk better with you there, my dear, unreasonable girl."

She sat like a statue. Her hands lay clinched on her lap. Her face was wild and white, but in the darkness he could not see this.

Away, away! How the wheels flew over the rough road! How the storm raved and roared around them! It was a fitting night, indeed, for the atrocious deed which Otto Dudley had planned. He raised the window to call passionately to his driver:

"Faster! What the devil ails you? We do not move."

"Yes, yes," came in answer from the box.

Dudley fell back in a corner, and drew his cloak around him.

On, on! They came to a tall hill where a tall derrick rose like a mast in the thick air. The carriage wheels bumped violently against blocks of granite lying, bleached and gleaming, along the way.

"We are ten miles distant from the river," said Dudley, exultingly; "the Hermitage is close before us. It stands quite alone, as I have told you; our only neighbors are the quarrymen, who hold no communication with their betters. You will be as secure here as your husband behind his bars. Talk of Heaven, Hope! Has it not prospered me rarely?"

His wicked eyes gleamed in the darkness; his wicked arms were outstretched to clasp her; his wicked face leaned low to touch her own. Then there was a sudden swerve, a cry, a horrible, dizzy, reeling backward and forward, as on some steep brink.

"God, have mercy!" she heard a voice from without shriek.

Then followed a fall, a terrific shock. She seemed hurled through endless space. The roar of oceans filled her ears. Heaven and earth crashed together, and—that was all.

The rain falling, the wind blowing on her face, aroused her at last. She raised herself from what seemed to be a mass of débris. At the bottom of a quarry lay the shattered carriage, its horses dead in the harness. Under the door, wrenched from the hinges and half covered with water, the body of a man was pinned, black and long, to the earth.

Hope, extricating herself as best she could from the ruin, bruised and terribly shaken, but not otherwise harmed, went over to this body, and bent over it. Dark as the night was, she recognized her abductor, Otto Dudley.

Under the pouring sky she looked around for the driver, whose drunken recklessness, further increased by his master's urgency, had brought the mischief.

Even as she did so, the red spark of a lantern glimmered along the hill. She heard voices approaching and footsteps. She heard, also, a faint moan from the man lying there in the water at her feet. Deeply as he had wronged her, her woman's heart thrilled. She leaned over him a second time, and with her two slim hands, pulled him out from beneath the shattered carriage.

"Are you hurt?" she faltered.

"Yes, yes," he answered, and raised his hand to his breast, struggled to rise up, but sank again unconscious.

The lantern-light drew nearer. The now sober and frightened driver advanced out of the darkness, followed by half a dozen quarrymen brought from the nearest cottages.

They lifted Dudley from the mud and water, and carried him to a sheltered place by the roadside.

"I'm beat if I expected to see either of you alive," said the driver. "A leap, when I found the carriage going, was all that saved me. By the Lord, I believe he is dying!"

Hope North knelt by Dudley's side. The light of the lantern fell on them both. He was conscious. As his wild gaze wandered to her face, he raised himself up.

"Hope," he gasped, "what was it I told you in that false note? That you should hear about the forgery? You shall—you shall, though, God knows, when I wrote the words I meant nothing but a treacherous lie."

A few drops of blood from some internal hemorrhage, welled over his lips. He sank back exhausted.

Pale and disheartened she leaned down to him.

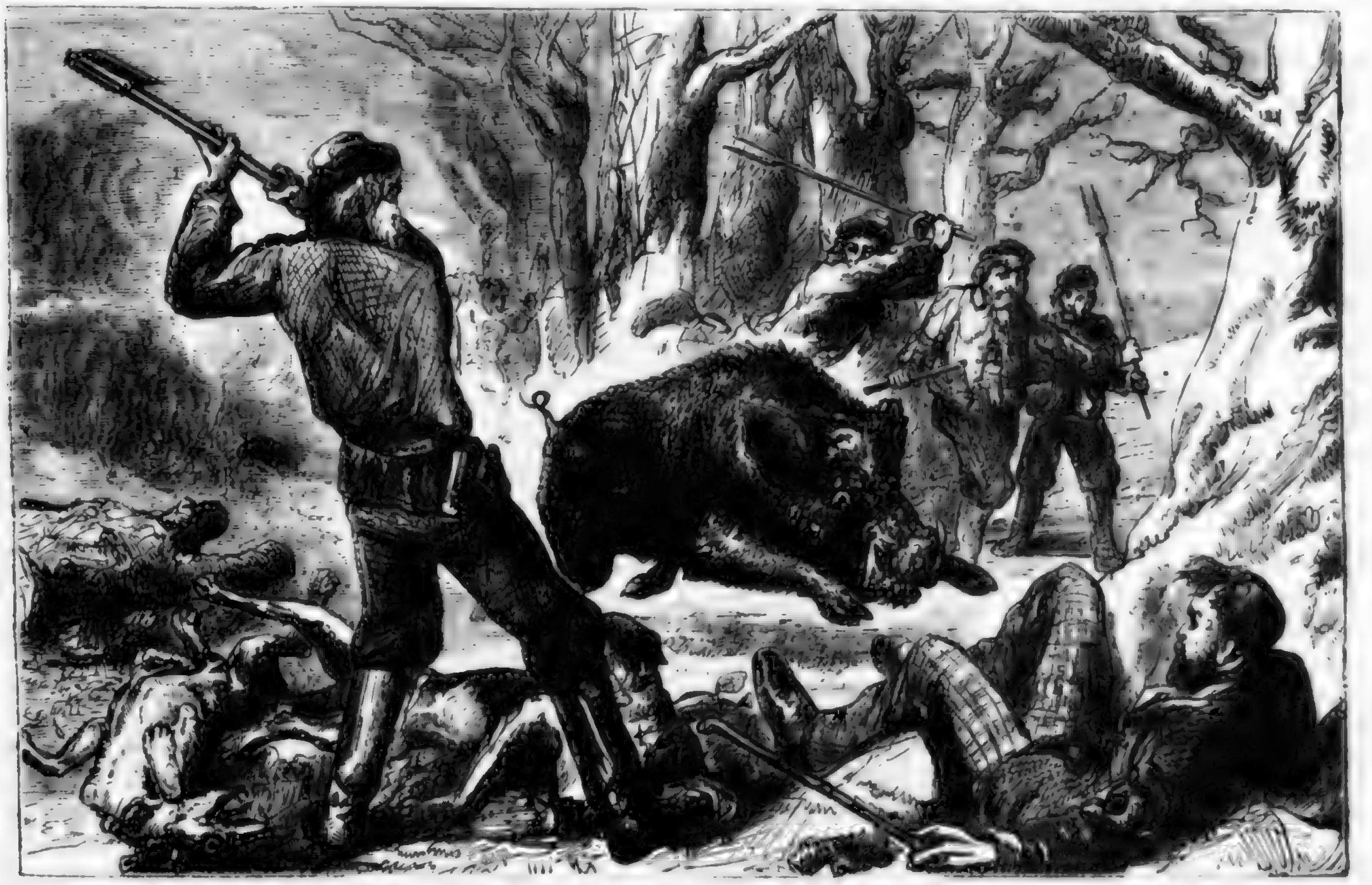
"Otto Dudley! you know the truth then? Speak, and I will forgive you all that you have done this night."

He flung up his arms.

"I cannot breathe. Give me air. Raise my head to your breast, Hope."

She obeyed. He seemed to struggle for a moment with the enemy whose hand was on him. Then from his bruised and bleeding chest his voice broke strong and resolute:

"It was I, and not Silas North, who forged my father's name to that accursed check," he cried; "do you hear—all of you? I—I who cleverly imitated the superintendent's hand, wrote that other duplicate check found in his desk on the night of his arrest—put there by me to damn him with its false evidence. He is innocent—hear me! I swear it, dying—innocent! I planned his ruin, Hope, partly in revenge, partly to shield myself. I had a two-fold purpose, for I needed the money, and hated him. Did I tell you that



A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN THE FOREST OF BAVARIA.—SEE PAGE 33.

XUM

Heaven had prospered me? I ought to have said Hell, instead!"

A shriek broke from her lips.

"You—you!" she cried, wringing her hands; "is it possible I hear aright? Oh, you must not—shall not die till you have established his innocence. Live, live! For your soul's sake, make him some reparation!"

A groan escaped his lips.

"Write down what I have said," he answered, feebly; "these men will bear witness to my signature, and to what they have heard to-night. But hasten, for love of Heaven! I can last but a few moments."

They carried him to the nearest cottage. Pen and paper were produced, and Hope, with a trembling hand, took word by word from his lips—the dying man's confession.

A messenger had been dispatched for a surgeon, but long before his arrival, Otto Dudley raised himself on his pillow—turned upon Hope his dark, despairing eyes.

"Do you forgive me now?" he murmured

"I do—I do!" she answered.

His hand pressed hers—then fell powerless. His head sank on the pillow. The light of the cottage candle wavered across his ghastly face. Hope bent over him. He was dead!

A week after, Silas North, with his calm face and resolute manner, walked quietly into the factory, and took his place again at the superintendent's desk. Not in his old character of servant, though, for John Dudley, aged and broken with shame and remorse and grief unutterable, had that day made him a partner in the business of the great mills.

"God be praised for this hour!" said Dorcas Teale, softly, as from her loom in the noisy weaving-room she saw him pass by.

CURIOUS OAK-TREE AT BADEN-BADEN.

The outline sketch on page 36 may interest arboriculturists and foresters. It represents two branches of an oak-tree, which, reuniting above, again forms one single trunk, as undivided and complete as at the base. Nature, and not art, has produced this junction. The tree was, for the first time, observed, in 1818, by woodcutters in the Kaiserswald (now Mahlbergwald), Grand Duchy of Baden. Being considered a great curiosity, this portion of the tree was cut off and fixed in a part of the grounds surrounding Mahlberg Schloss, a late residence of the Grand Ducal family, and built on the foundations of a Roman fortress.

The circumference of the trunk, where it was cut, is at present, after having been barked and smoothed by the axe, four feet six inches; its height above ground is eight feet nine inches, and the width of the space between the branches four feet nine inches.

Between the branches is seen the village of Orschweier; beyond are the vinebearing hills of the Kaiserstahl; and more distant still, on the right, the mountains of the Vosges in France; the Rhine flowing between these two ranges.

THE IRON CROWN OF ITALY.

The Iron Crown of Italy is composed of a broad circle of gold, set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue and gold enamel. The jewels and embossed gold exhibit a very close resemblance to the workmanship of an enamelled gold ornament, inscribed with the name of Alfred the Great, which was found in the island of Athelney, in Somersetshire, about the close of the seventeenth century, and is now carefully preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, England.

The portion of the crown, however, which is of the greatest traditional interest, is a narrow band of iron, about three-eighths of an inch broad, and one-tenth of an inch in thickness, attached to the inner circumference of the circle. This iron band, according to legendary report, was made out of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion, given by the Empress Helena—who was said to be the discoverer of the Cross—to her son Constantine, as a miraculous protection from the dangers of the battle-field.

The priests who exhibit the crown, point out, as a permanent miracle, that there is not a single speck of rust upon the iron, although it has now been exposed more than fifteen hundred years! The earliest real historical notice of this crown is, that it was used at the coronation of Agilulfus, King of Normandy, in 591.

When the Emperor Napoleon I. was crowned King of Italy, at Milan, May 23, 1805, he, with his own hands, placed the ancient iron crown of Lombardy on his own head, saying, "God has given it to me, let those beware who would touch it," thus assuming, as Sir Walter Scott observes, the haughty motto attached to the crown by its early possessors.

A MODERN BOAR HUNT IN BAVARIA.

MATTERS of the chase are come to rather tame pass in our day. Daring has given place to dodging in this as in so many other things, and the cunning of the arm with the spear has become supplanted by the cunning of the eye with the rifle.

Thanks to the genius of a Snyder, we can more than imagine the boar hunt of former times, otherwise the powers of fancy might have stretched in vain from our present mode of giving such a brute the quietus to that period when, in his gnashing fury, a course was rent through besetting assailants, or a breathing-space secured by strewing the ground with their mangled bodies.

Let us start, then, at Aschaffenberg—the Fontainebleau of his Bavarian Majesty—and even speak of the warning injunctions our Frankfort host gave about the great forest that lay in our way.

On we went, and at last—oh, welcome sound!—the barking of a dog proclaimed man's dwelling-place, and then the glimmering of a light created quite a glow of satisfaction within me. It was the half-way inn of which I had been told, and for which I had been looking out most longingly.

In the morning I found the party reinforced, and some large hounds made their appearance in coupling-chains, whilst schnapps was going the rounds, and, the better to enlist the stalwart band, I directed an additional round to be served out on my account.

Many roguish, rough-looking attendants were also lounging about and sipping the early dram; for, though not of a very gentle order themselves, these Jägers formed a class of superiors, as the doffed hat and abashed look of these their serving-men plainly told. The dress of this Jäger corps, though varying in some instances, was of dark-gray, faced with green, tunic form, and caught in at the waist with a girdle, from which hung the trenchant *couteau de chasse.* Most of them wore small felt hats of dark-green, fitting closely, and with a tuft of black feathers in the band. Some had whistles made of the boar's tusk, and I observed one with a boar's sconce in brass on his shoulders, from which distinction I set him down as a sort of head-keeper or lieutenant of the force. But what struck me most in this really fine body of rangers was the enormous mustache nearly every one exhibited.

The chief Nimrod made his appearance at a point about an hour's walk off, where there was a large ring of lofty beeches, with such a gateway as, no doubt, led to some woodland château. His party mustered about half a dozen, and, though I could see they were all men of rank, there was nothing that denoted style or superiority.

There was a score of good rifles at least, besides a respectable contingent of muskets, and, as nearly all carried the *couteau de chasse* as well, I thought the turnout must have little in it, or the boar be, of a truth, a very curious customer, if we came to grief.

After a short chat, and a cursory survey of arms and appliances, the force broke up into detachments, and certain instructions were given to each petty leader as they moved off one after the other for their respective beats, or, as I concluded, to form so many segments in the great starting circle. Each party also took off its contingent of followers, and, my eye being on my old friend, he beckoned me as his own particular recruit, and I fell in and followed a portion of his company. I began, however, to review the matter in my own mind *de nouveau;* and, certes, the chance of an awkward rip did not appear quite so remote, under this detailed order of movement, as if it had been *en gros*.

But I was now in for it, and, "being in," you know what Shakespeare says about getting out, though, as guidance for others, I would just here recommend a traveler to keep his onward path, and not volunteer into strange service, or get into positions which may lead either to danger or difficulty.

The mast and dead leaves became drifted into such dells and hollows as the ground offered, and, with a crisp covering of snow, we very soon found ourselves ploughing our own path knee-deep, and with a gentle intimation that the animals might turn up at any moment.

Indeed, my own especial corporal gave me a nod to this effect, and was just adding, "Now we hit on something," when a sonorous "Guff!" that would have startled the seven sleepers, broke on my ear, and beneath a kick-up of leaves and snow I beheld a snout and grissly mane, cutting along at a furious rate in the foreground. "Bang!" went my old friend's rifle. "Guff! guff!" A bang left and another right were followed by a loud "Guffee!" and, in the next minute, one of the Jägers was drawing the dead animal our way, with a short bit of stick passed through the snout, and a trail of blood in the rear. It was a sow of about two years old, with but little of the formidable, and not much of anything else that I could see save bristles and a loose, flabby carcass—hideous, however, withal—and such a strange disproportion of head, and so malignant the grin even in death, that it hardly looked like any earthly creature.

They are of a dingy iron-gray, these wild swine, inclining to rust-color about the belly and the inner side of the legs, but there is a pricking up of the bridge of the snout caused by the tusks, which gives them a most diabolical expression of ferocity, and their coating stands out sharp as wire, and shows shaggy as they lie upon the snow.

We now heard the rifles cracking away in more than one direction, so that the forest forces were beginning to concentrate; and, from a little variation in the "guff" notes, the grunters were evidently becoming alive to their position, and whatever the other parties to these presents might feel, I, on my own part and behalf, began to entertain certain feelings of anxiety about the probable upshot of these boorish battle-notes when the full herd got into grand chorus, and were driven to a last desperate stand. Nor was my concern any less for the assurance that we had two or three first-rate boars in the circle, and might look forward to a smart battue.

The plot was certainly thickening, and its *dénouement* not far off, since the converging powers were making their progress distinctly audible, and the lesser fauna began to squib about in our front as though the ends of the earth were coming together.

There appeared also a blank in the circle, one segment short of the round, but I could hear its approach; and, from a show of activity in that quarter, the leading actors were doubtless about to make their *début* there. And so it proved, and so the ring became complete, the entire force presenting about fifty men armed, who took up ground at about the same number of paces from each other, whilst attendants, followers, and a few straggling fools like myself might count a hundred. These showed front in the rear, and between the intervals; though, for my part, I made up my mind to show no front at all if it came to anything serious, since, with my equipment, I might as well maintain front before Beelzebub with a bulrush in my hand. Most of the other secondaries bore some sort of weapon, and one near me held an axe over his shoulder, and was evidently a woodman.

I had from my very boyhood a horror, and I may say a mortal fear, of the whole hog species, and would at any time sooner confront a lion or tiger than a savage boar of even the ordinary kind; and yet, here was I forming a stop-gap before a whole herd of the wildest and most ferocious class.

Preparatory to action there was, of course, a round of schnapps—nothing in the way of venture being done in Germany without this whet—and though I came quite unprovided, my old friend was true to me in my extremity, and never came a whet of *Kimmel* more timely to my lips. He moreover took the opportunity of giving me a little final instruction, and pointedly dwelt on the worst, by saying:

"Now mind you bear to my left if there be any dash through on the right, and the reverse, you understand, if menaced from the opposite side;" an injunction which I promised strictly to obey, and, involving the precise line of conduct I had already hit on in my own mind, he might assuredly count on its most scrupulous fulfillment.

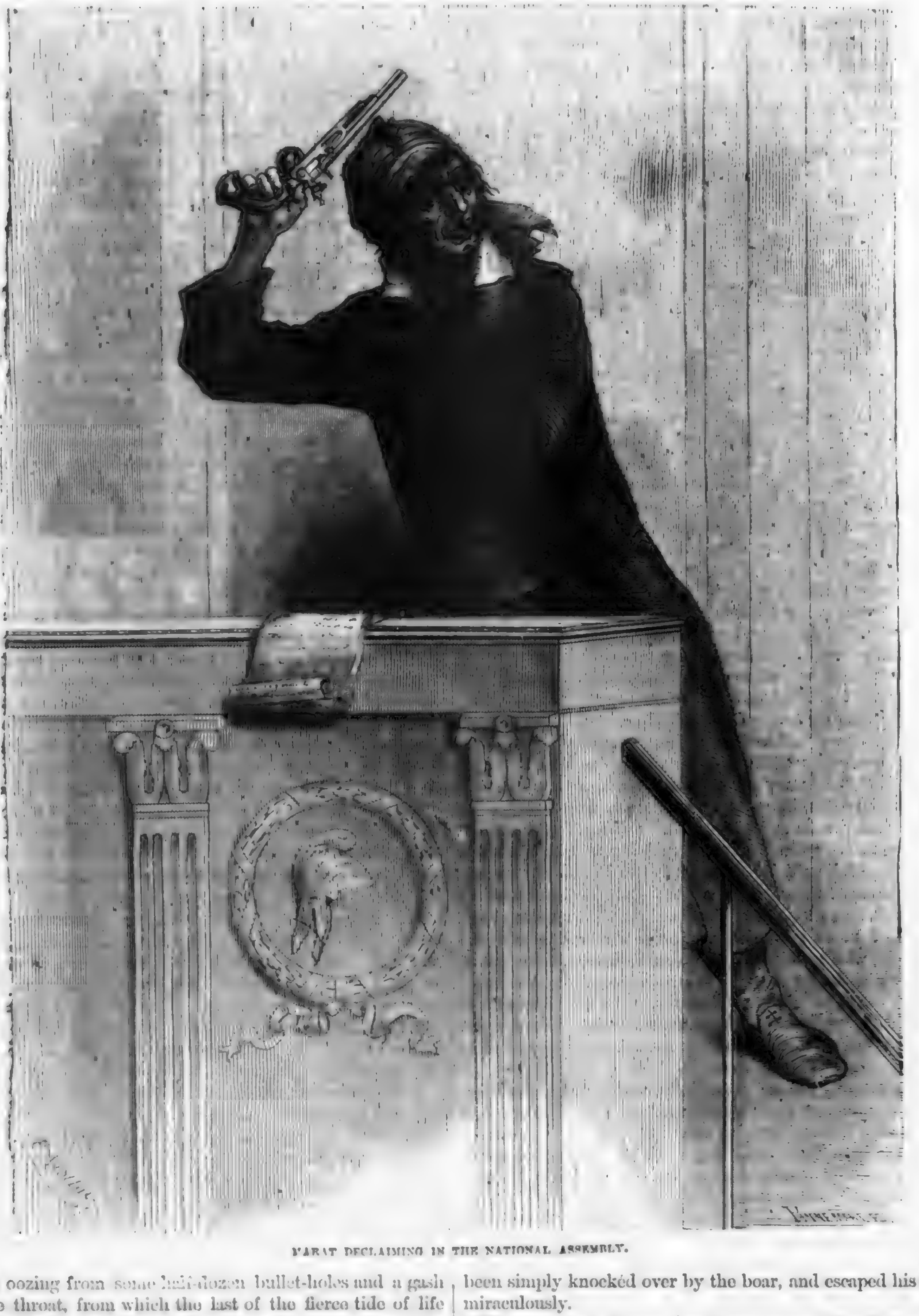
But a short bugle-call from headquarters ended our debate, and this was followed by a *laisser-aller* of some half a dozen dogs that went off, all eye, ear, and protruding tongue, right into the cover-plot. Some of the Jägers, and no doubt such as constituted the best shots, stepped out of the circle a few paces in advance at that same time.

Old Zieten, with his fierce hussar attendant, could not have issued from the wood more suddenly than a huge boar, with his bristly staff, now did from the cover into which the eager hounds had dashed. Nor could any of your boasted generals cast a more knowing glance, or present a more defiant mien, than this porcine chief did, as, with mane erect, the circling foe was surveyed, and then, with a clashing of tusks only to be remembered with a shudder, on he came.

I have no clear recollection as to what immediately followed, but perfectly remembered how those eyes of fire bore point-blank towards me, and what a rattle of rifles, din of shouts, dog yells, and indescribable sounds burst forth at the very moment I made for my fugleman's support, and in my flurry tumbled over that tree-stump, and became immersed in a snow-drift. This served so to complete my bewilderment that, although unmistakable splashings of the brute's very foam and blood were on my shoes when I got up, I could not for my life say in which direction or how he passed me; but, as there was an impression that I had actually been under dental treatment, I felt down both my sides, and examined both legs, inside as well as out, for the satisfaction of those who pressed about me, as well as to clear the matter in my own mind, for, without feeling hurt, they made me fancy that I must have had a slight rip somewhere.

A drop more "kimmel" accomplished the rest, and, as the battue was pretty well over, I went to the spot where this fearful monster lay stretched on the frozen ground, with

XUM



MARAT DECLAIMING IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

blood oozing from some half-dozen bullet-holes and a gash in the throat, from which the last of the fierce tide of life was slowly ebbing.

The woodman with his axe must have been equally taken aback, for, in place of striking at the right moment, he never struck at all, but flung his formidable weapon after his flying foe, and for aught it had done he might have flung it aside altogether. I heard this as they were laughing at him; whilst I, whose performance had been most laughable of all, seemed to stand well in general estimation as one who had been simply knocked over by the boar, and escaped his tusk miraculously.

They counted eighteen head, two boars of the first order, which were to be dispatched forthwith to King Ludwig at Munich; three of the second class, four sows, and the rest young fry under six months old.

The main trophy was the very brute that had figured as commander-in-chief and led the charge so desperately in the direction I occupied, and certainly as he there lay dappling his snowy resting-place with blood, a more hideous or a more fiend-like object never met my eyes. The head, from snout to ear-point, could not have been much under two feet in length, and in one of the ears was a bullet-hole of long standing to settle the point of his being an old campaigner. Indeed the forest *frères* recognized him as a former acquaintance, who had run the gauntlet, and probably expected to do so here again; but wiser heads get wrong in their calculations, and men fall under them as well as hogs. For the rest, the large main bristles were nearly eight inches long, tusks about seven, and his hoofs almost as strong as a donkey's. Yet there was nothing like the fleshy character of the hog race as we know it, and, with ample framework for sustaining a quarter of a ton, I very much doubt if the entire weight of this fine specimen of the wild hog reached two hundred pounds.

MARAT.

"The Delirium of the Revolution."

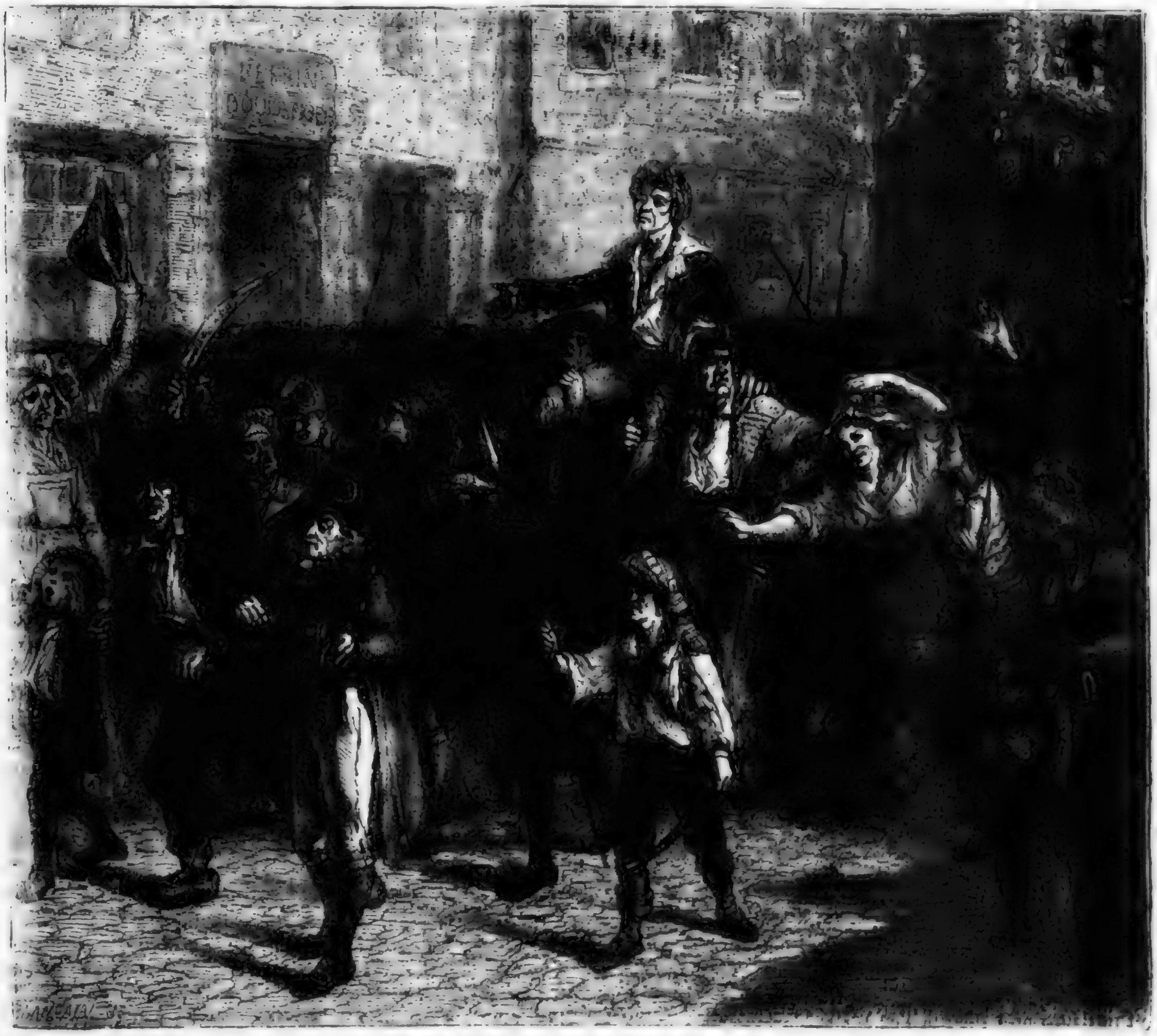
In stature short, big-boned, but emaciated by disease; high cheek-bones, deeply-set yet prominent eyes, bold and insolent in expression but shrinking cat-like from daylight; a cavernous mouth, twisted by a perpetual sneer, short broad nose, with expanded nostrils, that seemed forever sniffing, hyena-like, for blood; a livid skin marked with leprous-like blotches; hair cut short over a low receding forehead, worn long behind and tied with a leathern thong. Dirty shirt, open at the breast, exposing the cadaverous chest; cotton-velvet trousers, stained with ink, and rolled up at the bottoms; blue worsted stockings; workman's boots, the soles studded with nails; a filthy rag tied round the head. Such is the portrait of Marat.

France is spared the disgrace of numbering this ghoul among her sons. Jean Paul Marat was born at Neuchâtel in 1744. Of his parentage, or of his early life, but little has been bequeathed to history. Here is his own account, extracted from one of the numbers of *L'Ami du Peuple:*

"Born with a sensitive heart, a fiery imagination, a frank and impetuous character, a right mind, a heart that drank in all exalted passions, especially the love of glory, brought up in my father's house with the tenderest care, I arrived at manhood without ever having abandoned myself to the fury of my passions.

"I owed to nature the stamp of my disposition, but it is to my mother I owe the development of my character. She it was who implanted in my heart love of justice and humanity. All the alms she bestowed upon the poor passed through my hands. At eight years old I could not bear the sight of any ill-treatment exercised towards my fellow-creatures, and the sight of cruelty or injustice excited my anger as though it had been a personal outrage.

"In early youth my health was bad; I never knew the pleasures and games of boyhood. Tractable and studious,



MARAT BORNE IN TRIUMPH BY THE POPULACE.

XUM

my masters could do anything with me by kindness. I was never punished but once; I was then eleven years old; I was shut up in my room; the punishment was unjust—I jumped out of the window into the street.

"At this age the love of glory was my principal passion. At five, I should have chosen to be a schoolmaster; at fifteen, a professor; at eighteen, an author; at twenty, a creative genius; as I now am ambitious of the glory of immolating myself for my country. . . . I wrote eight volumes of metaphysics, twenty of physical science. . . . The quacks of the Corps Scientifique, D'Alembert, Condorcet, Laplace, Lalande, Monge, and Lavoisier wish to be alone, and I could not even pronounce the titles of my works. *During five years I groaned beneath this cowardly oppression.* When the Revolution was announced by the convocation of the States-General I soon perceived whither things were tending; and I began to entertain the hope of at length beholding humanity avenged, in aiding to burst her fetters, *and of mounting to my right place.*"

Could this man ever have possessed a sensitive heart, a love of humanity, a horror of cruelty? Could he ever have been a docile child fondled by a mother? Yet even in these confessions we can trace how the hopeful child developed into the monstrous man. The restless fever of mind creating a burning thirst for fame, now in one thing, now in another, ultimately in all. Then came a life of wandering through Switzerland, England, and France; now an author, now an empiric vending an universal medicine, then a stable doctor. Feeble in health, of mediocre abilities, yet with a profound belief in the greatness of his talents, ever pursuing the phantom of glory, never approaching it; eternal disappointment and thwarted hopes fretting the acrid humors of a bilious temperament. At forty every better feeling of his nature was absorbed by its gall. Every being richer or more fortunate than himself was, to his jaundiced vision, leagued to crush him. Envy and the bruises inflicted upon intense vanity engendered a monomania of hatred against all aristocracy of wealth or intellect, against every human being who could pretend to the shadow of superiority over himself.

The two most sanguinary leaders of the Revolution were martyrs to bile. What if their crimes were due rather to the humors of the stomach than to the humors of the brain? What a satire it would be upon psychology!

At forty years of age he was a veterinary surgeon to the Comte d'Artois. Five years afterward the Revolution burst forth. Into this he threw himself at once with the fury of a wild beast. *L'Ami du Peuple* appeared, preaching its crusade of blood. After the unhappy affair of the Champ de Mars, when Lafayette fired upon the people, he sent forth the first yell for massacre. *L'Ami du Peuple* demanded two hundred and sixty thousand heads! Lafayette, and other members of the Assembly, demanded his arrest, and he was compelled to fly. Then commenced a life of concealment. At one time hidden by Legendre, the butcher, in a cave; at another hidden by Danton in the subterraneous cells of the convent of the Cordeliers. Forth from these tiger dens issued fierce pamphlets, denouncing king, queen, aristocracy, generals, officers, ministers, priests, members of the National Assembly—people of whom he had no knowledge, good or bad—clamoring for their indiscriminate slaughter.

After the arrest of the royal family and the massacre of the Swiss Guards, on the 10th of August, he fearlessly emerged from his lair, and marched through the streets with a crown of laurel upon his head and a drawn sabre in his hand, amidst the acclamations of the mob. But again and again he sought those lairs at the first shadow of danger. In the damp and darkness of his subterraneous abodes he had contracted the seeds of a hideous leprous-like disease. When he again appeared upon the upper earth he was scarcely recognizable, so frightful had he become!

A small chamber in the Rue St. Honoré was his future abode. His companion was a young and beautiful woman, the wife of his printer, who had abandoned all for this monster, whom she adored as the benefactor of the human race! Here, except when absent at the Convention or the Jacobins, he was always to be found. On a table, within his reach, was a pair of loaded pistols—he lived in constant dread of assassination—around him piles of newspapers and pamphlets, letters, lists of proscriptions, and all the litter of an editor's office; and, of all things in the world, a Bible usually lay open before him! Yes, this man professed religion. He never spoke the name of Jesus Christ without reverentially bowing his head "The Revolution is in the Gospel," he used to say. "Nowhere is the cause of the people more energetically pleaded, or more maledictions heaped upon the heads of the rich and powerful of this world." In these things, to him, as to the Puritans and Covenanters of old, lay the charm of the Gospel. Strange, that the two most ruthless heroes of the Revolution, Marat and Robespierre, alone professed tenderness for human life in the abstract, and reverence for religion. Both wrote books to condemn capital punishment; both wrote books to prove the immortality of the soul. Incredible as it may read, this man had a certain superstitious belief that his fury was the result of supernatural promptings—that he was an instrument in the hands of God.

Barbaroux, whose instructor he had once been in some branch of philosophy, visited him soon after the arrival of the Marseillaise in Paris. He afterwards reported to one of his colleagues the conversation that passed between them.

"Give me," cried Marat, "two hundred Neapolitans, armed with daggers, and I will raise the revolution through France. Anarchy cannot cease until two hundred thousand heads have fallen. . . Let all the moderatists, constitutionalists, and partisans of the foreigner be collected in the streets, and then slaughtered."

"But good patriots might fall in such an indiscriminative massacre," urged Barbaroux.

"What if ten such fall in every hundred? Ninety traitors will have been destroyed. But cut down all those who possess carriages and servants and wear fine clothes, and you cannot be far wrong. The dagger is the only weapon suitable to the free man; with that he can destroy his enemy at the corner of a street or in the midst of an army."

The king, the queen, the court were overthrown; the rich were falling beneath the guillotine or flying from Paris, and yet the people still cried for bread. The misery increased daily. Gold and silver almost disappeared; paper money called "assignats" took their places, with the usual results that attend an artificial currency—continued depreciation of value. Artisans who lived by the luxurious wants of the rich could get no employment. No person would invest capital, the fields were ill-cultivated, no new buildings were erected, trade was utterly prostrated, and provisions rose enormously in price. Now the aristocrats had grown scarce, *L'Ami du Peuple* fulminated its thunders against the bourgeoisie. "Pillage the shops! hang the shopkeepers at their doors!" was its cry.

In vain did the moderate party endeavor to silence these appeals to assassins; Marat had become the idol of the mob, the most powerful man of the Revolution. Boldly, to their faces, he demanded the heads of the Plaine and the Gironde. Appalled by his audacity, in sheer desperation, the members voted, by a large majority, that he should be cited before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The movement served only to secure him a further triumph. Crowds of the vilest off-

XUM

scourings of Paris filled the streets, shouting "*Vive l'ami du peuple! A bas les modérés!*" The assassins of September surrounded the building, pressed round the entrance, upon the stairs, into the assembly, brandishing their knives and howling down his accusers. In this free republican court of *justice* but one side must be heard—the popular one.

The accusers tremble for their lives, and—*honorably* acquit him of all charges! His friends raise him upon their shoulders, crown him with garlands of oak, form a procession, and with howls of rejoicing bear him through the streets. The citizens, terror-stricken, close their shops and shut themselves up in their houses. To proclaim their contempt for constituted authority, the mob carry him to the Convention and place him in the tribune; all the Girondists rise and leave the hall, to express their disapprobation of the proceedings. After uttering an inflammatory speech he is borne to the Jacobins. His reception is tremendous, they rise *en masse*, cheering until the gloomy walls re-echo their voices; they fawn and they flatter and bow down in worship before their filthy Moloch. The streets of Paris are illuminated—anarchy goes mad with joy.

From that day none dared dispute with him in the Convention; to oppose his decrees, though ever so mildly, was to evoke the wrath and threats of death from his bravoes. Whenever he appeared, even Danton and Robespierre ceded the tribune to him. He spoke out with a hardihood that not even the latter dared to imitate. He was the only man who dared to propose a dictatorship. (Marat from the first persistently advocated the election of a dictator; to this he was secretly urged by Danton and Robespierre, both of whom desired to grasp it.) When the Commune murmured, and threatened him with arrest as a traitor to the Republic, he drew a dagger and threatened to plunge it into his own heart if a finger were laid upon him. The mob uttered a fierce shout, and pressed forward to support its idol. The Commune shrank back dismayed.

But day by day his terrible disease grew upon him, constantly inflamed by the tumults of his life; the mob-idol was passing away, his very hours were numbered. A bath afforded the only assuagement to his torture, and in that he passed the greater portion of both day and night. But as death came nearer his thirst for blood grew more insatiable; he dreaded its approach only because it would snatch from him the power of immolating more victims. Lying in his bath, with a book, supported on a plank, open before him, he unceasingly inscribed fresh names for the guillotine. He had already marked down two thousand five hundred of Lyons, three thousand of Marseilles, twenty-eight thousand of Paris, and three hundred thousand of Brittany and Calvados, when the vengeance of God closed his horrible career.

Let us turn aside for a time from the foul details of this monstrous life—from the scent of blood, which fills our nostrils and oppresses like a nightmare—to the contemplation of one of the fairest, most beautiful, and touching images that history has bequeathed us.

Of the many admirable episodes that Lamartine has given us in his "History of the Girondists," not one perhaps is so exquisite as that which tells the story of Charlotte Corday. It seems almost presumptuous to touch the subject after him.

Charlotte Corday was by descent doubly noble; her lineage was aristocratic, and she was the granddaughter of Pierre Corneille, the great dramatist. But, like many scions of the old French nobility, her father was a poor man—a petty farmer, tilling his own ground, living by the daily labor of his hands. He was at the same time a man of parts, an adorer of liberty, an enthusiastic admirer of the new ideas. Her childhood differed little from that of a Norman peasant girl; her garb was the same; and at haymaking and harvest-time she helped in the field-work. Later in life an old maiden lady, a relation, adopted her. Henceforth her life was more worthy of her birth. Here is Lamartine's description of her new home:

"Off an old-fashioned secluded street in Caen stood an ancient habitation, with gray walls, weather-stained, and dilapidated by time. It was called Le Grand Manoir. A fountain covered with moss stood in an angle of the courtyard. A narrow low doorway, with fluted lintels uniting in an arch over the top, showed the worn steps of a winding staircase which led to the upper story. Two windows, with octagonal panes of glass framed in leadwork, dimly lit the staircase and the empty chambers. The misty daylight in this antique obscure abode impressed on it the character of vagueness, mystery, and melancholy, which the human fancy delights to see folded like a shroud over the cradle of deep thoughts and the homes of strongly imaginative minds."

Here, in this dreamy solitude, in the deep shadows of the old courtyard, sat Charlotte in the Summer days, dreaming over the pages of Plutarch or Rousseau; no sound of rude actual life to jar upon her meditations; only the rustle of the leaves, and the flowers shaking their perfume into the sunlit air, or the sweet songs of the birds and the sleepy monotonous music of the old fountain. Her soul was filled with the spirit of the antique world, as her features were molded in the finest form of Greek beauty—the oval face, the delicately-chiselled nose, the ripe lips. "Her hair," writes Lamartine, "seemed black when fastened in masses around her head, but golden at the points of the tresses, like ears of ripe corn; her eyes of a color variable as the wave of the ocean, which borrows its tint from the shadow or the sunbeam—blue when she reflected, almost black when called into animated play."

Out of the books of Greece and Rome she had created for her contemplation a beautiful Utopia, in which there should be no more oppression, no more kings and princes, no more cruel distinctions of rank, no more poverty, no more suffering; but in which there should be an universal brotherhood between all men—all happy and equal in the sight of God and man. Alas! how many noble souls have wasted in such visions! In the first tidings of the Revolution that burst upon her quiet home she beheld the realization of her romance.

Formed by nature for love, her poverty, dependent position, and modest pride closed her heart against such thoughts; and those noble virtues and that exquisite tenderness of soul that would have made of man's home a paradise were wholly concentrated upon a pure unselfish adoration of liberty and her country. It was to the Girondists that she gave all her sympathies, for in them she beheld the reflection of those ancient republican virtues at whose shrine she worshipped.

But soon dark and terrible images begin to break in upon her fair visions. Over the length and breadth of France roll the echoes of the September massacres; like the mutterings of a distant tempest come the shrieks of the slaughtered, and athwart the bright horizon, that was but now illumined by the glorious sun of liberty, gather the bloody clouds from Paris. Mingled with those echoes come the name of Marat as the demon who has let loose the storm—the arch-murderer. All other actors in the terrible drama (so say the echoes) are but subordinates to this evil star. The Girondists are fugitives; Madame Roland is in prison; day by day the influence of anarchists and murderers grows stronger.

A terrible blow is this news to Charlotte. Is the tyranny of kingcraft to be superseded only by a tyranny yet more cruel and revolting? Is there no way to save the republic of her dreams, that day by day is vanishing in a mist of

XUM

blood? Sitting in the shadow of the dark gray walls, with the moss-grown fountain whispering the story of some Norman Arethusa in her ears, Plutarch lying open upon her knees, with dejected face and saddened eyes, thus ponders the beautiful enthusiast. In that grand old book, from which so many heroes of the Revolution drew their inspiration, she is seeking the answer to her questions. Again and again she reads the immortal stories of self-sacrifice that tell how often the immolation of one man saved a country; how one opposed himself single-handed to an army; how one plunged into a gulf; how another died upon the field of battle, and another smote the tyrant with his dagger.

Brooding thus by day and dreaming thus by night, her mind grows pregnant, and out of the chaos of her thoughts rises a shadowy idea; undefined, unacknowledged for a time, but hourly perfecting its form and growing in strength, until it masters its creator and bends her to its will. Beneath its power she grows pale and ill; her friends grow alarmed, and question her; but she evades their solicitude and prepares herself by secret meditation for her terrible self-imposed task.

War has been declared, and the youth of France flock eagerly to the frontiers. From Caen go forth six thousand volunteers; among them is one whose whole soul is devoted to Charlotte; she has given him her portrait; did she allow her heart free play she would give him that, but her pride will not permit her to become a portionless wife, and so she stifles the feeling. From one of the windows of Le Grand Manoir she sees him march down the street, waves him an adieu, and turns aside to hide her tears. Their eyes will never meet again in this world. She knows it; happily for him he does not.

Her terrible idea now fully matured, she takes steps for its execution. Barbaroux is at Caen; he will assist her to the first step of her design; she seeks an introduction to him, eagerly questions him upon the state of Paris, upon the prospects of his party; his gloomy answers strengthen her resolution The gossips smile and whisper at these interviews with the handsome young Girondist. Alas! they little think how speedy and how sad will be her vindication. It is not love that is in her soul, but martyrdom—for him and for his party.

One day she astonished her friends by informing them that she was going to Paris to lay before the Convention the claims of an exiled friend. In vain they attempted to dissuade her from her purpose; she bade them a tender adieu, wrote a farewell to her father, and with a letter to a M. Duperret, a Girondist, obtained from Barbaroux, started in the diligence for Paris. Accident frustrated her plan as she had at first conceived it, and obliged her to depend upon her own efforts to gain admission to Marat's presence.

She wrote Marat a letter in which she told him she was the bearer of momentous intelligence concerning the affairs of Caen, and requested an interview. To this she received no reply. She then wrote a second, as follows:

"Did you have my letter? I cannot believe it, as they refused admittance to me. I hope to-morrow you will grant the interview I request. I repeat, I have secrets to disclose to you most important for the safety of the republic. Besides, I am persecuted for the cause of liberty; I am unhappy, and that I am so should give me a claim upon your patriotism."

The false pretences under which she gained admission to the tyrant occasioned the only remorse she ever felt. To her exalted imagination such subterfuges were a blot upon her early mission.

On the afternoon of the day appointed she sallies forth from the house of M. Perretier, whose hospitality she has accepted during her sojourn in Paris. Alas! it will cost him and all his family their lives. She is dressed in pure white, a scarf is thrown across her shoulders, a Normandy cap is upon her head, and her hair is bound with broad green ribbon. Her first act is to buy a long, keen knife; concealing this beneath her dress she walks quickly toward the Rue St. Honoré. The sun has set, the evening is closing in, the light in the streets is growing dim, when she presents herself at Marat's house. She walks into the outer room; all is bustle and business; the *Journal de la République*, the successor of *L'Ami du Peuple*, has just come from the press; people are busy folding the copies, which messengers are waiting to carry to their destinations. But little attention is vouchsafed to the stranger. She requests to see Marat. Albertine, the woman with whom he cohabits, comes forward; she eyes the beautiful face and form of the visitor with anything but favor. She fears a rival! She is jealous of her hideous lover! She informs Charlotte, in no gentle accents, that she cannot see him—he is in his bath. They are standing close to the door of the inner room. Marat overhears the discussion, and calls to Albertine to ask what it is about. She goes to him, closes the door behind her, but returns in a few seconds, with a lowering visage, to bid the intruder enter. The next instant Charlotte is standing in the lion's den; the door is again closed, but Albertine stands without, with her ear against the crevice, to catch the business of this importunate woman.

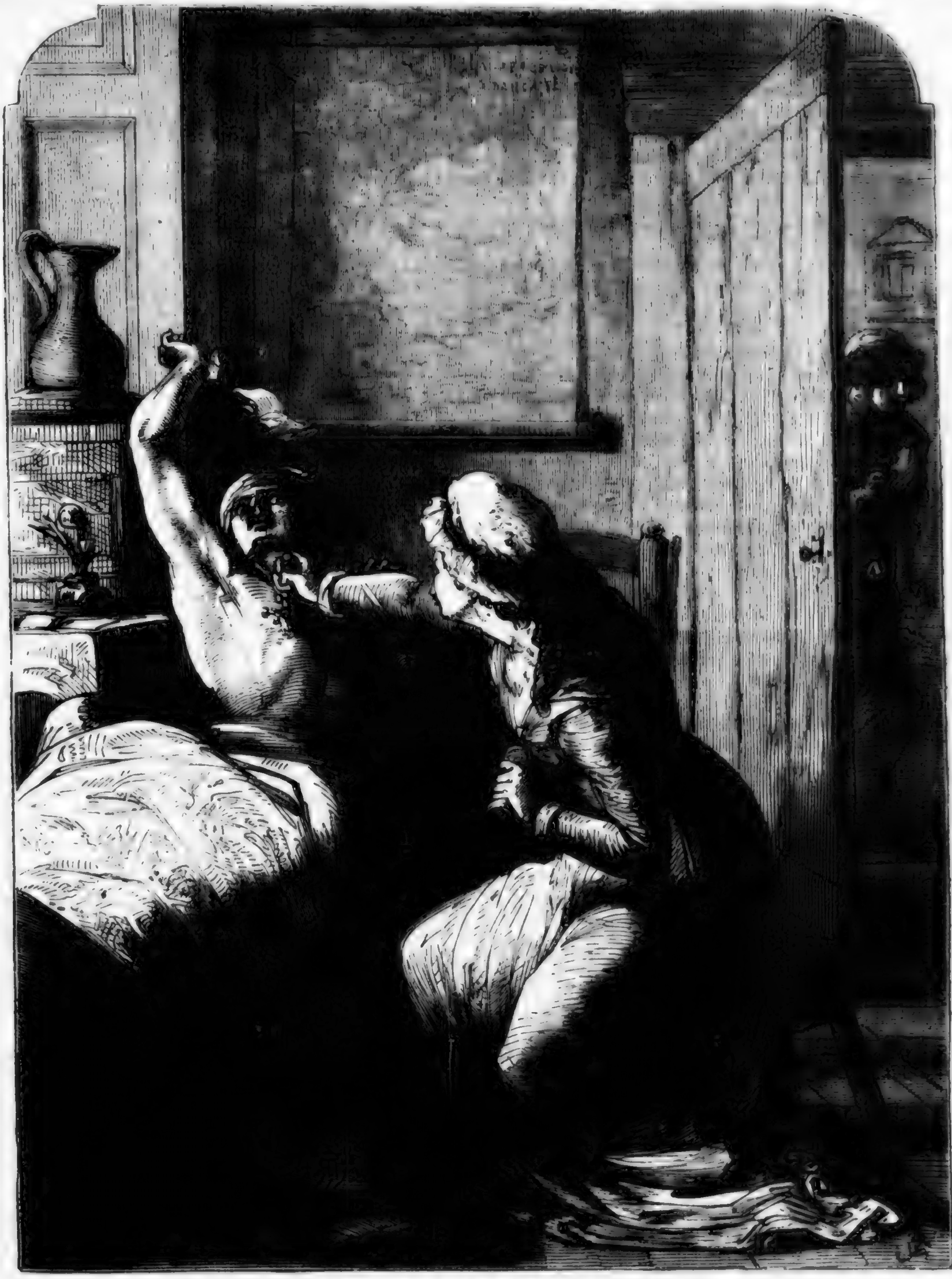
It is a small room, dimly lit even at noonday, now more than half dark; in the centre is a huge bath, nearly filled with water. Out of it rises the head, shoulders, and arms of the man she seeks. In a book, supported upon a plank placed across the two sides of the bath, he is busily writing down the names of new victims for the guillotine. He calls her to stand beside him. Appalled by the horror of her coming act, but with no thought of receding, no quiver of irresolution, she advances like one in a dream and stands close against the bath. He asks her if she has just come from Caen; she answers quietly in the affirmative. He then asks the names of the deputies who have taken refuge there. She repeats them while he notes them down. Her opportunity is slipping away, yet she cannot summon the impulse to strike. "Before they are a week older they shall have the guillotine!" he cries exultingly.

Those words are his last; the impulse is given, and the long, keen knife is buried in his heart. With one cry he expires, and his murderess stands rooted to the spot, gazing fascinated upon her victim, with the bloody weapon in her hand.

The cry has reached those without; in an instant they are in the room, a man strikes her down with a chair, and Albertine, uttering terrible shrieks, tramples upon her senseless body. And there lies Marat, hanging half way out of the bath, looking as though life had been extinguished *in a bath of blood.*

Like lightning the cry is carried through the streets—"Marat has been assassinated!" From every quarter rush scared and vengeful crowds. At the peril of their lives the gendarmes guard the prisoner from their frantic rage—they would tear her limb from limb. To the mob this news sounds like the knell of its reign. To the friends of order it is as though new life had been given them. But all Paris is agitated to its centre, consternation is stamped upon every countenance. A sense of terror and foreboding is upon the city.

Her trial was a mere form; she confessed her guilt and the motive which actuated her; calm and serene in aspect, she betrayed neither exultation nor remorse. Only one circumstance distressed her—having involved in her fate the



ASSASSINATION OF MARAT BY CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

excellent M. Perretier and his family. For them she pleaded earnestly, asserting in the most solemn terms that they knew nothing of her purpose, that she alone had planned and executed it, without accomplice or even confidant. But the judges were inexorable and incredulous. A young advocate pleaded for her, but he could plead only on behalf of her sex and misguided enthusiasm. Her condemnation was a foregone conclusion from the first. Nothing could save her.

They attired her in a red chemise, the garb of assassins, and thus, with her long, bright hair flowing over her head and shoulders like a vail, the tumbril bore her on to the guillotine, the brilliant sunshine bathing her in its golden light. Her dazzling beauty, and, above all, the pure, sublime soul that shone through her eyes and irradiated her whole countenance, subdued even the rough mob that followed her; their execrations died in their throats, and many savage eyes were bedewed with tears of pity for her youth and beauty. The women, the furies of the guillotine, were merciless;

as was their wont to all, they assailed her last moments with yells, imprecations, and obscenities. But these sounds fell unheeded upon her ears. With an unfaltering step she mounted to the scaffold, stood for an instant looking down calmly upon the multitude, with the full glare of the sunlight playing around her head, threading it with gold, and reflecting upon her face with a bright flash the crimson hues of her robe; then, with the serenity of a martyr, she laid her head in the groove, the knife descended, and all was over. The brutal executioner held up his hideous trophy by the hair, and struck it upon the cheek.

It has been said that a blush followed the blow, as though life survived long enough to feel the insult. Its transient gleam of humanity passed away; the mob received the act with a yell of delight.

Two touching romances marked her death. Among the spectators of her trial was a young German, named Adam Lux; fascinated by her extraordinary beauty and sublime self-devotion, he conceived for her on the spot an intense and passionate love. Even in that terrible hour his pale earnest face attracted her attention, and, though her eyes had never fallen upon him before, though she was destined never to hear his voice, his gaze revealed to her his secret. He followed her to the guillotine, and saw the end. After her death he wrote and published a "Defence of Charlotte Corday." He was seized by the Revolutionary Tribunal, and condemned to death. His last words were, "Thank God, I shall die for her!" When the young Norman, who had marched away with the volunteers of Caen, heard of her execution, he returned broken-hearted to his native village. A few months, and his soul had departed to seek hers whom he had so truly loved. His last request was that her portrait and letters should be buried in the coffin with him. Need I say that his behest was fulfilled?

There is one portrait of her still extant. She appears in it as she was attired for execution. The head alone is perfect, the body is only sketched. The impatience of a fraternal government prevented its completion. It is in the possession of the descendants of M. Hauer, the artist.

Of all the heroes and heroines of the French Revolution, Charlotte Corday was the purest and most sublime; of all those who drew their inspiration from the pages of Plutarch, and their number was legion, she alone caught the pure fire of ancient republican virtue; in the others it was dimmed and sullied by envy, by malice, by selfishness, self-interest, or timidity; but in her it burned only for liberty, for love of country. Not even the annals of Greece and Rome record a nobler example of self-devotion. Of the *Christian* morality of her act it is superfluous to speak; of its *legality*—if the executions of Louis XVI. and his queen were justifiable, the execution of Marat was trebly so; the forms of justice were as much regarded in the one case as in the other. Her object signally failed of its attainment. Her immolation utterly destroyed those for whom she died—the Girondists and Moderatists—secured the triumph of the Jacobins whom she abhorred, and led the way for the Reign of Terror. But amidst the hideous horrors of the Revolution the sad image of the beautiful enthusiast must ever be to the ardent and poetical as that of an angel strayed and lost in the halls of Pandemonium.

The Assembly decreed Marat an altar, and that he should be worshipped as a god! His heart was taken out, embalmed, and placed in an urn, which was suspended from the roof of the Hall of Convention.

The character of such a man affords but little scope for analysis. He was essentially the representative of the mob; the only one who really sympathized with the lowest stratum of society; who recognized its position in the Republic. He was of it by nature, fierce, turbulent, hating the shadow even of coercion or superiority, insatiate for blood, happy only in anarchy, unreasoning, swayed by every impulse that led to destruction, ever destroying, never creating, merciless, pitiless, a slave to every evil passion. He imitated it in his dress, in his habits, in his filth, and it was his glory to do so. To this condition he would have levelled all mankind. His passion for levelling was a monomania; he would have razed the mountains of the earth, and with a gigantic roller have smoothed down the inequalities of matter as he would those of society. Like all demagogues, from Cleon to M——, well, we need not mention names—he was a coward, brave only with his pen and in his words; while inciting others to revolt, he fled at the first approach of personal danger, leaving his dupes to bear the brunt. He was once flogged in the streets by Westermann, an officer of Dumouriez, whose head he had been constantly demanding; and he took his chastisement very tamely until he found himself surrounded by his bullies; then he hectored and shrieked and foamed and howled for blood like a demoniac. He was a brave man behind a sheet of paper or when the mob was behind him. He was at once the most extreme of democrats, and the most absolute of tyrants. Liberty, to him, bore but one signification—the propagandism and enforcement of his own principles. No man should have spoken, lived, or thought but as he directed; he would have controlled not only the actions, but the very hearts of men. Every mind should have been remodelled, cut, trimmed, and exactly fitted to his own. All humanity should have been but multiplied and inferior images of himself—should have borne but one aspect—MARAT. In that hideous body was enshrined the perfect type of unlimited democracy, which, from the times of Greece and Rome unto the Paris Commune of to-day, and so on to all ages to come, has been, is, and will be, the bloodiest, narrowest, blindest, most besotted, and most bigoted of despotisms.

With all his omnipotence he was at times simply the mouthpiece of Danton, through which the latter sounded the Convention and the people upon the practicability of his designs—the hand by which he felt his way to the dictatorship.

Marat is the darkest blot upon the history of the Republic. Each one of his fellow-assassins possessed some redeeming virtue; but this man, like the hyena, loved blood for blood's sake. Danton, Robespierre, St. Just, have their apologists, their admirers; but did ever any man, except, perhaps, a French Communist or an English Socialist, write or utter one word in praise or extenuation of Marat? Bloody was his life, bloody was his death, and so let him rest.

ADROITNESS OF A LAWYER.

IN geographical science, the Irish bar were once amused at a mistake made by one of their body, and nearly made by another—a mistake amongst the learned that can find a parallel in the "Winter's Tale," where Shakespeare speaks (Act iii., scene 6) of the sea-shores of Bohemia. It appears that the owner of a vessel, sailing between some of the ports of the Black Sea and one of the Irish ports, brought an action against an insurance company to recover an insurance effected on the vessel and its cargo, all of which were lost on the homeward voyage. The captain was examined, and swore that the ship had been properly navigated, and that the crew behaved with "seaman-like sobriety"; that the vessel did not delay a moment, and, save that they put into Malta, they touched at no other place. The captain, on the cross-examination, reiterated what he had said on the direct, and he added that they just spent a night in Valetta.

"Oh," said the leading counsel for the plaintiff, in a stage whisper, to his junior, "he has us there; the plaintiff, I'm afraid, is hit, for on the direct examination he told me he only spent one night at Malta, and now he admits he was at Valetta!"

"But," replies his junior, "is not Valetta the capital of Malta?"

"Now, are you sure of that?"

"Of course I am."

"My goodness!" said the other, "I'm so delighted to hear that!"

Hardly had this conversation terminated when the leading counsel for the defendant asked: "Did you not say to the counsel for the plaintiff, that you only called at Malta? Answer me, sir."

The witness replied, "I did."

"How, then, do you reconcile that statement with the statement that you are now making, that you called at Valetta?"

"Oh, my lord," said his opponent, springing in triumph to his feet, "I thought (as if he had not got the information himself at the moment) that every child in court knew that Valetta was the capital of Malta;" and he sat down, and the counsel for the defendant sat down too, for he saw the mistake into which he had fallen.

The story was told at dinner on that evening, when the plaintiff's counsel's acting was declared to be inimitable, and was laughed at by all parties, for, be it remembered, that whatever feelings of jealousy or irritation are stirred up by their morning's zeal are invariably allayed at their evening meetings.

USEFULNESS OF INSECTS.

If insects speak to us neither by the voice, nor by their physiognomy, by what do they appeal to us? By their energies; by the prodigious destruction which they effect in the over-productiveness of nature; by their colors, fires, and poisons, and by their arts. In all these manifestations, if properly understood, there is nothing but wisdom and beneficence. Even the persecution of domestic animals by flies constitutes their safety. Without the stimulus given by these tiny persecutors, cattle would remain at times stupidly resigned till, no longer capable of movement, they would perish on the spot. Flies drive them to running waters, or more salubrious places.

In Central Africa, the man regulates the migration of whole herds. The *tsetse*, it is to be supposed, is sent by some such similar provisions of nature. Even the terrible ant, when it invades a house, and expels the inhabitants, does so for wise purposes. They destroy every living thing; mice, toads, snakes, are all devoured; not an insect, not even an insect's egg, is left. The house is thoroughly cleansed, and then the visitors leave it to its master, going on to another. The spiders of the Antilles are such good servants, and so useful in the destruction of flies, that they are sold in the market as birds are with us.

Among the other auxiliaries of man are the dragon-fly—that kills its thousands of insects in a day; the cicindalæ, which, with its two sabres for jaws, is immensely destructive to insect life; the carabi, a tribe of warriors armed to the teeth, real *gardes champetres*. It is cruel to destroy these useful little creatures; they should, on the contrary, be much respected.

Of auxiliaries of another description, we have worms, which digest, cleanse, and renew the soil. In a similar manner, the necrophori are ever busy in removing putridity. Gardeners are often exasperated at the presence of insects in tubercules, as of the dahlia, when they are really there only to remove the dead or diseased parts. Nothing would be more advantageous to all who are interested in gardens than to know how to distinguish useful from hurtful insects. People would not then be daily committing violence to the harmonies of nature.

Some insects are edible; a learned entomologist tells us that caterpillars have a taste of almonds, and spiders of nuts. The Roman ladies used to eat the cossi, as the Eastern ladies still do the blaps, and the Portugese of Brazil, ants, "at the moment when their wings raise them in the air like an aspiration of love."

ABOUT BEARDS.

The indecision which characterizes men to-day concerning the manner in which they shall wear their beards, or discard them altogether, would seem to be hereditary, as we find, by consulting history, that few fashions have been so capricious as those connected with the hair of men's faces.

Looking back for several ages, we ascertain that the custom of shaving has frequently been introduced, and as frequently discontinued. Alexander the Great, before an engagement, commanded Parmenio to have all his soldiers shaved, and gave as his reason that a long beard affords a handle for the enemy. We suppose that the Normans held the same view of the inconvenience of a beard, for they shaved close and deceived their enemies. Harold's spies reported that William the Conqueror's army was composed not of soldiers but of priests. After the conquest, however, when the Normans settled in England, they began to wear beards, and, in order to make a distinction between them, orders were given that the English should shave.

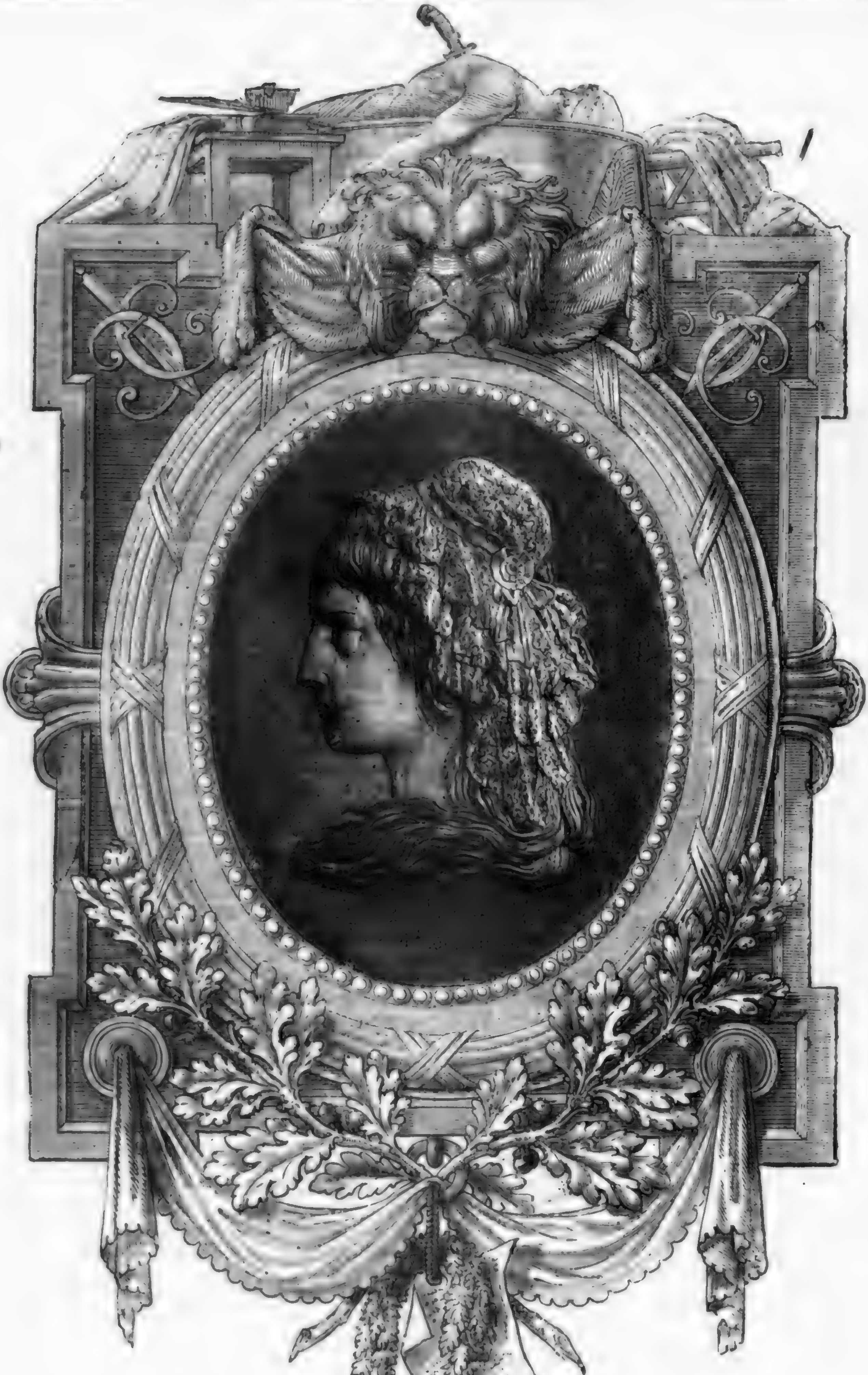
Kings—judging by their portraits—each adopted a special fashion of his own. Henry I. wore a beard trimmed round, and Richard Cœur de Lion, a short beard. Henry III. shaved, but his son, Edward I., wore a curled beard. There is a touching story of Edward II., in his misery, which illustrates our subject. When he was at Carnarvon, Maltravers ordered the king to be shaved with dirty cold water, at which he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Here, at least, is warm water on my cheek, whether you will or no." Edward III. wore a noble beard, but Richard II.'s was short.

During the fourteenth century, close shaving became prevalent with young men, and the old men wore forked beards, as Chaucer describes the merchants: "A merchant was there with a forked beard." Henry IV. wore a beard, but Henry VI. and Edward VI. all shaved. Henry VIII. shaved until he heard that Francis I., of France, wore a beard, and then he allowed his to grow. Francis did not approve of all his subjects wearing nature's covering for the face, and he, therefore, obtained from the Pope a brief by which all the ecclesiastics through France were compelled to shave, or pay a large sum. Bishops and richly beneficed clergy paid the fine, but the poor priests were forced to comply with the requirements of the law.

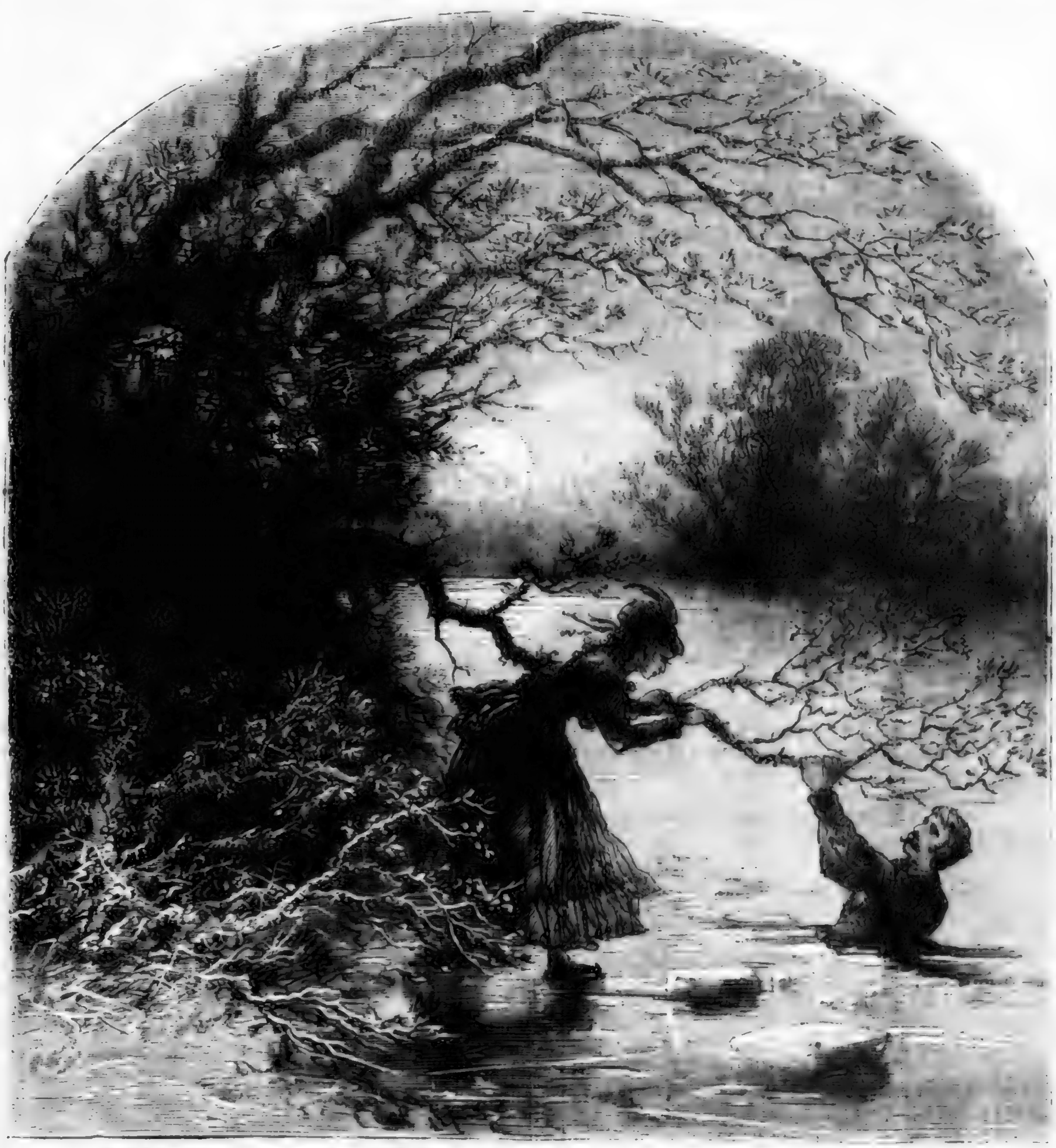
Some men have been so proud of their beards that they have taken their loss greatly at heart. Duprat, son of the celebrated Chancellor Legate, possessed a very fine beard. He distinguished himself at the Council of Trent, and was soon after appointed to the Bishopric of Clermont. On Easter Sunday he appeared at his cathedral; but, to his dismay, he found three dignitaries of his chapter waiting to receive him, with razors, scissors, and the statutes of the Church in their hands. He argued without avail, and, to save his beard, he fled, and abandoned his bishopric. A few days afterward he died of grief.

Friendship is, strictly speaking, reciprocal benevolence, which inclines each party to be solicitous for the welfare of the other as for his own. This equality of affection is created and preserved by a similarity of disposition and manners.

XUM



MARAT.—PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.—SEE PAGE 41.



PAUL'S CHOICE.—"JANE FELT THE LIMB BEND DOWN, AS PAUL, BY ITS AID, DREW HIMSELF OUT OF THE WATER."

PAUL'S CHOICE.

CHAPTER I.

THE charming little room was as bright as lamp-light could make it, and, with her feet thrust into velvet slippers, and stretched comfortably near a bed of glowing coals, sat Celeste Clyde. Before her was a sheet of perfumed satin note-paper, and she held a pen in her hand, which she occasionally nibbled at the end, as if for inspiration—it was a trick she had learned at boarding-school; then again she would draw marginal heads and faces, with the most irresistible waxed mustaches imaginable.

Little pyramids of snow were being constantly piled on the window-sill outside, just a few inches from the heavy purple curtains, and then whisked suddenly away by the wind; while the ghostly sycamore boughs rapped drearily against the window-panes, as if seeking admittance into the cozy little nest.

Celeste's mind was, however, on other things intent, and not for the wind and snow cared she.

After tapping impatiently with her crimson-slippered foot, and stirring the fire more than once, she glanced over a little rose-colored note, and then wrote:

"DEAREST HERBERT: Why did you not have patience with Zitello? Mamma has not been able to endure the sound of your name since you crippled him and called him 'monstrosity.' She vows you shall not be admitted here, and that I am not to speak to you again.

XUM

"My odious cousin Paul, whom the 'powers that be' decreed for my lord and master ever since I was ten years old, has at last returned from his travels, and wrote mamma word that he would soon be here to claim his financée—*me*, you know. That was the first of mamma's match-making whims, since when she has mated me fully a dozen times.

"You were such a favorite, dear Herbert, before you kicked the dog. Don't venture here till I send you word, but ever trust your CELESTE."

"Now, how am I to send it?" she said, aloud. "I might inclose in a letter to Kate, only I don't trust girls any further than I can see them, and though she is my dearest friend, if I am not mistaken, she is slightly fond of my Herbert herself, and might accidentally on purpose forget to deliver it. Ah! I know what I shall do!" she continued; and folding the note, addressed it to "Captain Herbert Lorimer, at Colchester Lodge."

She laughed aloud as she said:

"Mamma would have let Zitello make a dinner off my Herbert's legs, and cannot forgive him for kicking the brute. But I'll out-scheme her yet. "Cousin Paul, indeed!" she added, as she wrapped a shawl around her shoulders. "Ugh! I detest him, and shall make myself so disagreeable to him, that he will give up the idea of 'fair brides' and 'financées,' as far as I am concerned." She crossed the dark passage, and rapped softly at a door.

"Come in," said a clear voice, as she entered.

"Jane Glenn," said Celeste, mysteriously, "I have a favor to ask of you."

A delicate, black-eyed girl looked up in surprise as she said:

"A favor! What can it be?"

"It is to be a secret! I want you to take this letter yourself to Colchester Lodge to-morrow, and give it to Captain Lorimer, who is staying there. You know mamma is angry with him just now."

Jane's face flushed scarlet as she hesitated a moment, then she answered, bravely:

"Celeste, I cannot do it. Aunt Agnes has given me a home, and I cannot do what I know would displease her. If there is anything else I can——"

"Oh, don't apologize, I beg," cried Celeste. "If I had requested you to go to the North Pole, you would have done it at once, no doubt, but to take a note to a neighbor's is asking too much, I perceive. Good-night!" she said, shortly, as she slammed the door after her.

"That is all the gratitude one may expect from 'poor relations,'" she muttered, scornfully; "as if she had a right to have any opinion about things! But Herbert shall have his note in spite of her. I'll contrive it some way."

Bitter tears fell on the little collar Jane Glenn was stitching, and she covered her face and sobbed aloud.

"Oh, how hard it is," she murmured, "to do right, even when you are happy; but how much harder when miserable and lonely!"

CHAPTER II.

IF Celeste Clyde could have looked ugly, it would have been as she sat one morning at the piano, strumming idiotic little waltzes, and rattling off marches in jig-time.

She wore her lovely blonde hair drawn up on the top of her head, as tightly as if she expected to be swallowed and was prepared for it; it was also covered with an odious black net. In spite of her orange-colored dress and green ribbons, however, she was not a disagreeable picture. With such teeth, eyes, and complexion as she possessed, she could not make a fright of herself.

Her brother Robert, a school-boyish youth, was begging her to get up a skating party.

"Hush, Robert," said Celeste; I am practising. How can I sing while you worry so?"

Then she began in a shaky, quavering voice:

> "No one to love, none to caress,
> Roaming alone through this world's wilderness."

She broke down with a laugh.

"What is the matter, sister?" said Robert. "I never heard you sing so badly!"

"Go away, child," said his sister; "you know nothing about it." And she finished her song in the same unnatural style.

Jane Glenn, with her hands full of embroidery, sat off in a corner. Her face was pale, and her black eyes had a stony look about them, as she listened to the song.

"What mockery in her to sing that," she said to herself, "when everything is at her feet! She means it for me! She means it for me!"

The white fingers trembled, but she sewed for life on the collarette her aunt had given her to make for Celeste.

Paul Clyde came whistling into the room.

"I can't hear myself whistle for your din, Celeste," he called out; "you are punishing us dreadfully. Miss Jane, you look tortured, and it is nothing but my cousin's musical infatuation."

"Not mine, Paul," cried Celeste, resisting a strong inclination to laugh, "but mamma's. She's made me promise to practise over this overture from 'Fra Diavolo' three times, and you know I must obey."

"That is because she is up-stairs, and will not be compelled to hear you."

Rattle-de-bang—trill—l—ll! drowned his voice, and with hands over his ears he turned to leave the room. His eyes fell on Jane Glenn.

She looked so small, so miserable, and lonesome, but still stitching away.

"You shall put this down, and take a walk with me through the snow," he said, and began cramming work and cotton into a minute basket at her side.

"Oh, please! I don't want to go!" and the nervous white fingers were extended for the work.

"But you shall;" and with his cane he hung the basket far out of her reach, on the knob of a portrait.

"Why do you wish me to go, Mr. Clyde?" she said, mournfully. "I add to no one's pleasure!"

"*Le roi le veut*, Miss Jane." And Paul leaned over and gazed mischievously in her downcast face, till the blood came flushing up over cheek and brow. "There, that makes you look grand! And now go put on your things."

Angrily, almost fiercely, she tied on her black hood, and wrapped a long scarf around her slender figure.

"How utterly absurd!" she muttered to herself. "Why do I care for him, when Aunt Agnes told me the very day he came that he had been engaged to Celeste for years?"

"What! pale again, little Snowdrop?" said Paul, as he drew her hand through his arm. "I shall keep you out till the roses bloom again in your cheeks."

With a smile of triumph Celeste rose from the piano, and looked out at the two passing down the long avenue.

"I declare," she said, "I do believe he likes her! Well, she is a good little creature, after all, and may have Paul as a reward of merit! Herbert little knows," she continued, "how I have sacrificed the becoming for his sake."

She walked to a mirror, and burst out laughing as she looked at herself.

"Good gracious! what a fright I am! Herbert should not see me looking so for the world. I believe my cousin Paul scarcely gives me credit for three grains of sense! It is certainly a great deal to do for a man, to wear the most unbecoming clothes one has, and allow one's own private

XUM

property to be walked off without a murmur. Herbert will never know how much he is indebted to me. But it was my own choice, so I will let Jane be happy Mrs. Clyde, and go up and see after mamma."

"Oh, my dear child," cried a sharp voice, as she opened the door, "shut it! quick—quick! They will fly out!"

"What will fly out, mamma?"

"Oh, the Java sparrows—the darling little Javas!"

In the middle of the floor was a wreck of wire and pasteboard, which had once been a Chinese bird-cage, while Zitello, the author of the mischief, had retreated under a stuffed miniature elephant which served as a footstool. And Mrs. Clyde and the housekeeper were in full chase after the escaped sparrows.

Secretly pleased at finding the misguided dog at the bottom of it all, Celeste took it upon herself to administer sundry raps upon his little damp nose, mingled with many reproaches.

"Oh, my lovely cage!" groaned Mrs. Clyde; I will have to send it to town to be repaired. Ah, you beast!" to the dog.

The beast frisked playfully up to be caressed.

The housekeeper was dispatched to hunt up another cage, in which to deposit the birds when caught; and mother and daughter were alone.

Mrs. Clyde had two hobbies—one was match-making for Celeste, and the other a mania for collecting curiosities. Celeste was very patient with "the rubbish," as she called the latter, but rebelled in spirit against the first.

"You never know what you will come across in Aunt Agnes's curiosity shop," Paul said once, after a visit to her room by special permission. "It keeps one continually guessing riddles."

On her toilet was a Chinaman's head; you touched the queue—it opened and revealed an ink-bottle. By its side a little rack held a cane and umbrella, which were respectively a pen-wiper and pen. A jolly farmer in bronze on the mantel told the hour; a little coffee-mill on the table held a yard measure; a pearl beehive, cough lozenges; and a crocodile contained a pair of scissors. Uncouth teapots, and saucers of the Tang dynasty, figured upon her sideboard, with a marvelously ugly tureen of Palissy ware, which was her chief pride and glory.

Seated in a wavering, quavering spring chair, she addressed Celeste:

"Now, child, tell me all about your affairs. How are you getting on with Paul? Were you tenderly deferential in your manner to him, and did you leave off that bold stare, as I bade you? And, oh, Celeste! did you sing as I desired you for him—gently raising your eyes at the sentimental places? Tell me, child, did you? Paul adores music—at least, his father did."

"Oh, yes, mamma, I sang for him!"

"My dear Celeste, I am so glad to see you have gotten over that fancy of yours for the unfeeling wretch Lorimer. Now, Paul is an admirable catch. He will have at least fifty thousand, in addition to his present property, and he is quite a charming young man, I hear."

"Quite so," smiled Celeste.

"As I thought Jane might take a fancy to him, I told her that you two had been engaged a long time."

"Oh, mamma! engaged?"

"Why, to be sure you are, after a fashion. It was settled before you were born that the estates must be united, and so—but, dear me, Celeste! why will you wear that yellow dress?"

"Why, mamma, Paul likes an orange; I heard him say so, and I am sure he ate two at dinner."

"Exceedingly unbecoming, Celeste; and do put on some curls—you are absolutely a scarecrow! Change your dress at once, and send Jane to me; she can manage the birds, I know."

"Yes, mamma."

And Celeste retired, not to call Jane, for she had not yet returned, but to confuse poor Mrs. Jones with questions, and nearly distract her about the birds and cages.

"Here's a note for Miss Clyde," said a small boy at the door; and Celeste read first a perfumed pink note, which was inclosed in another.

"Come, darling, I implore you," it ran. "I am pining to see you, and am devoured by the green-eyed monster.
"Your fondly devoted
"HERBERT."

The other was from Kate Colchester, inviting the party from Mrs. Clyde's to join them on the lake, to skate by moonlight and that of torches.

After ringing up the flurried Mrs. Jones with an Egyptian pyramid cage, Mrs. Clyde was forced to leave her beloved grotto, as she liked to call it; for that powerful dame had put her foot down.

"Very well, mum," Mrs. Jones had said, "I'll be careful of the *curosities*, but untwell you leaves this room I don't stir to wile no birds into no piramounds nor nothink else."

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Jane Glenn, with dancing, happy eyes and glowing cheeks, went up to her little room, after her walk, Paul Clyde lit a cigar and smoked furiously.

"Why, what a fellow I am!" he mused. "I certainly came here intending to woo and win my cousin Celeste, for Aunt Agnes had about half given her to me already; and what business have I with the little black-eyed witch who is stealing the very heart out of me?

"Celeste is mild and amiable enough—exactly like what I have always said my wife should be; but when I look in her wide-open blue eyes, I don't tingle all over as I do when I happen to touch—by accident, of course—the black-eyed's white hand; and when the little creature flushes up and looks so scared—why, I just do it again.

"Celeste is certainly a fine woman, though I can't call her clever; and then there is too much of her. She does not suit my style exactly.

"If my little Snowdrop, Jany, were only dressed in real 'good clothes,' what a beauty she would be! Such a sweet voice the child has, too, to be sure!"

When at sunset the girls came down to take their seats in the sleigh which was to carry them to the lake, Paul thought again of the difference made by "good clothes." Celeste was dressed in a superb skating-costume.

She wore a jaunty blue jacket trimmed with white fur, and a short, crimson skirt, which just showed the scallops of her elegant skating-boots.

Her hair hung in golden clusters, and a white ostrich-feather drooped over her shoulder.

Her appearance had a sensible effect on Paul, for men, even the best of them, are sadly susceptible to fine feathers, and as Celeste had heretofore invariably "done herself up" in yellow, he had no idea how well she could look.

A woman well-dressed, and conscious of it, has an immense advantage over one less fortunate, who, at least, aims to make "old things look as well as new," and no wonder poor Jane, in her simple black suit, felt crushed and annihilated. Smothering a jealous sigh, she leaned back in the corner, and noted Paul's deep admiration of his cousin, while her black eyes gleamed, and her heart throbbed wildly under the black scarf.

XUM

"Celeste," cried Paul, as he carefully tucked the buffalo-robes around her, "you are more dazzling than the snow."

Celeste's bright eyes danced but instead of the gay rejoinder that quivered on her tongue, she, with Spartan fortitude, simpered sweetly, and remarking that "the ear-ache was a dreadful thing," covered up her fair face with a thick vail.

"You see, Jane," she said, "I am determined to guard against it."

"What a heroine I am," she thought, "to sacrifice myself in this manner for Herbert's peace of mind! I almost repent! A couple of my 'fascinating smiles,' as mamma calls them, would extinguish poor Jane at once, I am certain."

Robert was excessively amused at the idea Celeste had taken up as to ear-ache—as she had not suffered with it since she was a baby—and make jokes about it, while, under cover of her green vail, Celeste laughed till the tears came into her eyes.

When they reached the lake, the Colchester party were not in sight, and there Jane had the decided advantage over Celeste.

She flew over the ice like a bird, almost without an effort, erect and glowing with the keen enjoyment, her skates ringing clear over the humming ice as she circled and seemed to float along with the true "poetry of motion."

When she swept back to the landing where the fair Celeste was being accoutred, there were roses on her cheeks, and happy smiles around her lips, which made Paul forget for a moment, as he looked at her, that Celeste was waiting for him to finish buckling on her skates.

When the fair Celeste was finally hoisted by Paul and Robert upon her feet, she felt and looked exceedingly uncomfortable indeed. She was no "skatist," certainly, and, besides, her heart was not in the sport, and she kept looking out for the Colchesters, and wondering why they were so late.

At last she begged Paul to leave her to rest with Robert, as together they skated her along so fast that it made her head swim.

Following his inclination, which led him to Jane's side, Paul was soon whizzing along, almost out of sight, in pursuit of the black-eyed.

"I say, sister," said the good-natured Robert, "couldn't you 'toddle up' a bit—just a little faster, you know, to keep a fellow awake?"

"I'll tell you what, Bob," said his sister; "you just pull me back to the sleigh, and take these things off my feet, and I'll make myself comfortable among the buffalo-robes, and then you may 'toddle' around as much as you please."

A peal of merry bells came ringing along the road, and the Colchesters were in a few moments giving Celeste an animated account of how "their sleigh had turned over and they were all nearly killed, but how nobody was hurt in the least."

The dozen new-comers made the affair rather more jolly, Robert thought; and when Captain Lorimer took Celeste off his hands, he made quite a "lion" of himself among the girls with his "spread eagles," and cut the alphabet in every direction, from "A to Amperse-and."

Two great lightwood fires were blazing in a few moments on the banks, and the silvery laugh of the girls, chiming in with the musical ring of the skates, made quite a scene of it. A little off from the rest, Captain Lorimer and Celeste were having a little "serious conversation."

"Oh, no, Herbert!" Celeste was saying, "that will not do at all! Eloping is a very fine thing in novels, no doubt, but that sort of thing has about 'played out.' Ugh! just think of it! All of your best clothes rammed and crammed in one trunk, and no wedding-vail, and nobody to look at you worth speaking of? I couldn't think of such a thing! at least until we had tried every means of reconciling mamma."

"Darling!" murmured the captain, "you are so very sensible! Idolized as you are now, what must— The dickens! we'll both get crippled if we don't take off these infernal things!"

He added the last with a kind of gasp, as his skates encountered a twig and struck out sideways of their own accord in different directions.

Very thankful for the strength of his tailor's stitching, the valiant "*militaire*" said very little more on any subject until he had hung his and Celeste's skates in safety on a limb, and as it was rather cool standing on the ice, like sensible people they took themselves off to the buffalo-robes as soon as they could do so unperceived.

At the other end of the lake were Jane and Paul, hand in hand, skimming over the ice, which gleamed like silver in the moonlight.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Clyde!" cried Jane; "a strap is loose!"

He could fix it, he said, and knelt down. He took the little foot in his hand—such a pretty little foot it was, with high-arched instep, and the kid boot buttoned so neatly over it! Paul seemed to forget the strap.

"I can buckle it myself," said Jane, as she drew off her gloves.

"All right!" cried Paul.

"Give me your hand again!"

"Ah, no! don't put on the gloves;" and he caught the little white fluttering hands and kissed them passionately. "Come to me, darling. How I love you!" and he opened his arms to fold her in them.

But Jane, with a sickening thought of his engagement to Celeste, broke away and sped on, on, she cared not whither—for even if Paul did love her, he was not free! Ah, it was bitter to be so near happiness. On, on she sped! Suddenly she heard a crash behind her—a groan!

Turning, she saw in the shadow near the bank a man's arms thrown up. She could see no more! She knew it was Paul who had broken through the thin ice over which her light form had passed in safety.

With senses reeling and heart on fire, she was on the spot in a moment.

A beech tree had thrust over the lake a long arm; under it was a dark spot, whence came gurgling, strangling sounds.

With every nerve strained, she jumped to reach the limb above her. Her treacherous skates slipped, leaving her a quivering, aching mass. Again she flew at the limb with the spring of a wildcat. This time she caught firm hold, and, twisting herself over the hole, cried out:

"Oh, Paul, my darling! catch my hand!—my dress!—the limb!—oh, come!"

She could not see yet, but she felt the limb bend down, as Paul, by its aid drew himself out of the water.

Shaking off the water, which had only been waist-deep, like a Newfoundland dog, Paul drew the trembling girl to his breast.

"Rest here," he said, "little one; this is your home!"

And would you believe it, reader? Jane forgot all about Celeste and the proprieties, and everything except that she was perfectly happy at last.

Yes, she leaned her head on his breast and promised to marry him; and when the moon was nearly down, they skated hand in hand back to the landing; there they found Robert, with quite a gay party, enjoying themselves extensively.

When at last the great bonfires went out, and the moon dropped down behind the dark fir-wood, they started for home. Celeste and Captain Lorimer, however, they found already seated in one of the sleighs, and looking very happy indeed.

A few days after the skating party, a handsome box came for Mrs. Clyde, containing a set of real, *genuine*, cracked china, thin as an eggshell, and old as the petrified Giant of Cardiff, together with three bonâ-fidê Indian idols.

There was no clue whatever to the donor of this princely gift, for a week, which almost threw Mrs. Clyde into a fever of curiosity, but at the end of that period Celeste accidentally discovered a small card, bearing: "Compliments of Captain H. Lorimer."

It is almost needless to say that the captain's grievous offence was forgiven; and as it was no secret that Paul and Jane were engaged, Mrs. Clyde made a virtue of necessity, and occupied herself for nearly a month planning the wedding festivities that were to celebrate the double marriage between Celeste and the captain, and Jane Glenn and Paul Clyde.

The wedding came off in church, and Mrs. Jones's "dictum" was "that two handsomer brides, nor handsomer-dressed, couldn't have been got up nowheres."

A HUANACO HUNT IN THE CHILIAN ANDES.

THE high mountain plateaus of Peru and Chili have birds, fish and animals resembling those of similar altitudes of the Old World. Among the animals that feed on the scanty tola and stiff ichu grass, which grow in scattered patches on the upland plains or punas, the various members of the llama family make up almost the entire list. The alpaca and llama are domesticated, and seldom seen in a wild state; but the huanaco and vicuna still roam untamed, and almost untamable, in the highest and most inaccessible regions, where flocks of the two animals roaming over the same grounds keep apart as distinct families. The Incas used to hunt and catch the vicuna, but it was only to shear it—then let it go. The Spaniards and their descendants are less provident; many vicunas are annually killed for their valuable fleece, thus steadily destroying the race. The huanacos are hunted with as little judgment.

When crossing South America from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, I confess that I was led away from better feelings to join in a huanaco hunt, the temptation to enjoy a little mountain sport being too much for my power of resistance.

The party of hunters were in their national costume, which I adopted. Some had minie rifles, and each carried the inseparable lazo and bolas—arms much more effective in the hands of a genuine "gaucho."

The lazo is a line of plaited hide, generally about six fathoms long, and having at one end an iron ring, through which the other end is passed, thereby forming a noose large or small at pleasure. On the other end is a sort of open noose with a button, which can be made fast to the *montura*, or saddle, when about to fling it. It requires long practice to be able to attain that dexterity for which the gauchos are celebrated with the lazo; and I would not recommend a novice to try the experiment while on horseback, having myself received a pretty severe lesson the first time I attempted it. The horse naturally supposes that you are quite *corriente* in the affair, and takes the necessary steps to secure you the prey; but you, if unaware of his intention, are generally left sprawling on the ground, or perhaps entangled in the lazo, which is much more dangerous.

The bolas are a different weapon; they are of several classes, the large light ones for catching domestic animals, and various smaller ones for different game. The class generally used for huanacos is the largest of all the small class, and, if well directed by a skillful hand, is a most deadly weapon. The form of the "bolas," when extended, is precisely similar to the arms, or insignia, of the Isle of Man, namely, the three legs radiating from a common centre; at the extremities are round or egg-shaped stones, sewn in hide and plaited in firmly to each of the thongs. To use this weapon, you lay firm hold of one of the balls and wind it round your head, increasing the velocity every turn; by this means the two balls become extended, and when sufficient force and velocity is attained to give an impetus necessary to reach a distance of from forty to fifty yards, and sometimes up to sixty, you let go the bolas; of course, taking aim as best you can. When the bolas strike the object or animal, whether it be about the legs or head, they become so entangled from the rotary motion and velocity, as to bring down the game and leave it completely at your mercy.

The hunting-knife is all that is necessary in addition to your horse to complete the *tout ensemble* of the South American hunter. No ammunition or firearms being required, it is certainly about the most inexpensive, yet effective, equipment I know.

Our route towards the Cordillera from San Juan led us through a rather picturesque part of the country, thickly covered with underwood, but almost entirely devoid of pasture, the ground being covered with small angular stones, and no beaten track visible.

Suddenly, away towards the mountains on the left, we heard the long sounding halloo-o-o of the gaucho, which resembles the braying of the mule, and is really intended to mislead any animal which may be within hearing; this is the usual signal to convey information to their comrades of the presence of game in their vicinity, and a warning to look out and be prepared with lazo and bolas for whatever animal may turn up. The herdsman (a perfect gaucho) immediately sprang up, and replied in a similar style, and mounting his horse which stood by, shouted to us to follow him if we wished to see sport. I slung my rifle across my shoulder, and, jumping into the nearest saddle, gave the word to the men to mount and be off.

Away we rode after the herdsman, not well knowing why or wherefore, but conjecturing at least that something in the shape of game had been sprung. We were not long left in doubt, for on gaining a slight eminence, and rising in the stirrups, I distinguished a long way off—at least 1,000 yards distant—the long slender necks of some thirty to forty huanacos, standing perfectly still, and, as is their usual custom, listening and sniffing the air, to try and discover their natural enemy—man; who, together with the canine species, are about the only objects they regard with alarm. You may distinguish a single huanaco at a very great distance indeed; for their peculiar color, especially when among green shrubs or brushwood, renders them most distinctly visible. Another circumstance also tends to make them very conspicuous; it is their habit of being continually on the watch, and always seeking the most elevated part of the plain or mountain, from whence they command a view of the surrounding district; they are, therefore, usually prepared for a "bolt" in the most favorable direction, and they select with extraordinary foresight the passes through which it is most difficult for man to follow them.

Knowing their peculiar habits, we determined, having the means at our disposal, to surround them; forming a wide circle of men and gradually closing in towards the centre, when we could at least knock over half a dozen. We made signals, therefore, to the gauchos, of our intended movements, and ordered the men to deploy off to the right and

XUM

left, and form the circle. The gauchos were delighted at this movement, and evidently calculated on having a grand match of lazoing and boliando, for they prepared all their traps; each man carrying two or three sets of bolas and a lazo.

The huanacos seemed rather puzzled at our extraordinary movements, probably never having seen so many men together before, and some of them showed signs of bolting; but the men kept closing in beautifully, and dodged them whenever they appeared to gain ground in escaping. Little by little the circle became smaller, and *poco à poco* our game became more alarmed; rushing headlong altogether for a short distance, now in one direction and now in another, until eventually they saw themselves completely surrounded and enclosed within a space of about 200 yards in diameter. My finger was itching to press the trigger, and let drive in amongst them, but prudence whispered "not yet." Still closer and closer, and still more frightened and excited, they began emitting that peculiar sound approaching the neigh of a foal, and spitting about violently, as they do when enraged.

At last they made a final effort and a determined charge all in one direction, the opposite to where I was. I could refrain no longer, so let drive at a distance of about 130 yards; one tumbled over, for it was impossible to miss such a pack. Almost instantaneously, whiz! whiz! went the bolas and lazos of the two gauchos who were on the side where they bolted; and I must say it was really fine to see with what precision these fellows drew their weapons, as deadly in their final results as my Enfield bullet. They singled out those animals most isolated from the flock, some of which must have been at least sixty yards distant from the thrower, and no missile could have been more beautifully directed; the tall powerful forms of the gauchos standing upon their toes in the stirrups, and swinging the bolas around their heads with tremendous force and velocity, then letting them fly at the precise moment, was a striking sight. In a few seconds the huanacos might be seen stumbling and struggling to free their legs from the closely and firmly entwined thongs; but their efforts were useless, for the more they struggled the more tightly they became bound and entangled, until eventually they were borne down to the earth fatigued and panting. There they lay completely at the mercy of the gauchos; who with one peculiar gash of their never-failing "macheta," or hunting-knife, gave the *coup de grace*, and the game was bagged.

Out of the flock we managed to get five—magnificent fellows, almost as large as stags.

MAGGIE LYNN.

By "MAY," OF SPARROWBUSH.

ALMOST involuntarily the exclamation came from the half-parted lips of a child, who was seated upon the doorstep of a large, comfortable farmhouse, and gazing dreamingly far up into the sky, through which the stars were gliding silently and slowly, of:

"I wonder where they are going?"

Maggie Lynn was an orphan. When but three years had passed over the little head, her mother—gentle, loving, but always frail and delicate—had drooped, and although Love wove silken chains around her, and strove to draw her back from the dark river, still Death was the strongest, and soon the damp sod grew over her grave, and Charles Lynn had only his motherless child. Too young to appreciate her loss, and ever shielded from harm by a kind father, time flowed on, bringing happiness to Maggie until her eighth year; then, injured by a runaway horse, Charles Lynn had only time to bless his almost idolized child, when he, too, passed from earth's portals, leaving her without a protector. Alone! alone! no one to care for her, no one to guide her through life's journey. True, her father had a brother, but he was far off somewhere in the West Indies, and for many years they had received no tidings of him.

Four years had passed since her father died, bringing to nearly every one beside both lights and shades, but to her they had seemed but a period of cheerless gloom. For the last twelve months she had been an inmate of the farmhouse we have spoken of; weary and toilsome was her life there; all day long must the tired feet plod on, scarcely pausing for one moment's rest; all day must the little brown hands, hardened by labor, keep at their almost endless task, and just as soon as the work was done, she must take care of "Master Johnny," a great, squealing baby, big enough (if it depended upon size) to take care of himself. Now, for a wonder, he had been hushed to a few moments slumber, and she had stolen out and seated herself upon the old stone doorstep, to watch the stars as they pursued their nightly walk with their queen, the moon.

The dark waving tresses were thrown back from the white brow, and the dark eyes were gazing far up into the heavens, as if striving to pierce the misty vail and see what lies beyond. But what chiefly arrested her attention was two stars, side by side, which seemed to look down more kindly than the others. Every night, when lying in her little low bed beneath the attic window, she looked for those two stars—her stars, as she called them, and loved to imagine that they were the spirits of her parents, still caring for their child. Perhaps it was that which filled her heart that night, for her eyes slowly filled with tears, and she stretched her arm upward murmuring: "Oh, papa, come and take me, I cannot stay here."

"Maggie, Maggie," called a harsh voice from the house, "come right in here and take Johnny, and don't be idling away your time there."

Slowly she rose and passed in, while she thought sadly, "Must I always stay here?"—a voice in her heart said "No."

* * * * * * *

Five years had rolled slowly away; day by day, hour by hour, they had passed to return no more. To all they had brought changes, but to none more than to Maggie Lynn. During that time her uncle had returned from the Indies, a bachelor, and very wealthy, and having succeeded in finding his niece, of course made her his heiress, and Maggie Lynn, at the age of seventeen, wealthy and accomplished—although very far from beautiful—was flattered and admired by all.

"Ain't you afraid they will spoil you yet?" asked her uncle one night after a grand party (at which Maggie had, as usual, reigned queen) had dispersed, and they were alone.

"No, sir," she firmly responded; "I have seen too much of the dark side of the picture to be dazzled by its bright side now. When a poor little orphan, without home or friends, those who crowd around me now would have turned coldly away, had I but asked for a home, for which I knew I had to labor."

"But you should not cherish such thoughts now, pet, I am sure they seem very attentive."

"Oh, yes, very! but it is because they know how pleasant these beautiful gardens are, because they think some day I shall be mistress of these elegant surroundings, and because I have a good, kind uncle," she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck, "who is wealthy enough to buy and sell them all."

"Tut! tut! child; there, don't choke me; now kiss me, good-night, then go and take the rest you need so much. But stay one moment," he added, as she was about leaving the room; "who was that young fellow who came with Lilly Morton?"

"It was her cousin, I believe," she answered, "he has just returned from Europe."

And so they separated; she to go to her room and dream all night about the handsome stranger.

Days sped swiftly past, each one bringing Clarence Morton to "Willow Glade," and each day finding Maggie Lynn looking for him, with an eagerness which told only too well what was lurking in her heart, and yet she knew it not. Ah! Maggie, it would have been better for thee to have searched that heart well, and crushed there every bud of affection that was slowly opening its petals, to meet only the chilling blast. But why repeat it, it was the same "old, old story," so many times told, that one grows weary of hearing it.

For a while, life was but a blissful dream to her; the beautiful Spring and Summer passed, Autumn scattered his fruits with a bountiful hand, and then he, too, vanished from the stage of life, and Winter took his place.

It was a dark, chilly day in December, and Maggie Lynn sat by the window engaged upon a delicate piece of embroidery. Very plain was she, her hair and eyes being her only claim to beauty; the former, dark, long and wavy; the latter, large, and as soft and dreamy as if they had been stolen from the Summer sky and colored brown. All day the silent white snowflakes had been falling silently, covering the garden-walks where they had so often wandered together, and throwing a white mantle over everything, as if striving to do all they could to erase from her mind the remembrance of the many happy hours they had spent there; and all day there had been "a shadow on her heart," which she "could not fling aside;" vainly she had tried to put back the dark mist, but still there was a presentiment of coming evil. She was probably looking for Clarence, for very often the eyes were lifted from the embroidery, and gazed eagerly down the road, and when they returned to their employment there was a slight look of sadness in their depths.

After a while she threw her work aside and rested her cheek upon her hand, while her eyes sought the direction from which he would come, if he came at all; as she did so, a diamond ring on the second finger—a tiny circlet placed there by *him*—flashed a gleam of light full into her face, and she pressed it to her lips. For nearly an hour she sat there, and then murmuring, "he may not come at all to-day," she was about rising when she caught sight of some one coming up the road on horseback; eagerly she watched him until he came nearer, and then with a sigh of disappointment she saw it was not Clarence Morton; but the horseman, whoever he was, came on, and she saw him give something to her uncle whom he met, and then he turned and rode back. In a few moments her uncle came in and said, as he tossed a letter in her lap:

"There, take that puss, but hurry and read it, for I want to talk to you. Well, I declare," he exclaimed, as Maggie, who had recognized the writing, hastily fled from the apartment, "girls are strange creatures, any way; now she might have read that here as well as any other place."

But Maggie had reached her own room, and hastily breaking the seal, and while the warm life-blood which had tinged her cheek and brow with a pretty flush, swept back to her heart and congealed there, leaving her pale and cold as marble, she read as follows:

"MAGGIE—Dear Maggie, I had almost written, but my pen must never trace those words again, or my lips utter them. I write to bid you farewell. Oh, Maggie! curse me if you will, but I *must* tell you all; must tell you that all these happy months when I have been winning your pure heart, I have been engaged to another—one whom I do not, and cannot, love; but it was my father's dying request that I should marry my cousin, a heartless, blue-eyed, sunny-haired doll. Keep the ring, Maggie, keep it as a friendship pledge, for it can be nothing more, and oh! by the memory of our past joys, forgive me, for I can never forgive myself."

She did not need to read that letter twice, for every word was burned upon her heart as if with a living coal, but the dove-light went out of those beautiful eyes, and a cold, stony expression came instead, the bloodless lips parted slightly as she exclaimed mockingly: "Aye! 'keep the ring, Maggie, keep it as a friendship pledge,' and 'forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself'—forgive him, never! I would crush his heart even as I crush that ring," and as she tore it from her finger she shuddered as if it had been a serpent's coil, and in an instant it lay glittering and crushed beneath her foot. Then, in that hard, bitter hour of anguish, all the love which she had cherished in her heart for Clarence Morton was ruthlessly torn away, and in its place the demons of hate and revenge took up their abode.

* * * * * * *

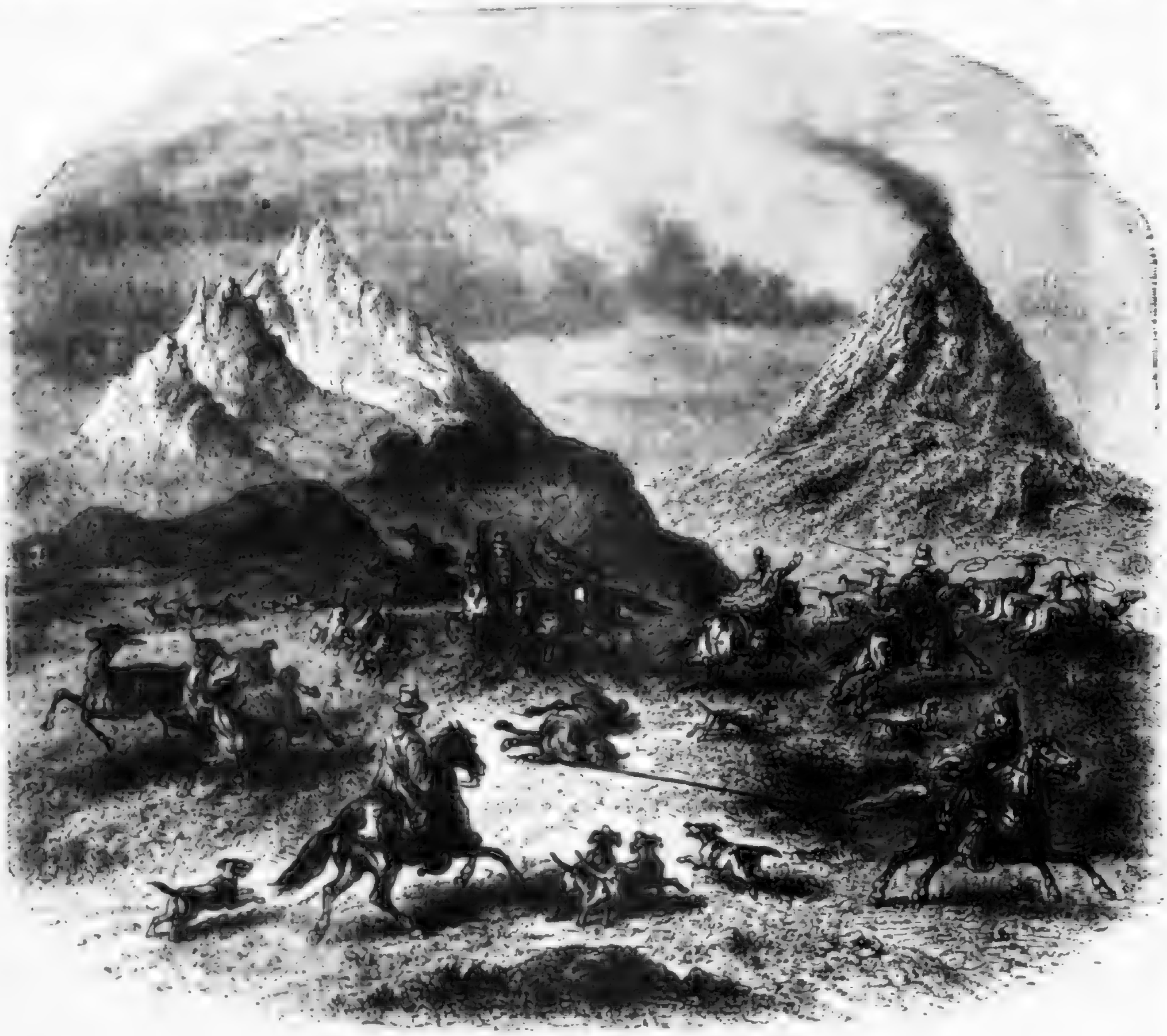
Six months passed away, and on a dark stormy night in June, a large, almost princely mansion, situated in the most fashionable part of a large city, was brilliantly lighted and notwithstanding the tempest, which was sweeping fiercely over the earth, many carriages stopped before the marble steps, and many guests were ushered into the large, elegantly furnished drawing-rooms. As the moments pass, others arrive, until the rooms were filled almost to overflowing. Outside the storm still raged, but within all was mirth and gaiety; and why all this gathering of "fair women and brave men"? Ah! the beautiful heiress, Ida Mellville, was that night to join her fate with that of her cousin, the wealthy, handsome, Clarence Morton; and so on every lip gay words lingered, and on every beautiful face bright smiles dwelt, and all were happy. All! did we say all? Who was that who had come, none knew when, and none knew whither; she who was standing half buried in the shadow, with the queenly air, and pale white brow, from which the long raven tresses rippled back until they were twisted in a heavy coronet at the back of the stately head; a heavy black robe—entirely destitute of ornament, excepting the glittering diamond which fastened the sable collar at the round white throat—fell to the rich carpet, but diamonds gleamed amid the midnight tresses, and heavy golden bands encircled the small fingers?

"Who is she?" was passed from lip to lip, and no one knew; but you, reader, and I, have met her before, and we recognize in the tall, queenly lady the gentle Maggie Lynn of other days. Silently, but none the less surely, she had tracked him since that fatal day, and though he had never met her since, she had often seen him, and when she had heard of the marriage, unasked, unbidden she had come.

There was a lull of the busy voices, and, as the bridal party entered, the splash of the falling raindrops and the low mutterings of thunder were heard. Silently they took their places, and very beautiful looked the bride in her robe of snowy satin, as the golden ringlets fell around the fair white shoulders, and a slight flush crept up to the fair cheek. Clarence Morton, too, was handsome, but his brow was slightly pale, and in the dark brown eye there lurked a strange light, a something almost resembling sadness. The deep-toned voice of the minister broke the strange silence, and, at the same time, Maggie Lynn stepped from the window where she had been standing, and just as the light fell

XUM

upon her cold white face, Clarence raised his eyes. Every one's gaze was directed to the bridal party, and no one saw the dark-robed stranger save he—the man who had so wronged her. As their eyes met he started; slowly and silently the white arm was raised, and for one moment the snowy fingers pointed upward, while the blood forsook his cheek and lip, and he seemed as if turned to stone; but he was recalled to himself by the wondering looks of the gay throng, and firmly, but in a low tone, he pronounced the responses, and the "man of God," standing before them there, and little thinking what was passing in his heart, called them "husband and wife," while the merry party pressed up to congratalate them, and no one knew or dreamed that this night, which should have been the happiest of his life, was the deepest and darkest of misery he had ever known.



A HUANACO HUNT IN THE CHILIAN ANDES.—SEE PAGE 53.

As the evening wore on, the merry laughter and the patter of tiny feet kept time with the almost fairy music, but the stranger who had excited so much curiosity was nowhere to be seen; as silently as she had come she had gone; and, although Clarence Morton felt relieved at her absence, yet, as he listened to the wail of the tempest which had nearly spent its fury, he knew that storm in his heart would never cease.

Days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, and very many were the gay parties which were given in honor of the young "husband and wife," and as the latter never seemed so happy as when surrounded by a crowd of admirers, very often they appeared in public. But although Clarence Morton's laugh rang out clear and musical as ever, and his eye sometimes rested proudly, almost fondly, on his beautiful bride, yet he was not happy.

On the night when he had wedded this "blue-eyed, sunny-haired doll," and Maggie Lynn's eye met his, there was something in its glance of a deep, threatening, revengeful hatred, mingled with a sad reproach, and although he had tried to drive it away, yet now with him, as it had once been with her, there was a presentiment of evil, and the stronger this became the more he mingled in society.

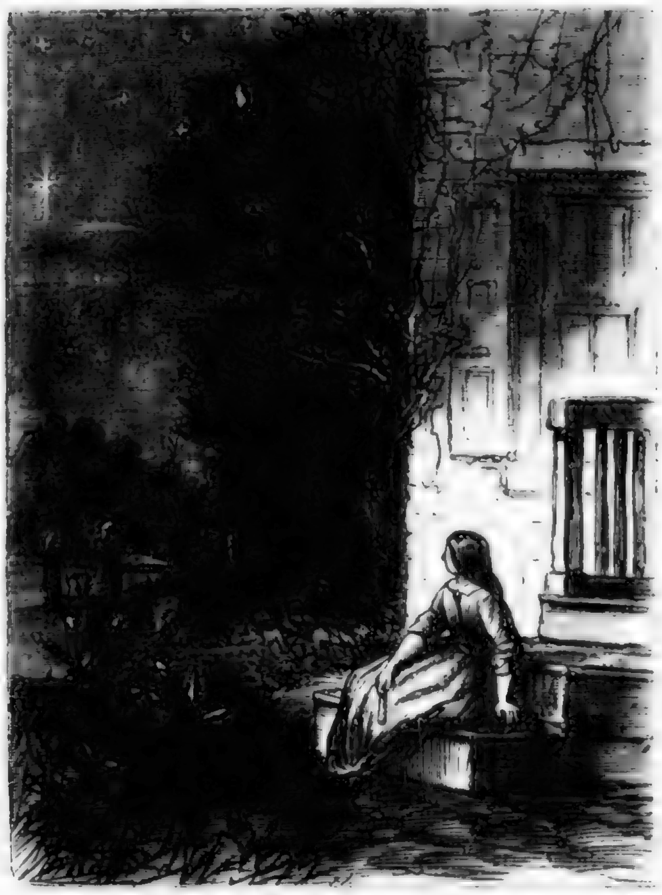
It was a beautiful evening in the early part of December, just six months after their bridal, when Clarence Morton stood in his elegant drawing-room waiting for Ida. They were going to a grand party, and she had not yet come from her dressing-room. He walked to the window and stood looking out upon the busy street, so engrossed in his own thoughts that he did not hear her enter the room, until a hand was laid on his arm and a merry voice said:

"How do I look, Clarence? Mercy, what a long face! do try to get on a smile before you go, or you will frighten everybody out of their senses."

"Are you ready, Ida?" he asked, turning partly around, and then as his eye fell upon the fairy-like form near him he smiled. "How do you look? beautiful, as you always do," he added, as he passed his arm around the slender waist and kissed the lips which only answered impatiently:

"Pshaw! nonsense! but do hurry; how slow we are! we shan't get there to-night."

But they did get there "to-night," and as they entered the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, a buzz of admiration



MAGGIE LYNN.—"I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE GOING."

greeted them, which brought the smiles and blushes to the cheek of the young wife. Not so with Clarence; as he entered that room he seemed to feel a mighty presence, as of some one who was to control his future destiny; and, strong man as he was, he felt a shudder running through his frame, and in a few moments, leaving Ida with a friend, he passed from the apartment into the conservatory, and opening one of the doors he allowed the night breeze to fan his burning, throbbing brow; at last, when he became calmer, he joined the company again, and as he entered that room he saw his wife glide away in the dance upon the arm of a stranger: there was nothing remarkable in this man, and yet he could scarcely remove his eyes from his face. Slender and graceful almost as a woman, there was a strange fascination in his manner. The thick black hair made the pale face look still whiter, and the large dark eyes wandered restlessly over the company, pausing here and there for a moment, and then again wandering on until they met the eyes of Clarence fixed upon him with a strange half-inquiring expression; then for a moment the white lids dropped and a half-demoniac fire kindled in their depths; but it quickly died out, and when a little while after Ida led him up to Clarence, saying:

"Mr. Elliot, my husband, Mr. Morton," there was a formal greeting, and then he turned away with Ida, who looked back laughingly at her husband.

All the evening she chatted gaily with him, regardless of the many glances of reproof and envy which were constantly leveled at her, for she was only a petted, spoiled child, and cared nothing for all this; indeed the more she noticed it, the more she tried to chain him to her side, and never had she so striven to please her husband as she did to please that stranger. It was over at last, and as they rode home, Clarence said, gloomily: "Who is that Elliot, do you know?"

"No," she answered, "Mrs. Percy introduced him, and I know nothing more about him."

"But, Ida," he continued, "do you not think you were rather too familiar with him?"

"No," she answered, shortly."

"But I heard several remarks made about it."

"Well, what if you did? those who made the remarks would have done just as I did, if they could. But you are so cross, I can never do anything to please you." The voice was anything but pleasant, and she turned from him with an air which said plainly, "I don't wish you to say anything more about it."

Clarence Morton sighed, but said nothing, knowing that words would only make the matter worse; but as the carriage stopped before their elegant home, and he assisted her to alight, there was a sad gravity in his manner which she could not but see, and her good-night was perhaps a little less cold than it would have been but for that.

Days passed on, and very often the evenings found Lynn Elliot in Ida Morton's parlor, lingering at her side, or twining rosebuds amid the golden ringlets, and yet Clarence said nothing. But one afternoon, when returning from his place of business earlier than usual, he found her absent, and, summoning a servant, received to his question of where she was, the answer, that she was out riding with Mr. Elliot, he determined to tell her that she must stop this foolish flirtation or —his cheek flushed and his eye flashed, but he did not complete the sentence, for just then she came in looking so pretty, and child-like, that he could not say the words he intended to; but when the next, and still the next day, he found it the same, he could keep silence no longer, and as they were sitting together that evening, he said abruptly, "Where were you to-day, Ida?"

She started, and said, while her brow flushed, "Nowhere!"

"But you have, Ida; when I came home you were gone; I had occasion to go out again, and when I returned you were home."

"Oh! perhaps I was riding."

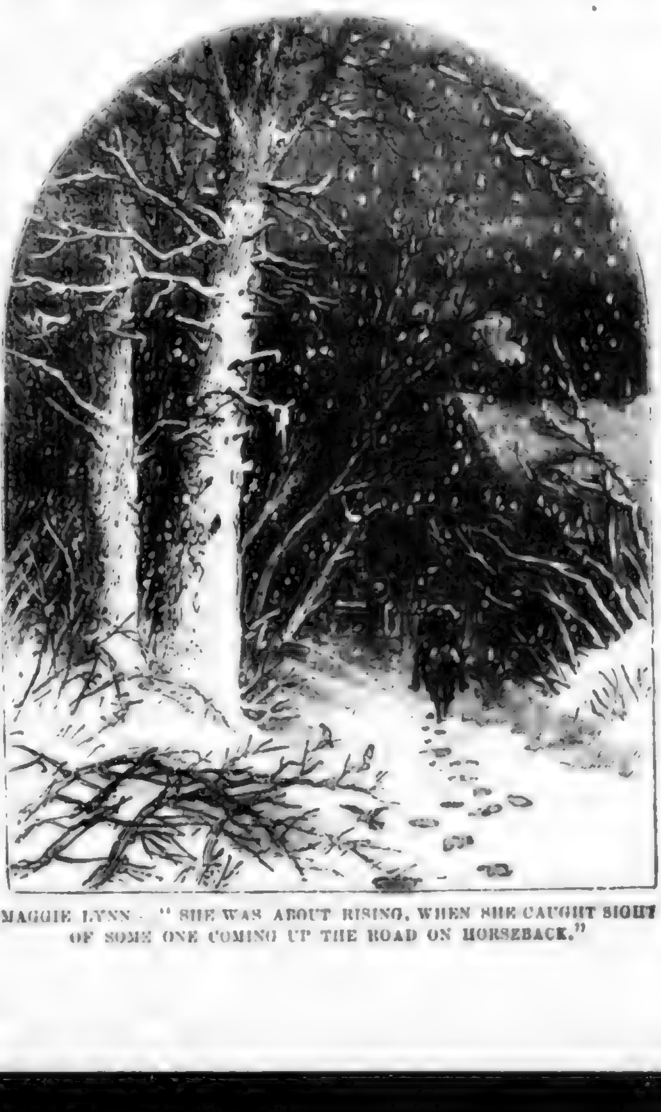
"With whom?"

"With—my own precious self."

"And no one else?"

"No."

"Why, Ida! this is too much; you know you were with



MAGGIE LYNN.—"SHE WAS ABOUT RISING, WHEN SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF SOME ONE COMING UP THE ROAD ON HORSEBACK."

XUM

that Elliot," he exclaimed, speaking rapidly and passionately, "and you must not go with him again."

"Must not?" the little form was drawn up to its full height, and the crimson lip curled scornfully, "must not? indeed; I *will* go with him as often as I wish, Clarence Morton."

"Very well," he replied coldly, as he left the room, "but remember, I warn you."

The next day he returned home an hour earlier than usual, to find his wife absent; she had gone out again with Elliot; it *was* too much; and as he passed from his own dwelling, he muttered hoarsely, "She will repent this."

At a late hour that night he returned home, in a fit of intoxication: Ida was frightened, for she had never before seen him in such a state; but as day by day passed on, she became accustomed to it, for in the short space of four weeks he found his business failing through neglect; and then he resorted to the gambling table, in the faint hope of retrieving his melting fortunes; but losses—nothing but heavy losses—awaited him there, and he knew that many times, while the evening was spent by him in those "dens of iniquity," Lynn Elliot lingered beside the beautiful but thoughtless Ida, saying soft nothings, to which she listened with all a maiden's smiles and blushes. But he did not dream of all, until one night he returned home near midnight, both his own and his wife's fortune spent, to find her gone, and on her dressing-table a tiny note bidding him farewell, and saying she had flown with one she loved much better, and that one was—Lynn Elliot. Calmly he stood and read it through, and then he muttered, "Aye, let her go! I would not have her come back now, loving another as she does; but—" A loud ring of the door-bell startled him, and in a moment a servant brought him a sealed envelope, and then withdrew. Mechanically he had taken it, but when his eye rested upon the writing he turned deathly pale, and staggered back against the wall; but in a few moments he recovered himself, and hastily pulling the bell-rope he summoned the servant, and said huskily, "Who brought that here?" pointing to the unread letter which still lay upon the table.

"I don't know, sir," was the answer; "his face was so muffled up that I could not tell who it was. He only said 'give that to your master,' and handed me the letter."

"Very well, you may go;" and as he passed out the miserable man broke the seal and read:

"Clarence Morton—You will probably be surprised at receiving this from one whose very existence you wish to forget. And can you? Were you happy with your doll wife? She faithfully performed a wife's duty towards you, did she not? Ha! ha! you acted a noble part, in crushing the life and love out of a young heart, and now your own must pay the penalty. I will—I have—had my revenge! The time has come! Clarence Morton, your beautiful wife has left you. She fled from her home little knowing with whom. But I will tell you all. I was present at your wedding, and when I there saw Ida Melville, my resolve was taken. I disguised myself, and then obtained an introduction to her; ah! even you in that disguise did not recognize me—and how could you? Maggie Lynn became Lynn Elliot! At another time I should have despised it, but I was no longer a woman, I was a demon. Well, I exerted myself to win her affections from you, her husband, and I succeeded. At last I won her consent to leave you and fly with me. We were to start on our afternoon ride as usual, but we were never to return; we did go, and in five hours she was—in a lunatic asylum! placed there by myself; and there she will remain. In vain she pleaded for mercy—said she was not mad, but they were used to such scenes, and I was inexorable. With you I have been as successful; you were jealous at first, and that drove you to place the wine-cup to your lips; that was part of my plan; from that you went to the gaming table. Your fortune is spent, your health broken, and remorse and despair busy at your heartstrings. It is well! my plans were well laid, and Maggie Lynn has had her revenge."

* * * * * * *

Yes, "darken the room, step softly, and speak low, for death is hovering there. For many days Clarence Morton had been lingering on the brink of the grave. Brain fever had done its work, and made but a wreck of the once strong man; but that morning reason had tottered back to its throne to take a final leave of the world. It chanced that he was alone for a moment, faint and gasping he lay on the pillow, when suddenly he felt a breath on his cheek, and opening his eyes—those eyes which were soon to look their last on earth—he beheld a woman bending over him, with a strange light in the dark orbs, which looked unnaturally large and brilliant; and he knew only too well who it was. Bending nearer to him she almost hissed something in his ears, and then turning, fled from the apartment, out into the world again, while "the look that comes but once" settled on his face, a film gathered over his eyes, the short gasping breaths ceased, and Clarence Morton was dead. The last words he ever heard on earth were "Maggie Lynn—death—revenge."

A FRENCH CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

NEVER was there a more important *cause célèbre* than the Tichborne case. It attracted much attention in this country as well as in England and Australia, which were more immediately concerned; but that case is, however, but one of a series, not the last, we may depend upon it, in which the public mind has been divided; in some, the truth remaining to the last undiscovered—in others, the impostor being well supported in his claims, and the right man repudiated, even by those most closely interested, and possessing peculiar opportunities of judging between them. A curious parallel to the Tichborne case has been found in ancient history. A certain Sextus, heir of a noble family in Rome, had escaped from the ruin of his house, under Cornelius, by spreading a report of his own decease. The falsehood of this report was soon discovered, but no one could say what had become of Sextus. After the emperor's death, a claimant appeared for the rank and fortune of the missing nobleman. His appearance corresponded with his claim, and he replied satisfactorily to searching questions, but the decision was against him, mainly on account of his want of education. The poor man had forgotten his Greek and his philosophy, and no allowance was made for a failure of memory in the wanderings and misfortunes of ten troubled years. A case, of which a brief sketch is given below, appears even more remarkable:

Martin-Guerre, born in Biscay, in the early part of the sixteenth century, married, while quite young, in January, 1539, one Bertrande de Rolles, of the town of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, a girl of good character and considerable attractions. The young couple were possessed of tolerable means. Eight or nine years passed before a son was born, whom they named Sanxi.

Martin-Guerre, having committed a petty theft upon his father's property, thought it advisable to quit his home for a time. Once at large, he extended his wanderings, and for eight years left his wife without any tidings of him. At this period, one Arnaud du Tilh, otherwise known as Pansette, presents himself, and, as he has the same features and expression as Martin-Guerre, he is received as the husband of Bertrande de Rolles by the four sisters of her husband, by his uncle, by the wife's family, and even by herself. The fellow had studied his part to perfection, and having known Martin-Guerre in his travels, he had learned from him certain secrets which were known to the wife only, confidential communications, and the dates of various occurrences connected with their married life. The impostor is perfectly familiar with a thousand little private matters, so that, one might say, he knew Martin-Guerre a great deal better than Martin himself.

Bertrande de Rolles, who is tenderly attached to her husband, and has been so long affectionately looking for him, is, at first, easily satisfied that this is the real Martin-Guerre. The impostor takes the husband's place in the home; and, in the course of three years, two children are born, one of whom survived but a few days. He enters also into the enjoyment of the property of Martin-Guerre, both at Artigues and at Biscay, and sells part of his land.

But suspicions arise: Pierre-Guerre, Martin's uncle, and a few others, open their eyes, and what they see they make Bertrande de Rolles see likewise. She puts the impostor into the hands of justice, claiming that he has falsely, shamefully, and traitorously wronged her and her husband, in taking the name of and personating Martin-Guerre.

Arnaud du Tilh, in his defence, urges that no unhappiness can equal his, when his wife and relations are wicked enough to dispute his identity merely to get possession of his property, a matter of seven or eight thousand francs; that Pierre-Guerre is prompted by an animosity engendered by covetousness; that his uncle's sons-in-law are as violent as he; that they have terrified and cajoled his wife to the wicked step. He then relates his own history, explaining the reason of his absence, and accounting for his movements since he left his home. He demands that his wife be confronted with him, persuaded that she cannot entirely stifle the truth, not being utterly blinded by the passion which has goaded his persecutors against him. He demands, in his turn, that his calumniators be condemned, according to the laws of equity, to severe penalties.

Subjected to a long and close examination, he answers satisfactorily to all the questions of his judges; he speaks of Sanxi his son, and of his departure, and, inviting the fullest investigation, he refers to persons who are able to confirm his statement in all its particulars. The judges, after careful inquiry, can find no inconsistency in his account.

It is decided that Bertrande de Rolles, and certain persons named by the accused, shall be examined; Bertrande's account of all these facts tallies exactly with that given by the accused. Confronted with the woman and all the witnesses, he renews his demand that she shall be kept apart in order that his enemies may not tamper with her weakness of character. This is allowed him. He then brings various objections to the admissibility of the witnesses against him; he obtains authority for taking evidence with respect to their prompting Bertrande de Rolles to this accusation, and for the verification of his objections to the witnesses.

Of the hundred and fifty witnesses, more or less, whose evidence was taken, thirty or forty swear positively that he is Martin-Guerre, and no other, they having lived with him from his infancy on terms of the very closest familiarity; moreover they identify him by certain marks and scars which time has not obliterated. Other witnesses, and these form the majority, assert that the accused is Arnaud du Tilh, called Pansette, they having seen and known him from his cradle. The rest of the witnesses cannot decide positively whether the accused be Martin-Guerre or Arnaud du Tilh.

By the finding of the first judge, "Arnaud du Tilh is declared duly convicted of personation, is condemned to be beheaded and quartered."

The Parliament of Toulouse, to which he appealed, orders, first, that Pierre-Guerre and Bertrande de Rolles shall be brought, in turns, face to face with Arnaud du Tilh, in presence of the whole Chamber. In both these rencontres, he maintains such a steadfast composure, such a straightforward bearing, that the judges read in his face the confirmation of his claims; while on the brows of Pierre-Guerre, and of Bertrande de Rolles, who completely lose their self-possession, they read only proofs of falsehood.

A new investigation only increases the perplexity. Of thirty witnesses now heard for the first time, nine or ten declare that it is Martin-Guerre; seven or eight declare, no less positively, that he is Arnaud du Tilh; the rest declare themselves unable to speak decidedly on either side.

In this state of affairs, when the matter is all but decided in favor of the accused, the real Martin-Guerre appears upon the stage. He presents his application to the court for a hearing, tells the impostor's real history, and proffers his evidence. The court orders him to be arrested and examined, and to be confronted with the accused, with Bertrande de Rolles, with the sisters, and with the principal witnesses who have affirmed point-blank that the accused was none other than Martin-Guerre. The questions already put to the accused are put to him. He gives the marks and tokens by which he may be recognized: but the tokens which he furnishes are neither so certain nor so numerous as those furnished by the accused. The two men are brought face to face. Arnaud du Tilh, whose forehead is effrontery itself, treats Martin-Guerre as an impostor, a scoundrel, a wretch foisted in by Pierre-Guerre. He questions him on many points of his family history, which the husband was likely to know. Martin-Guerre does not answer with the same confidence and exactness as Arnaud du Tilh. One might say that the scene which represents the impostor in possession is more like the truth than is the actual truth itself. The Commissioners, having ordered Arnaud du Tilh to withdraw, questioned Martin-Guerre on several most important matters on which neither the one nor the other had yet been examined. His replies prove to be exactly correct. Arnaud du Tilh is then examined apart. He answers the ten or twelve questions put to him with the same exactness.

The court, at last, in hopes of clearing up the matter, and removing all shadow of doubt, orders that Martin-Guerre's four sisters, his two brothers-in-law, Pierre-Guerre, the brothers of Arnaud du Tilh, and the principal witnesses who have so obstinately maintained the latter to be Martin-Guerre, shall come forward together to make their final decision between these two men.

The eldest sister arrives first. After a moment's hesitation, as she looks into Martin-Guerre's face, she recognizes him, and embraces him with tears. Martin-Guerre mingles his tears with his sister's, as he returns her embrace. The others recognize him equally, not excepting those witnesses who had been the most obstinate in affirming that Arnaud du Tilh was really Martin-Guerre.

Last of all, Bertrande de Rolles was called in. No sooner had the poor woman cast her eyes on her husband than, bursting into a flood of tears, she threw herself into his arms, entreating his pardon for allowing herself to be deceived. The impostor is unmasked.

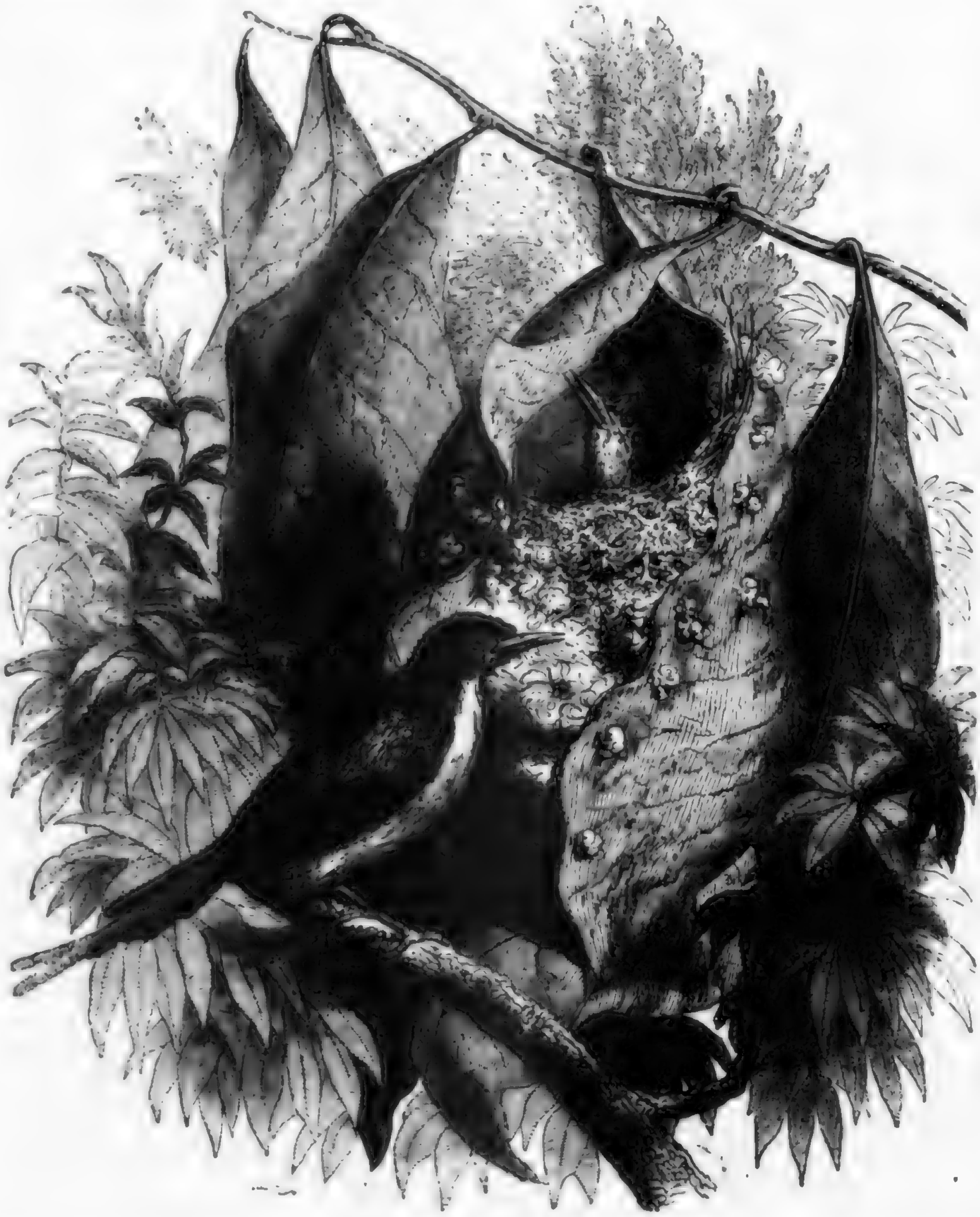
The court, after mature deliberation, "condemns Arnaud du Tilh to make a public confession before the church of Artigues, to be led through all the streets and public

XUM

thoroughfares of the town, after which to be hanged before the house of Martin-Guerre, and his body burned.

The prisoner was taken back to Artigues, where he made a detailed confession of his imposture and of other serious crimes. At the foot of the gallows he asked the pardon of Martin-Guerre and his wife. Then filled, apparently, with a lively sorrow and a true penitence, he passed his last moments in imploring mercy of God.

The sentence was pronounced on the 12th of September, 1560, and carried into effect four days afterwards.



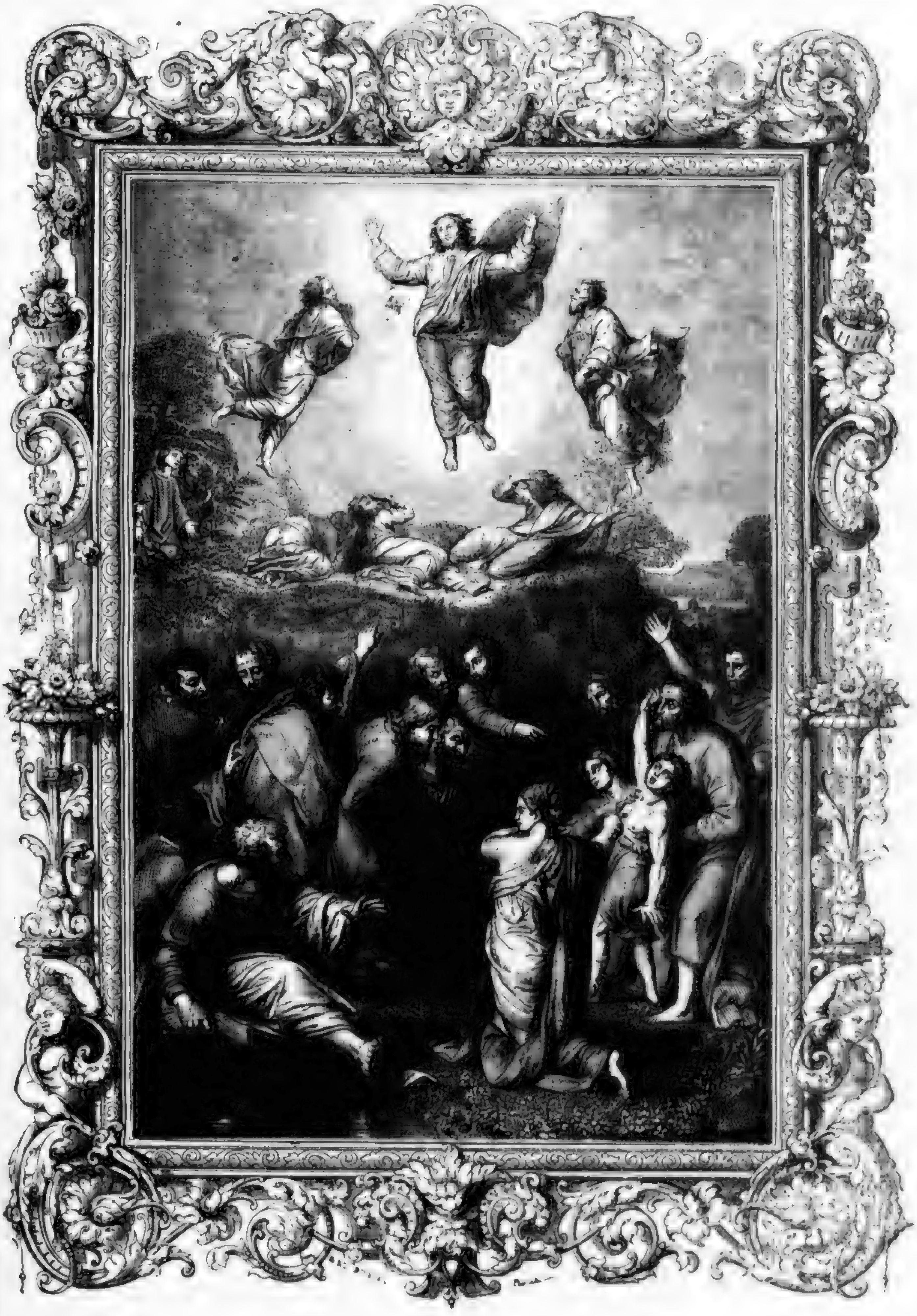
THE TAILOR-BIRD AND ITS NEST.

THE TAILOR-BIRD AND ITS NEST.

The man who first invented sewing in all probability thought that he had discovered, or rather created, an art which was entirely new, and that to him alone was due the credit of perceiving the virtues of a fibre thrust through holes.

The capabilities of his invention he could not be expected to foresee, inasmuch as he would in all probability limit its powers to the decoration rather than the clothing of his own person. In the process of time he might comprehend that, by means of the needle and thread, a number of small leaves or skins might be made to serve the same purpose as a single large one, and as his instruments improved, so would his work. There are, it is true, certain nations who have been acquainted with the art of sewing from time immemorial, and never seem to have made the least progress in it. The native Australian, for example, displays wonderful ingenuity in making thread from the sinews of the kangaroo's tail, and needles from the emu's bones; but there his invention seems to have stopped, and, up to the present time, the junction of a couple of kangaroo skins, or the sewing together of a few "opossum" furs, seem to be the limits of his powers. Still, in other countries, the needle and thread have, as a rule, exhibited a regular improvement, until they have culminated in the sewing-machine of our own day and country. Had, however, some good genius enabled the original founder of the art to foresee its effect upon the world, he might well have been proud of his discovery, the earliest of human arts.

XUM



THE TRANSFIGURATION, BY RAPHAEL.
(FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE VATICAN.)

The respectable guild of tailors, indeed, were wont to attribute to their mystery an antiquity surpassing that of any other handicraft, and, on the strength of a certain passage in Genesis, claimed Adam as the first tailor. As to the smiths and musicians, the tailors looked down upon them as of comparatively recent origin, and considered even the mysterious order of Freemasons as modern upstarts. Had they been moderately skilled in ornithology, they might have claimed a still older origin, for the reasons that, long before man came on the earth, the needle and the thread were used for sewing two objects together.

The wonderful little bird, whose portrait is accurately given in the accompanying illustration, is popularly known by the appropriate title of Tailor-bird, its scientific name being *Orthotomus longicaudus*. The manner in which it constructs its pensile nest is very singular. Choosing a convenient leaf, generally one which hangs from the end of a slender twig, it pierces a row of holes along each edge, using its beak in the same manner that a shoemaker uses his awl, the two instruments being very similar to each other in shape, though not in material. These holes are not at all regular, and in some cases there are so many of them, that the bird seems to have found some special gratification in making them, just as a boy who has a new knife makes havoc on every piece of wood which he can obtain.

When the holes are completed, the bird next procures its thread, which is a long fibre of some plant, generally much longer than is needed for the task which it performs. Having found its thread, the feathered tailor begins to pass it through the holes, drawing the sides of the leaf towards each other, so as to form a kind of hollow cone, the point downwards. Generally a single leaf is used for this purpose, but whenever the bird cannot find one that is sufficiently large, it sews two together, or even fetches another leaf and fastens it with the fibre. Within the hollow thus formed the bird next deposits a quantity of soft white down, like short cotton wool, and thus constructs a warm, light, and elegant nest, which is scarcely visible among the leafage of the tree, and which is safe from almost every foe except man.

There are several nests of the Tailor-bird in the British Museum, one composed of several leaves, and the other in which one leaf is used. It is a pity that in all instances the leaf has been plucked from the twig on which it grew; and it is to be wished that when specimens are brought to our museums the twig will be cut off, and that, if the leaf should fall off, it may be replaced on the spot whereon it grew. Beautiful as is the detached nest, it does not give nearly so vivid an idea of its object as if it were still suspended to its branch.

The Tailor-bird is a native of India, and is tolerably familiar, haunting the habitations of man, and being often seen in the gardens and compounds, feeding away in conscious security. It seems to care little about lofty situations, and mostly prefers the ground, or lower branches of the trees, and flies to and fro with a peculiar undulating flight. Many species of the same genus are known to ornithologists.

THE AMBER-CALIFORNIA.

Carlyle, in his History of Frederick the Great, writing of the ancient inhabitants of East Prussia, enunciates this characteristic sentence, "Dryasdust knows only that these *Preussen* were a strong boned, iracund herdsmen and fisher people; highly averse to be interfered with, in their religion especially. Famous otherwise, through all the centuries, for the *amber* they had been used to fish, and sell in foreign parts."

This amber was well known to the writers of classical antiquity as a natural production of the Baltic shores. Its value was rated as high as that of gold and precious stones. The Phœnician navigated the North seas in quest of it; and tried to keep its locality a mystery. Its curious property of attracting substances by friction was not among its most trivial notabilities, and caused the adoption of a Greek name for the nomenclature of the most marvellous of modern sciences. Up to quite recent times its origin and composition have been as perplexing a *crux* to physical inquirers as the origin of the Nile has to geographical inquirers. The poets of old had their way of accounting for it, as to-day's man of science has his. The tears of Phaeton's sisters, they said, those sisters whom grief for their brother's fall had metamorphosed into trees, in their descent from the enchanted trunks had become congealed, and acquired the appearance of gold-colored transparencies. If, as some have suggested, the river Eridanus, into which the rash charioteer of the sun fell, was not the Italian Po, but a small river bearing the same Latin name, which runs its course near Dantzig, there would seem to have been some method in the fancy of this fable. Nevertheless, science, explains it thus:

At a remote epoch of creation, classified by geologists as the Tertiary Period, a mighty pine forest covered vast portions of the northern continent. A resin, so rapid in its flow as to catch forms of insect life in every moment of action, exuded from these pines, and congealed as rapidly. By some natural-historic process not yet fully cleared up, these masses of resin were detached from their parent trees, and became submerged under the great Tertiary sea, where a stratum of bluish clay formed round them. Then came the subsequent strata of diluvial and alluvial periods, and the peninsula of Samland, rising gradually from the waters, held buried under it a portion of the amber treasure, while other portions of it stretch beneath the basin of the Baltic from Memel to Pillau.

The peninsula of Samland forms the northeastern boundary of the Gulf of Dantzig, and lies between two large fresh-water lakes, which constitute in fact the most remarkable phenomena in the physical geography of Prussia. These lakes are separated from the sea each by a *Nehrung*, so-called, a very narrow, low strip of land. The largest of the lakes, the Curisches Haff (or sea), named after the ancient tribe of the Cures, who once inhabited its banks, is sixty-six miles long and from fifteen to thirty miles broad. The Frisches Haff, to the southwest of it, is nearly as long, but narrower. The Samland peninsula ends in a bold, storm-beaten promontory designated the Brusterort, on which stands a lighthouse. The inner coast of this peninsula, abutting on the Frisches Haff, is verdant and fertile, and has been called the paradise of East Prussia. At its junction with the mainland stands Königsberg, the ancient Prussian capital. The Curisches Haff joins the sea at the roadstead of Memel, the border-town of Prussia on its northeasterly limit. A mile and a half from Memel, in the Curische Nehrung, stands the little bathing-place of Schwarzort, which has long had its visitors for pleasure or for health.

Till within five-and-thirty years ago the royal dues on the production of this amphibious product were farmed out to certain monopolists who kept the seaboard in terror with the exactions of their officers.

In the year 1837, King Frederick William III. made over his rights to the needy peasantry of the district in return for a small fixed tribute. The new proprietors set diligently to work to extract the precious deposit, but they were acquainted only with the traditional methods of operation—such as hauling it in from the shore, or fishing it up from the sea-depths in boats, or digging it here and there from its inland recesses. These operations are still carried on, though in portions of the amber regions enterprise and machinery have superseded them, as we shall presently have to recount.

On rough Autumn days, when the northeast wind blows keenly, freezing the spray as it falls, the coastmen of Samland will rush into the sea with their nets, and toss the treasure which the waves bring up to the women and children who wait on the beach to sift the tangled mass and separate the amber from the "amber-weed," by which it is invariably encompassed. But the heavier masses of amber are rarely driven in by wind and tide. They are reserved for the boatmen's operations on the calm Summer mornings, when, peering eagerly into the glassy green waters, they plunge their hooks and pitchforks into some promising mass of rock and sea-weed, which they drag by main force within the compass of their nets.

In 1862 an enterprising firm of small traders at Memel, Stantien and Becker offered to clear out the accumulations of mud which, from time to time, choked the Memel roadstead at the entrance of the Curisches Haff, and to pay a sum of twenty-five thalers per working-day into the bargain, in exchange for the possession of all the amber to be found within the sphere of their operations. Forthwith the establishments of the new company sprung up at Schwarzort—the San Francisco of the new East Prussian California. No less than twelve dredging machines were at work last year. The process by which they effect their object is this: First a channel is driven into the mud of the lake, the mud being cast aside into boxes covered with a grating, till the solid ground of the amber stratum is reached. Into this channel buckets, alternately solid and perforated, are then let down; and the solid buckets, being rapidly whirled round, produce a strong current, which brings with it the stones of the amber bed, casting them into the successive perforated buckets, from whence again they are shaken out on the gratings aforesaid. The amber is then separated from its earthly accompaniments, made up in sacks, and taken to the sorting house at Memel to be carefully sifted. The operations are carried on each year till the frost sets in—that is, for about thirty weeks—and they require no ordinary robustness of constitution in the laborers, who work in relays for eight hours at a time, day and night. The average weight of amber brought up by this process during the working season is 57,000 lbs., but the value can scarcely be computed, as it varies according to the quality of the material. The inferior amber, used for fumigation and polish, may fetch about four silver gröschen (ten cents) per pound. The better kind, available for the mouthpieces of pipes, etc., will fetch twenty-five thalers (from $15 to $20) the pound, while the beautiful straw-colored amber is absolutely priceless.

Messrs. Stantien and Becker have succeeded in reaching other hiding-places of the shining treasure. Their diving flotilla, apparently riding at anchor below the lighthouse of the Brusterort, strikes the observer's eye at a distance. On approaching nearer he will see signs of new and most daring enterprise, for at the foot of the Brusterort there is a long low reef, some 600 yards long by 400 wide, containing the most valuable kind of amber. It has been accumulating for centuries under mighty blocks of stone, and has till lately defied all efforts of man to force it from its resting-place. Even the hardy constitution of the Samlander could not withstand the severities of that peninsula when he had to work by the ordinary resources of diving and forking.

The costume of the diver is as follows: A woollen garment covers the entire body. This is again encompassed by an india-rubber dress, made in one piece, but differing in shape from the old-fashioned diving dress, and allowing the diver to lie at full length. The helmet, also, is of a novel construction. Firmly fastened to it, and resting on the shoulders, is a small air-chest, made of sheet iron. This chest is connected with the air-pump, in the boat above, by an india-rubber tubing, forty feet long, and with the diver's lungs by another india-rubber tube, the mouth-piece of which is held by the diver between his teeth, the whole apparatus being scientifically arranged so as to admit a sufficient supply of pure air from above, and means of exit for the expired breath. The helmet is provided with three openings, covered with glass, and protected by wire, for the use of the eyes and mouth. When this contrivance has been screwed on to the person of the diver, a rope tied round his waist, and half a hundred weight of lead attached to the feet, shoulders, and helmet, he is ready for his plunge. Down, fathoms deep, he descends into the amber world. He stays there, maybe for five hours at a time, hooking, dragging, tearing the amber from its bed with his heavy two-pronged fork. Often it resists his utmost efforts. However cold the weather may be, these men of iron strength will come up from their submarine labors streaming with perspiration. The overseer stands in the boat to receive the amber from their pockets. In case he should wish to ascend before the usual time, the diver has to close his mouth and breathe five or six times through his nostrils, by this means filling the apparatus with air, which will bring him to the surface without other assistance.

Amber, as we have said, is an amphibious product. Much of it is embedded in the "blue-earth" stratum of the peninsula itself. The largest mass ever found—in the days of Maltebrun, at least, for we know not what size the specimens in Messrs. Stantien and Becker's warehouses may since have measured—was found at a place near the frontier of Lithuania, and weighed eighteen pounds.

To get at the inland amber of Samland, vigorous efforts are now being made, partly by those peasant-farmers who still retain the royal dues in their hands, and partly by the amber firms of Königsberg, that of Stantien and Becker at the head. Hitherto the method chiefly employed is that of manual spade-work. Near the village of Sassan, for instance, a shaft is dug by the daily labor of thirty or forty men, while the water which presses in from the sea is laboriously kept out by water engines; and however clumsy this method may be, a sufficient supply of the desired produce is found to make it thoroughly remunerative.

CHILDREN RIDING ON A TAME BEAR AT BERNE.

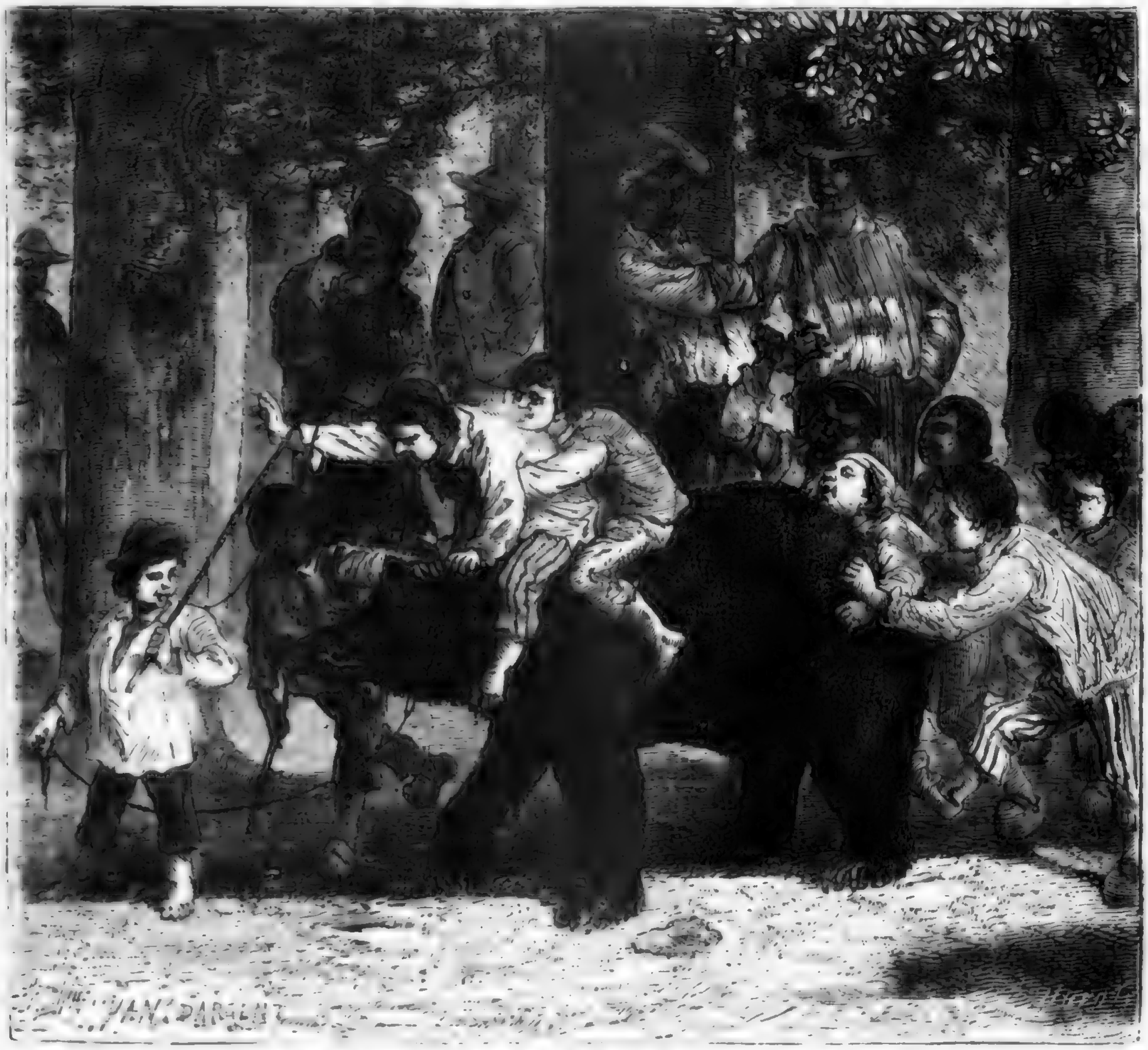
Berne, in Switzerland, is pre-eminently the city of bears. Its cantonal arms are studded with bears, and tame bears are always maintained in the city limits as a kind of tutelar deity of the place; or, if this expression seems too strong, we will say keeps bears as Rome did geese, with a deep sense of obligation. At all events, the bear appears everywhere in stone, in wood, and in the flesh. Some of these last are quite tame, and children are seen playing with them, riding on them as on great good-natured Newfoundland dogs. But the bears kept in the pit in the city—three or four mangy brutes—are not so approachable, for, though constantly fed with buns and nuts by visitors, these animals are so fierce that they actually killed, some few years since, a man who incautiously fell into the pit.

When Sir Charles Sedley's comedy of "Bellamira" was performed, the roof of the theatre fell down, by which, however, few people were hurt except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say, "There was so much fire in his play, that it blew up the poet, house and all." "No," replied the good-natured author, "the play was so heavy, that it broke down the house, and buried the poor poet in his own rubbish."

XUM

THE INVENTION OF THE STOCKING-LOOM.

We are told that Henry II. of France was the first who wore silk stockings, at his sister's wedding to the Duke of Savoy, in 1509. Howell, in his "History of the World," says that, in 1550, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings by her silkwoman, Mrs. Montague; and she never wore cloth ones any more. He also adds, that Henry VIII. wore ordinarily cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings. His son, King Edward VI., was presented with a pair of long Spanish silk stockings by Sir Thomas Gresham. Hence it would seem that the invention of knit stockings originally came from Spain.

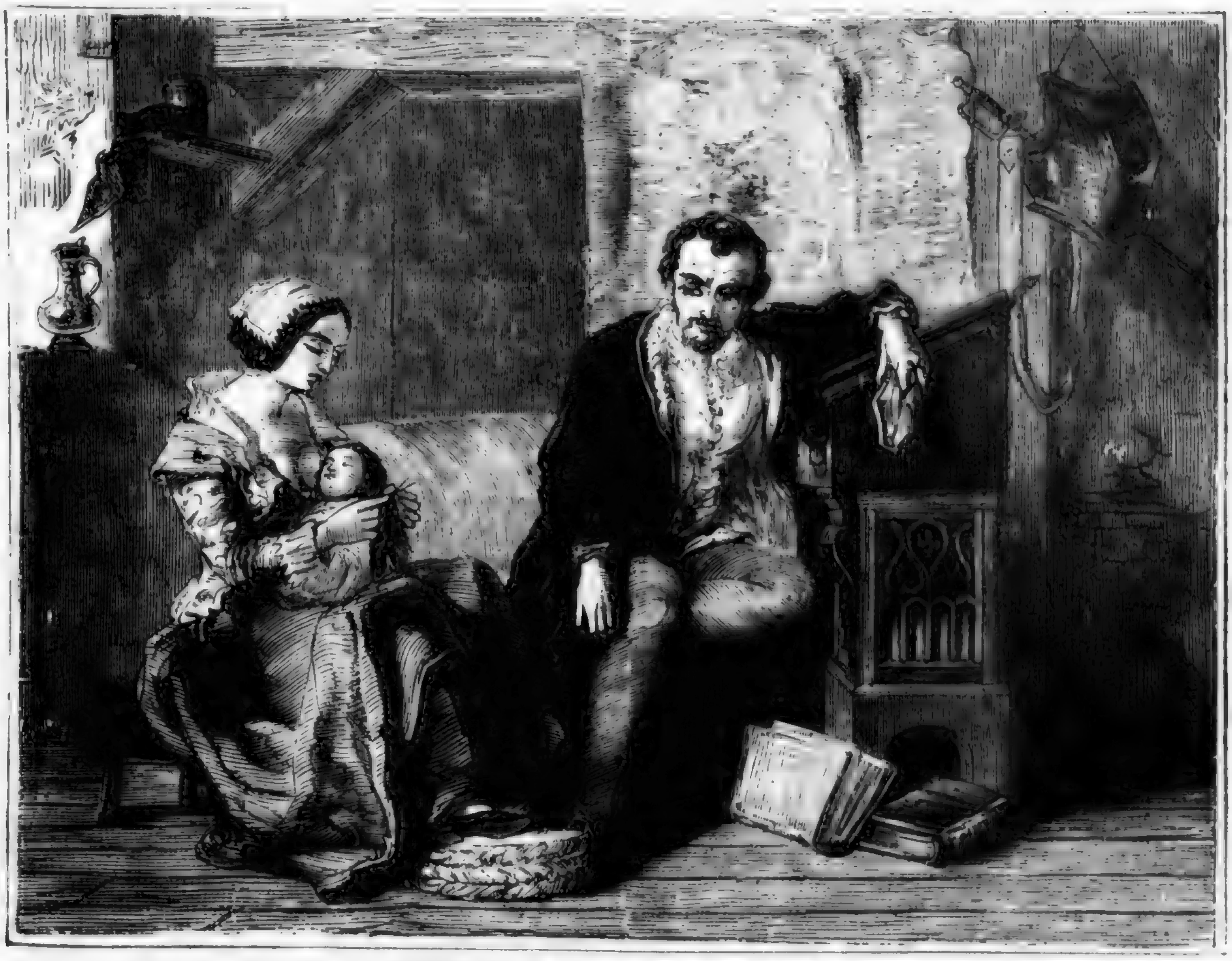


CHILDREN RIDING ON A TAME BEAR AT BERNE, SWITZERLAND.—SEE PAGE 63.

Anderson tells us, that one William Rider, an apprentice on London Bridge, seeing at the house of an Italian merchant a pair of knit stockings from Mantua, took the hint, and made a pair exactly like them, which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke, and that they were the first of that kind worn in England.

There have been various opinions with respect to the original invention of the stocking-frame; but it is now generally acknowledged that it was invented in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1589, by William Lee, M. A., of St. John's College, in Cambridge, a native of Woodbury, near Nottingham, England. We are told that this gentleman was expelled the University for marrying contrary to the statutes of the college.

Being thus summarily rejected, and ignorant of any other means of subsistence, he was reduced to the necessity of living upon what his wife could earn by knitting of stockings, which gave a spur to his invention. "Why should fingers so beautiful be thus enslaved?" Such a thought probably flashed upon the mind of the student; and out of it arose his first ideal construction of a machine, which afterwards became a reality, and the products of which now form a staple commodity in all civilized countries. Having constructed his first machine, and taught the use of it to his brother and the rest of his relations, Lee established himself at Culverton, near Nottingham, as a stocking-weaver; but, being neglected by Queen Elizabeth and her successor James I., he transferred himself and his machines to France, where Henry IV. and his minister Sully gave him a welcome reception. After the king's decease, Lee shared in the persecution suffered by the Protestants, and is reported to have died, from grief and disappointment, at Paris. Some of his workmen escaped to England, and under one Aston, who had been Lee's apprentice, succeeded in establishing the stocking manufacture permanently in England. A sad story—like that of most benefactors of their race. It is to be hoped that, like most benefactors generally, he had in himself the means of consolation. The Framework Knitters' Company was incorporated by Charles II., 1663. In their hall is the portrait of Lee, pointing to one of the iron frames, and discoursing with a woman, who is knitting with needles and her fingers.



INVENTION OF THE STOCKING-LOOM.—SEE PAGE 64.

FLINT AND STEEL.

By the Author of "Estelle's Error," etc.

Chapter I.

As fair a scene in every way as one would wish to see. A Summer evening full of mellow sunshine and long shadows, soft scents and sweet sounds—an English garden, with brilliant flowers, smooth-shaven turf, and shady nooks—an English girl, with slender, graceful form, and face of more than ordinary beauty. The dreamy dark eyes were watching, but not seeing, the wheeling, cawing, noisy flock of rooks that could not settle peacefully in their nests in the tall elm-trees in the park; her hands were clasped behind her shapely little head, with its wealth of waving chestnut hair, her cheeks slightly flushed, her lips compressed as if with some secret annoyance—and yet Maud Etheridge had not a real care in the world.

On her lap lay open Tennyson's "Princess," and the girl's mind was full of the poem she had just been reading. A step on the grass, a slight rustle, made her look round, and her face brightened as she saw who the new-comer was.

"Well, Maud—in dreamland as usual?" exclaimed the bright pretty little woman who seated herself by her on the garden-seat, without the neatly indispensable feminine kiss. "What a girl it is for dreaming! Unwholesome tendency, my dear, as my sage husband would tell you—sure to lead you into mischief some day."

"I know he would, the horribly matter-of-fact creature! May, how did you ever fall in love with him, and how did he ever propose? I can't fancy Mr. Percy ever saying a loving word or calling you a pet name."

"That shows how little you know," returned May Percy, with a heightened color in her fair laughing face. "Geoffrey is far too sensible a man to parade his conjugal affections before the world. Wine diluted with water becomes insipid. And now what were you dreaming of when I interrupted you? May I know?"

"Nothing very interesting," said Maud, carelessly—"only I was angry with Tennyson for writing such a regular man's book. After describing such a perfect creature as the Princess, he makes her dwindle down into the ordinary household slave, ordering dinners and sewing on buttons for the man who owns her! May, I will never marry! Fancy belonging to a man—being just a movable piece of furniture, your only duty in life to attend to his comforts, see that his linen is well aired and mended, and keep the servants in order and the house as he likes it; fancy every time the children cry or get into mischief having him turn round and say, 'Why don't you keep them in better order?' and every time the soup is greasy, or the mutton over-roasted, getting black looks and a growl of 'Really, I wish you would look after things a little, and not set such a dinner as this before me.' Bah! Why are women so weak?"

"Maud, you goose, we women are weak, dreamy, sentimental, small-minded creatures away from man's broader nature. Men do us more good than we do to them, though I own they are very much improved by our taking them in hand. Your view of marriage is certainly unreal and theoretical, consequent on your living alone with your aunt, and seeing nothing of men in domestic life. Do you suppose for one moment that your life is as happy as mine?"

"Ah, well, very few women get as good a husband as you have. He is so very calm and good-tempered. But he wouldn't suit me; I couldn't make him angry. I would rather have somebody who would fire up and flash out when I was very provoking. I never cared much for sweets—I prefer savory meats with a dash of cayenne."

XUM

"Take care. The cayenne is in me, and you'll taste it if you speak of my husband in that tone. But, seriously, Maud, I am sorry to find you in this sort of vein, because I came to take you back to dinner with me, to meet my dear Arthur Trevor; and I know you will vent your spleen against the whole race of man on his innocent head."

"That is what I feel inclined to do, only I know you would cry or quarrel with me if I did," returned Maud, laughing, "and I cannot afford to quarrel with my one lady-friend. So the immaculate Captain Trevor is coming at last, is he? Yes, I will come. I will put on my most fascinating dress and smile my sweetest to show you how easily even your paragon can be fooled. What do I look best in, May—the pale blue, or the white-and-rose color, or the——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Mrs. Percy, jumping up. "I can't go through the list of your thousand and one dresses. You know far more about what is becoming than I do. Only I warn you, if you ruin Arthur Trevor's peace of mind, you will have to settle accounts with me. Not that I'm afraid—you are far more likely to be the victim than he is. Good-by. Seven sharp, remember. We'll bring you home in spite of the cockchafers. Ugh! I'm no heroine."

Mrs. Percy hurried away, and Maud Etheridge remained for a few moments dreaming, then rose, and, with a mischievous smile on her pretty mouth, which augured ill for Captain Trevor, walked with a quick yet graceful step towards the house. Entering by a French window the cosy snuggery known as the morning room, she approached a slight white-haired old lady who was knitting diligently in an easy-chair, the deep cushions of which never felt the weight of the sitter's upright back.

"Auntie dear, I am going round to the Percys to dinner. It is your reading-class evening, so you won't miss me—and I shall be home early. We shall all walk back together about nine o'clock, I dare say, and have some coffee here."

"Very well, my dear," said Miss Barry, in the quick, sharp tones that might have been expected from her face. "Don't hurry home on my account. My young men don't go till nine, as you know, and I shall be tired, and glad of quietness, when they are gone. Is it a party?"

"No, only that Captain Trevor they travelled with last year, and May has never ceased to rave about ever since. I feel obstinately determined to dislike him in consequence."

"Pray, Maud, don't be uncivil to him. You will vex Mrs. Percy, and I should be so sorry," exclaimed little Miss Barry, energetically. "You really must not conceive such prejudices."

"I'll be careful, auntie. Have a cosy, quiet tea, such as your soul delights in, and don't be too indulgent with your young men."

Half an hour later Maud entered the drawing-room at Tremletts with a queenly step that was meant to impress Captain Trevor, but failed, Mrs. Percy being the only occupant of the room.

"Hem! Badly managed, May," she remarked, giving a last touch to her dress. "I meant that entry to have been a great *coup;* and, lo and behold, it was wasted on you. Where is the hero? Don't I look simply lovely?"

"Your dress does. That's another new one, you extravagant girl! Here come the menkind. Now, Maud, behold your fate."

But Maud did not behold anything, for, seized with a feeling of shyness, she bowed to Captain Trevor without raising her eyes, and then began talking to Mrs. Percy as fast as she could race from one topic to another, and continued till dinner was announced.

She was quite sure that Captain Trevor was eyeing her curiously, probably having heard as much about her perfections as she had about his, and perhaps feeling in consequence the same obstinate wish to quarrel which he did. As the soup was being cleared away, she raised her eyes at last, to encounter the steady gaze of another pair, and see a face which she acknowledged to herself at once to be the handsomest she had ever seen, illumined for a moment with a smile of intense amusement, and then carefully controlled.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Etheridge," he said, gravely, taking out his watch and glancing at it, "but ten minutes have elapsed—that is a great achievement."

"What is, Captain Trevor? What are you talking of?" asked Mrs. Percy, whilst Maud crimsoned.

"I was only noting how long Miss Etheridge had held out. She has been longing to take a good look at me ever since we met, and has only just succumbed. Isn't that true, Miss Etheridge?"

"Certainly you are not wanting in vanity, Captain Trevor," answered Maud, quickly. "I do not see on what grounds you could imagine I was longing to look at you."

"Because one is always curious to see a person one has heard a good deal of," returned Captain Trevor, still smiling; "and I should be very sorry to think that Mrs. Percy had not talked a good deal of me, considering what friends we are. What amused me was your not looking—almost every other girl would have looked. I have been staring hard at you all the time."

"Perhaps you are more curious than I am," retorted Maud, "though curiosity is said to be a feminine weakness. It seems to me that all the weaknesses are said to be feminine. I have never heard any one talk of a masculine weakness."

"We have some, though," admitted Captain Trevor, dryly. "I dare say you would hardly believe it."

"Love of teasing, for instance," put in Mrs. Percy, quickly, seeing Maud's eyes flashing, "and love of a good dinner, lordly impatience, and overweening vanity, intense selfishness, a general disregard of everybody else's comfort or wishes, and insufficient appreciation of nature's noblest work—woman. Anything more, Maud, can you suggest?"

"My ideas of man are so purely theoretical, happily for me, that it would profit little to ventilate them," returned Maud, coldly.

She was nettled and annoyed, and could not quite define what it was that annoyed her—a little afraid, too, of what Captain Trevor would say next. He seemed bent on amusing himself at her expense—a totally new sensation for the beautiful heiress, who was accustomed to find gentlemen only too ready to fall down before her.

She turned to Mr. Percy, and exerted all her powers of talking to keep him to herself and prevent Captain Trevor joining in the conversation. He made one or two efforts to get her to speak to him, but, obtaining only the coldest and shortest of answers, relinquished the attempt, and turned to Mrs. Percy. In spite of herself, Maud could not help listening now and then to his merry jokes and ringing laugh. His voice was peculiarly pleasant—mellow, clear, and manly; and she began to understand, in spite of her annoyance, the fascination that her friend had described. Nevertheless she was quite determined to be as cold as ice with him; he was far too free and easy, she should not like him, and she was glad when May rose to leave the room.

"Tastes differ, May," she exclaimed, the moment they entered the drawing-room; "Captain Trevor is not my idea of a fascinating man."

"You certainly did not seem to hit matters this evening," returned May, laughing, "but perhaps you will get on better by-and-by. They won't be in for at least half an hour, so I'll run up and see if baby has had his medicine. His cough is so bad."

"Poor little man—I am so sorry. Don't be long;" and Maud seated herself at the piano, and began to sing a little old-fashioned song called "Barbara Allen."

She did not stop when the door opened a few minutes afterwards, feeling sure that it was Mrs. Percy, but sang on to the end, and then wheeled round on the music-stool, to find herself face to face with Captain Trevor.

"I thought it was Mrs. Percy," she said, rising and coloring; "she ran up to see after baby's cough."

"The steward came to speak to Percy, so I thought I might as well leave them, not being interested in swedes or beans. I suppose you are, Miss Etheridge, having an estate of your own. His manner was grave and quiet, all banter gone, and she felt relieved.

"I like to understand all I can, but of course I leave the management to the steward. He pretends to consult me sometimes, but we both know it is a mere farce."

"What a worry it must be for a young girl to have such a property on her hands! In spite of the pleasure of being an heiress, you must often wish you had a brother."

"Indeed I do," answered Maud, earnestly; "I would far rather not to be an heiress."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then he said—

"Will you sing me something else? I am so fond of music, and get so very little of it. Do you know any more of those old-fashioned ballads?"

"Yes, several. My aunt likes them," answered Maud, sitting down again to the piano. "Will you have 'The Woodstock Tragedy,' or 'The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington'?"

"'The Bailiff's Daughter,' please."

Maud sang it in her sweet, plaintive voice, and was gratified at his rapt attention and quiet "Thank you" when it was over. She loved her songs for themselves, and disliked having them anatomized by her hearers. Secretly she allowed that she was fast altering her mind about Mary's hero; he was very nice, though she would take care not to say so to May. Perhaps it was somewhat of the same feeling which made Captain Trevor leave the piano as Mr. Percy's step was heard approaching, and, going to the table, take up a book and open it.

Maud was grateful to him for doing so. She did not want May or her husband to see him leaning on the piano listening so attentively to her love-ditties, and she dashed into a brilliant waltz as that lady entered, exclaiming—

"Oh, May, do give a dance! I do so want to float round to the 'Blue Danube' or 'Morgenblatter' again."

"There's to be a ball next week at Anchester," said Mrs. Percy; shall we all go? George, will you take us? I should like to dance as much as Maud, steady old matron though I am."

Mr. Percy agreed—he generally did agree to everything that his bright young wife wished—and it was soon settled; Maud was to go with them and sleep at Tremletts that night, that she might not disturb her aunt by returning home at four o'clock in the morning.

Anchester was five miles off; it was a quiet cathedral town, which even the presence of a couple of regiments could not rouse to anything more lively than an occasional ball or flower-show; and Maud was to be forgiven if she sometimes longed in her youth and beauty for a little more gaiety than the neighborhood of her home afforded.

"Fancy," she exclaimed, rising with a sigh of relief when everything was settled—"here am I, very nearly twenty, and this will be only my fourth ball! Most young ladies of my age have been to as many score."

"All the worse for them," observed Captain Trevor, quickly. "They have lost all enjoyment of them and everything else. You are much happier in your wholesome country life than they are in their wearying round of gaiety, though I dare say you don't believe it."

"Yes, I do," admitted Maud. "But I am looking forward very much to a fortnight of real gaiety next month, when I go to stay with Lady Dewhurst. The Castle will be full of visitors, and we shall have something going on every day and all day."

Captain Trevor looked up quickly.

"Do you know Lady Dewhurst?" he asked.

"Yes. She is a first cousin of my father's, and I am her godchild," answered Maud. "Do you know her? She is such a dear, kind old lady."

Captain Trevor hesitated.

"I used to know her several years ago," he answered, gravely. "Probably she has forgotten my very name by this time."

"I will remind her of you then," said Maud, laughing. "She is a friend worth having."

"Pray do nothing of the sort," he requested, hurriedly. "I would rather she forgot me. There were painful circumstances connected with our acquaintance which I should be sorry to revive."

"As you please," returned Maud; and then she turned to Mrs. Percy, saying, "Now, May, I must be going home. Will you brave the cockchafers and come with me?"

"For thy sweet sake, fair maid, yes," answered her friend, laughing; and ten minutes afterwards the party were strolling slowly through the lanes, enjoying the beauty of the soft Summer night.

Captain Trevor was very silent and grave, and May, dropping behind the gentlemen, whispered to Maud:

"I wonder what this mystery is about Lady Dewhurst? I wish you would find out when you are there. He seems quite upset by her name."

"I don't think it would be honorable," observed Maud, thoughtfully. "He asked me not to mention his name, and it would seem like prying into his affairs. Perhaps some day of his own accord he will tell you—unless it is something to his discredit."

"That I feel sure it is not," returned her friend, warmly; and Maud laughed.

CHAPTER II.

THOSE were happy days that followed—days stamped for ever in Maud's memory as full of Summer sunshine, sweet sounds, and sweet scents, or marked by merry games of croquet under the shade of the spreading beeches on the lawn, long drives through the lanes and over the common, all ablaze with golden gorse, in May's little pony-carriage, when May drove and Captain Trevor doubled his long legs into the back seat and leant between the two ladies, his bright handsome face alight with fun and happiness, dreamy rows on the still lake at Maud's home, and easy walks in the cool of the Summer evenings, when the nightingales sang in the copses, and the corncrake and night-jar joined in with their quaint but Summer-sounding notes. Maud did not, or would not, know why this was such a peculiarly happy Summer—why she awoke in the morning with so light a heart that she sang because she could not help it. She did what few are wise enough to do—accepted happiness without analysing it.

"Now, Maud dear, do take my advice and keep quiet to day," urged Miss Barry, gathering up her key-basket and books from the breakfast-table before starting about her household duties. "You will not be fit for the ball to-night unless you do. How people can be so insane as to think of dancing in this broiling weather I can't imagine."

"Oh, it will be delightful, auntie! I pity you so for not being me;" and Maud raised a blooming, happy face for a

XUM

passing kiss as she spoke. "Do go and look at my dress before Edwards packs it up. It is perfect. I am going to dress at Tremletts, you know."

"Yes, I know. Perhaps I shall come round and see you. I can walk back with Edwards. But do as I tell you, child. Go into the drawing-room, and keep quiet all the morning;" and Miss Barry hurried away.

Maud sat still, rolling and unrolling her table-napkin, a half-smile playing round her lips, for several minutes, and then rose, and, regardless of her aunt's injunctions, sauntered out of the window down the lawn to her favorite seat under a great weeping-willow by the side of the lake. How delicious it was there on that hot Summer morning—no sound but the distant whetting of the gardener's scythe, the occasional splash of a moor-hen or water-rat in the still waters, and the low monotonous cooing of a turtle-dove in the beech-tree close by. Presently a quick, firm step was heard on the gravel, and Captain Trevor came down the path, exclaiming gaily—

"Sterne's Maria to the life, barring the goat or the dog! What a pity to intrude on such a scene!"

"Thank you," returned Maud, smiling, as she shook hands; "but that is a part I don't feel at all inclined to act. Was I looking the lovelorn, forsaken damsel? Perhaps you have never seen such a creature—they are becoming rare. Breaches of promise and heavy damages are more in fashion."

Captain Trevor became suddenly grave.

"Do you believe in broken hearts, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, earnestly. "Don't you think a girl is sure to forget a man in time if he throws her over, however much she may feel it at first?"

"Certainly I do," replied Maud, promptly. "I can hardly believe in any girl's so forgetting all proper pride as to go on caring for a man who has behaved like a scoundrel to her."

A crimson flush dyed Captain Trevor's face to the very roots of his short dark hair, and a look of shame passed over his features. Maud remembered it afterwards.

"How pleasant it is here!" he exclaimed, lifting his straw hat, and pushing the hair off his forehead. "I need hardly give my message that you were not to come to Tremletts this morning. You are not likely to wish to leave this paradise. May I stay, and be amused? It is board-day, and Percy has ridden into the town, and Mrs. Percy is busy teaching the new cook how to make some marvelous preserve. You and I are the idle ones, and ought to amuse each other."

"Well, I'll let you stay and amuse me until I am tired of you," answered Maud, laughing. "It is too hot to work or read. How hot it will be dancing to-night!"

"Yes; I shall sit out most of my dances. Is there a garden of any sort?"

"Yes; the ball-room belongs to the hotel, and opens into the hotel-grounds. They are to be hung with colored lamps and Chinese lanterns. Won't it be pretty?"

"Perhaps—depends upon whom I am with," said Captain Trevor, his dark-gray eyes full on Maud's face.

Maud colored high beneath the look.

"What a sentimental mood you are in this morning, Captain Trevor!" she exclaimed, lightly. "You must keep speeches of that sort for this evening. They will tell tremendously on the innocent damsels of Anchester."

"They don't seem to have much effect upon you," he said, stooping to pick up a stone from the path. "See me make 'ducks and drakes' with this. Seven skips at least. How many was it?"

"Only six," answered Maud. "That's a favorite game with officers, I fancy, only not quite in such an innocent form."

"Spoken like an heiress," observed Captain Trevor, shortly, his lips curling ever so slightly. "I suppose you have been taught from your boyhood to look on all men as fortune-hunters, especially officers—eh?"

Maud did not answer. She did not care to allow how near the truth he was. She did think that men were more attracted by her money than herself, but she did not want to tell Captain Trevor so.

"You need not answer," he said, after a few minutes' pause. "I see I guessed rightly. I wonder how a man could convince a rich girl that it was herself he cared for, and not her money? I pity an heiress. Any fellow of worth is afraid to approach her, not caring to be called a fortune-hunter; and she either remains single or becomes the prey of some scamp who doesn't care what is thought of him so long as he gets her money."

"Exactly my sentiments," said Maud, lightly; "so I intend to choose the lesser of the two evils you speak of, and remain single. Now talk of something more amusing. Tell me what flowers to wear to-night? My dress is all white, so you are not tied to color."

"Am I to decide so important a question? What an honor!" answered Captain Trevor, in a careless tone. "Marshal Niel roses and maidenhair fern. The bright yellow will show off those rich brown tresses to perfection. I suppose I shall see all the room at your feet?"

"Most likely. You must bespeak a dance, if you want one. My card will be full before I have been in the room ten minutes."

"Many a suitor sought her hand,
For she had gold and she had land."

sang Captain Trevor. "No, I won't bespeak any dances. It is taking a mean advantage of my opportunity. Shall we go and see if there are Marshal Niels in blossom?"

"I know there are—dozens. It's too hot to move," replied Maud, shortly. There was a lump in her throat that nearly choked her.

She was angry with herself and him. She had offered him a dance, and he had refused. She glanced at him as he sat by her side, playing with the ribbon on his hat, a half-smile on his handsome face, his short, wavy hair falling over his broad forehead, and, like a flash of lightning, May's merry words darted through her mind—"Now, Maud, behold your fate."

Was he her fate for good or evil, as the case might be? Was she to succumb like the meekest schoolgirl before the careless smile of a handsome man? Was this to be the end of all her brave speeches? He had not betrayed any sign of more than a passing admiration for her—in fact, on looking back, she doubted whether any man had ever treated her so coolly—and yet already—she owned it to herself—he could pain or please her more than it had ever been in the power of man to do before. Was she learning to love this man—this hero of May's, who seemed to carry all before him? Maud crimsoned at the thought, and, as she did so, Captain Trevor raised his head and looked at her—a long, steady gaze, before her eyes fell, and the crimson deepened in her cheeks.

"Captain Trevor," she exclaimed at last, lifting his eyes to her again, and looking away as quickly, "when you were a child, were you ever taught that it was rude to stare people out of countenance?"

"Perhaps I was," he answered, smiling. "I don't remember all that I was taught as well as you do. Do you think me very rude?"

"Very," acknowledged Maud. "What amuses you?"

"Do I look amused?" he asked. "I don't think the word exactly describes my feelings."

"Then what were you smiling at? Perhaps I could smile at it also; and I allowed you to stay only on condition that you amused me."

"Then I had better go," he observed, leaning back and crossing his legs, "for it would be an impossibility in your present frame of mind."

"In other words, you think I am in a bad temper," said Maud. "Do I look so?"

"You looked very angry just this minute. Bad temper does not give a pretty expression. By-the-by, I forgot half my message. Mrs. Percy told me to say that your horses would be ill for want of work, and that, if Miss Barry was not going to use the carriage, you were to call for her and take her for a drive. Jenkins will have enough to do to-day, driving into Anchester and cleaning Brunette when his master comes back from the board."

"Very well. My aunt has a sewing-class this afternoon; she will not drive. Am I to take you, too?" And she tried to speak with the utmost indifference.

"No, thank you; I am going to fish; and Mrs. Percy is going to give me a note to take to the Rectory. I have lost my heart to that blue-eyed little Miss Murray, and want an excuse for a call."

"Ella Murray? Yes, she is very pretty," admitted Maud, quickly. "But you need not take the note unless you like, for she will be at the ball to-night. She told me yesterday that she was going."

"I'm glad of that. It is a sweet little face," said Captain Trevor, rising. "But I shall take my note all the same, so as to make friends—perhaps get some dances promised."

"That would be taking an unfair advantage of your opportunity," observed Maud, coolly.

Captain Trevor laughed.

"Miss Murray, the simple Rector's daughter, is a very different person from the lovely Miss Etheridge, the heiress," he rejoined. "There will be no crowd round her, clamoring for dances, pretty as she is, I fancy."

"She always gets plenty of partners," said Maud, in the same cold tone. "Good-by, Captain Trevor. Tell Mrs. Percy I will call for her at half-past two this afternoon."

He shook hands and walked away, singing "The Lady of the Lea." Maud watched his tall form vanishing between the trees, and then turned away with angry hot tears in her eyes.

"I hate myself!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot on the ground. "I have let myself be slighted by him. But I'll have the best of it yet. We will see, Captain Trevor, whether you are going to have it all your own way. I'll not wear the flowers he chose. I'll not give him a dance if he asks for it. Let him flirt with Emma Murray. Her nose and cheeks are equally red in the evening; but I wasn't going to tell him so—he would have thought I was jealous. I hate this ball—I wish I had never mentioned it. What do I care what he says or does—a man I have known only a week? Bah! I'll go and choose my own flowers.

She walked off, her head higher than ever, to the conservatory, and, after a debate with the gardener, ordered him to cut her a beautiful scarlet cactus blossom and some rare delicate grass for her hair, and send it round to Mrs. Percy's at eight o'clock; and then, a little easier in her mind, she went in to luncheon.

Chapter III.

"Why, Captain Trevor never took the note to Ella Murray, after all!" exclaimed Mrs. Percy, as she and Maud entered the drawing-room at Tremletts after their drive. "I wonder what excuse he made for calling."

"Here he comes to answer for himself," said Maud, who was standing at the window. "How hot and tired he looks! It is so like a man, to go and tire himself to death before going to a ball."

"Yes, they are contrary creatures, as nurse says," observed May, laughing. "Well, Captain Trevor, a lot of use it was my hurrying through my luncheon to write this note for you. You left it behind after all."

"I forgot all about it," he said, unslinging the basket from his shoulders. "Here is something by way of payment."

"But what excuse did you make for calling?" asked Mrs. Percy.

"None. I didn't call. The fair Ella is coming to the ball to-night, and I can get introduced to her there."

Mrs. Percy laughed.

"Just like you—always raving about some girl's beauty and sweetness, and forgetting all about her ten minutes afterwards. I don't believe you will ever fall in love."

"Perhaps not. Perhaps I am so devoted to some secret love that all women to me are like shadows," he remarked, sitting down on the sofa. "I'll tell you all about it some day when we are alone."

"That's all nonsense," returned his friend. "Don't sit down there as if you never meant to move again. It is time you went to get ready for dinner. Come, Maud."

He seemed in very high spirits that evening, making them all laugh till they were tired at dinner, and, while Maud sat patiently under the hands of her maid, she heard him singing in the next room the song that seemed a favorite of his—"The Lady of the Lea."

When she descended the stairs in all her glory he came running down behind her, but she sailed into the drawing-room without turning her head. The room was empty, and Maud turned and faced him with secret exultation, conscious, as a really lovely woman must be, of her own beauty. Captain Trevor made a low bow.

"A most unexceptionable get-up," he said, gravely. "I think my choice of flowers was perfect."

"These are not what you chose," answered Maud, carelessly. "You wanted me to wear yellow roses. I think what I have looks better."

"Nothing could look better than Miss Etheridge does at this moment. It was presumptuous in me to attempt to dictate to a lady of such perfect taste. Will you honor me by selecting a flower for my coat? I will gladly wear your choice, though you have rejected mine."

Maud did not answer. She was angry with herself now for not wearing the flowers he had chosen. Whatever she did, he made her wish she had done the reverse. Again he turned that steady searching look on her, till her face crimsoned in spite of all her efforts to control it, and again he smiled as he saw the rising color.

"May I have that little sprig of stephanotis in your bouquet?" he asked, and, without waiting for her consent, he drew it out and fastened it in his button-hole. "Sweet blossom, it shall lie on my heart when that heart has ceased to beat even for thee," he said, sentimentally.

"'And wherever next season may find me,
No matter how faded it be,
I'll keep it, if but to remind me
Of dancing this evening with thee.'

By-the-by, I wonder if I am to be honored with a dance?"

"As you like," said Maud, carelessly; "that is, if you dance well. I hate dancing with men who dance badly."

"We won't risk it if you are so particular," he decided, smiling; "we'll sit it out, or walk about the grounds. Here comes your aunt up the drive, only just in time. And here is Mrs. Percy."

Maud submitted graciously to the admiring inspection of her aunt, coloring and laughing as the old lady exclaimed—

XUM

"Well, you do look lovely, dear; though I ought not to tell you so. She will be the belle of the ball. Won't she, Captain Trevor?"

Captain Trevor laughed at the naive question.

"Certainly, Miss Barry, if I am to be a judge," he answered; and then they entered the carriage and drove off.

The dancing had begun when they entered the ball-room, but many gentlemen paused in the valse to watch the lovely girl and her pretty chaperon as they walked slowly up the room, shaking hands with their various friends; and Captain Trevor turned to Maud as he observed it, saying—

"I think I had better write my name on your card at once—it will be full in three minutes."

Maud handed it to him in silence.

"You are not very exorbitant," she said, as he handed it back to her, after writing his name against two dances—and her heart swelled angrily.

He laughed, and glanced at her quickly. "I will come for some more if I find you dance well," he said, lightly, "or if I see you sitting out."

"Then I'm afraid you won't get them," observed Maud, shortly, and with her sweetest smile she turned to speak to a gentleman who was approaching.

Captain Trevor stood by her side for a few minutes in silence, and then sauntered away, and Maud saw him five minutes afterwards dancing with Ella Murray, whose nose was not red yet. Somehow the ball seemed dull and flat, she thought; she would try if flirting would enliven it. But flirting was not in her line at all, and proved impossible. Most of her partners were stupid, or too devoted to be encouraged. She was angry with herself because she could not help looking round now and then to see where Captain Trevor was, but he did not seem to notice it. Three times she saw him dancing with Ella Murray, and Maud came to the conclusion that "that girl was a regular fast little flirt, not a bit like a clergyman's daughter." She wondered "what Captain Trevor could see to admire in her."

"I had no idea you were such a flirt, Captain Trevor," she said, when he came to claim his dance. She tried to speak carelessly, but there was an angry ring in her tones, in spite of her.

"Officers are always flirts, as well as spendthrifts," he answered, quickly; "you ought to have known that, having been so carefully brought up, Miss Etheridge."

Maud crimsoned.

"I appear to have hurt your feelings by my careless speech," she said, bitterly. "I suppose I was nearer the truth than was pleasant, and roused sore memories of debt."

"No, I have no debts," he opposed, quietly. "I manage to live on my income, small as it is. I confess I thought the speech ungracious, if I may use the term to a lady."

They passed through a French window as he spoke, and stood on the lawn in the bright moonlight. Captain Trevor turned back for a moment, and, catching up a shawl that lay on a seat, threw it round Maud's shoulders.

"It is pleasanter out here than in that hot room," he said; "shall we walk round the grounds?"

She took his arm without answering, and they walked on in silence.

"Why are you so silent?" he asked, at last, turning to look at her. "Have I annoyed you?"

"I seem so unfortunate in my remarks to-day, that silence is my only safeguard," she answered, coldly.

"But there is somewhat of pleasure in paining," he said, thoughtfully.

"I think there is to you," she retorted. "Everything you say to-day seems meant to annoy."

He did not answer for some minutes, but stood gazing thoughtfully at a glowworm on the path.

"Didn't you make up your mind to dislike me before I came, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, at last, turning to look at her.

"I believe I did," said Maud, laughing, as she met his glance.

"I thought so. So did I to dislike you. I hope we have been equally successful."

"Thank you for your plain speaking, Captain Trevor," spoke Maud, withdrawing her hand from his arm. "You have certainly done your best to help me. I think we had better go back to the ball-room, and find more congenial partners."

"No—it is more amusing to quarrel. What do you mean by saying I have done my best to help you to dislike me? Have I been rude and unpleasant?"

"Very, to-day. You have never taken any trouble to please," she answered, looking him full in the face for a moment, and then looking away again.

"But, if I had, you would have thought I was trying to win the heiress," he said, smiling. "You are such a very cautious young lady."

Maud's cheeks flamed and her eyes glistened.

"Captain Trevor, you have no right to say such things to me!" she exclaimed, angrily. "I will not stay here to listen to them."

She turned away, but he caught her hand. His handsome face was bent towards her with the same smile—half of amusement, half of pleasure—it often wore; but his voice was more earnest than his glance as he said—

"Wait a moment. Answer me one question. Do you dislike me so thoroughly that you would like me to go away to-morrow? Say so, and I will go."

"Maud hesitated, and tried to release her hand.

"You are not my guest," she answered, hurriedly. "I have nothing to do with your going. Captain Trevor, let go my hand, if you please."

Captain Trevor's only answer was to draw her close to him, and look full in her face; and then he stooped and kissed her crimson cheek.

"I think you dislike me as much as I do you, my darling," he whispered, as Maud's head dropped on his shoulder. "Ah, Maud, you little thought it would end like this when you heard I was coming. What will the Percys say?"

CHAPTER IV.

"MAUD, I think you are the most deceitful person I have ever known, except Captain Trevor perhaps;" and Mrs. Percy's face beamed with delight as she spoke. "To think that you two were secretly falling in love just as I wanted you to do, whilst I was worrying myself and Geoffrey to death because you were always quarrelling! I'll never forgive you for worrying me so needlessly."

It was the morning after the ball, and Maud was sitting on the floor in the breakfast-room, playing with the baby, whilst her friend sat at the table still, petrified by the speech Captain Trevor had made as he quitted the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Percy," he had exclaimed, carelessly looking in again after he had closed the door, "you will be interested to hear that I am going to be married. Ask Miss Etheridge the young lady's name. She knows all about it."

Then he shut the door again quickly, and Mrs. Percy, gazing at Maud, and seeing the crimson blush dyeing cheeks and brow, gasped forth—

"Maud, it isn't true! Does he mean you?"

Maud laughed, and bent over the baby.

"I suppose, he does," she answered, shyly. "He seems to wish it, and I—I don't mind. I shall have to marry some one, you say, so it may as well be him."

XUM

She could not call him "Arthur" yet, and would not say "Captain Trevor." Then came Mrs. Percy's vindictive speech as to Maud's deceitfulness.

"Well, we are not married yet," said the heiress. "Perhaps we shall quarrel too much during our engagement."

"Oh, I'm not afraid! He is so very good-tempered, he will never get angry with you; and, however much he teases you, you will soon be too fond of him to give him up for anything. Oh, Maud, you are a lucky girl!"

"And isn't he a lucky man, pray?" asked Maud, gaily.

"Very," answered Captain Trevor, suddenly appearing at the window. "Mind you never allow me to lose sight of the fact, Maud."

"I'll take good care of that," she averred, laughing. "Do you know what May is saying about you? She says you are so good-tempered that I shan't be able to quarrel with you if I try. Is it true?"

Captain Trevor looked suddenly grave.

"No, it is not," he answered, earnestly. "I call mine the very worst temper a human being could have. It takes a great deal to make me really angry, I allow; but, that once done, it is done for ever. I cannot get over things as people can who have quicker tempers. So take care, Maud; don't rouse the sleeping lion."

"Don't frighten me," cried Maud, laughing, "or I shall retract my word, and refuse to marry so awful a character."

She looked round. May had left the room on the pretence of taking baby back to nurse.

"Are you really going away to-morrow, as you said last night, or rather this morning?" she asked.

"Yes; I have an affair I want to settle before our engagement gets known." He hesitated for a moment, and then said, quickly, "My darling, do you mind keeping it a secret for a time? I have a particular reason for not wishing people to know it for the present. Will you do this to oblige yours faithfully?" He smiled as he spoke; but Maud read real anxiety in his eyes as they rested on her face.

"Of course, if you wish it," she answered slowly. "But I am sorry. You know I am going to Lady Dewhurst's on Monday, and I was looking forward to appearing as an engaged young lady. Probably I should not meet with quite so much attention if it were known that I am no longer to be had."

"Probably not. But don't flirt, Maud, or I shall come swooping down and carry you off before their eyes in spite of everything. I am very jealous."

"I think I shall be," said Maud, smiling and coloring. "By-the-by," she added, quickly, "tell me now why you did not wish me to mention your name to Lady Dewhurst."

Captain Trevor's expression changed. The same cloud and flush that she had seen before came over it.

"Don't ask me that, please, darling," he begged hastily. "I would rather not tell you—at least not yet."

"Not tell me?" echoed Maud in dismay. "Oh, but I want to know! I am sure it is about a young lady—isn't it?"

She looked up into his face, and met a troubled glance, though he tried to smile.

"Yes, Maud, it is about a young lady," he answered; "but I can't tell you yet. Some day you shall hear all; but we are still strangers, remember. A fortnight ago I had not seen you. Let us talk only of pleasant things to-day—my last day."

Maud looked grave still.

"It seems to me you ask a good deal altogether," she said, slowly, "and mine is not a very trustful nature. How long are all these secrets to go on? Of course I shall tell my aunt of my engagement?"

"Of course. You may tell every one in a few days, but—" He stopped short as the servant came in to take away the breakfast-things.

"I must go and see if May means to walk home with me," Maud exclaimed, hurriedly. "It is past eleven, and Aunt Barry will wonder what has become of me."

Captain Trevor left the next day, and Maud was both surprised and indignant to find how completely all sunshine went with him.

"After all my grand speeches, my contempt for woman's weakness, to think that a man could make such a complete idiot of me in a fortnight!" she exclaimed, angrily, after trying books, music, and work in vain. "But he doesn't know it; that is the only comfort. Besides, he is not like any other man in the world. Oh, dear, I wonder if I shall get a letter from him to-morrow!"

Maud thought that the latter part of Tennyson's "Princess" was finer than the beginning. She did get a letter the next morning—just such a letter as she expected—bright, loving, and manly; there was nothing of the Shakespearian lover in it, nothing of the slave. It was that vein of independence in his speech and character that had won her. He was staying with an old uncle, about ten miles from Lorris Castle—Lady Dewhurst's place; "and perhaps," he added, "before many days I may have settled my business, and be free to come to you again. I think you told me you were going to be only a week with Lady Dewhurst?"

"Well, he shall see he can trust me to do as he wishes," murmured Maud. "I will not mention his name at Lorris Castle. But I should be glad to hear what it all is. I don't believe it can be anything to his discredit."

And yet Maud could not help remembering that flush which looked so like shame whenever the subject was mentioned.

CHAPTER V.

LORRIS CASTLE was full of guests. Maud felt very shy as she drove up the avenue. She was alone, for Miss Barry was too old and nervous for such gay scenes; but Lady Dewhurst took Maud under her own especial care, and her daughter, Lady Alice Tolworth, was of the same age as Maud, and her greatest friend.

Her ladyship was a widow with one son, the present Lord Dewhurst, a bright, merry young fellow of three-and-twenty—a masculine copy of his mother—and one daughter, a gentle, delicate girl of nineteen, as utterly unlike Maud in every particular as she could be, and consequently her especial friend.

"Oh, Maud, I am so glad you are come! I have not seen you for such ages! Do come into my room and let us have a good chat before we go down to dinner. Edwards will come for you when it is time to dress. How well you look—so blooming and bright—just my old Maud!" And Lady Alice looked long and lovingly into the beautiful face of her friend.

There was a change in it which she could not define—something sweeter and softer—a certain shy look in the great dark eyes which might have betrayed the truth to a more experienced observer; but Lady Alice was a novice in the ways and looks of love.

"Now tell me who is here, Alice?" said Maud, as the girls sat in the pretty little boudoir opening out of Lady Alice's bed-room, sipping their tea. "I feel very shy, and want to know all about everybody, so that I may not talk of children to childless mothers, or wives to sorrowing widowers. The Castle is full, you say?"

"Pretty nearly, I think. First and foremost there are Lord and Lady Venner and their daughter Lady Florence,

XUM

Dewhurst's young lady. You have met them. Then there is Sir John Hill, a merry old bachelor, who is going to stand for Westham, and is here on election business; then there are Mr. and Mrs. Conway Meade—he small, shy, and inoffensive; she tall, languid, and very affected, always talking of the Conway Meades, compared to whom Adam himself is a *parvenu*. Then there are Helen and Aileen Gray, two great pets of mamma's—very nice girls indeed. Poor Aileen is very delicate—going into a decline, I fear. We met them in Scotland two years ago. I will tell you all about them another time. Then come Sir Hugh Follet and his two sisters, Janie and Millicent—you remember seeing them last year? Mamma means him to marry you, you know—dear old matchmaker! Oh, Maud, what a blush! Is there any hope?"

"None whatever, you little tease. Go on with your list."

"That is all, save a few young men for partners and croquet—Archie Duff, Lord George Graham, Harry Bellairs, and a Mr. Compton, a very nice, gentlemanly man, a barrister. Oh, dear, here is Edwards, and you haven't told me one word about yourself!"

"There will be plenty of time for that," said Maud, gaily, as she rose to go, rather glad to put off the announcement of her engagement. She meant to tell Lady Alice, though she had not said so to Captain Trevor. "Alice is nobody. She will not tell," she thought. "Besides, I could not keep it from her if I tried."

"Wait for me, Alice, when you are dressed," she called as she left the room. "I couldn't possibly go in alone."

"No, of course not. And we will pick up mamma *en passant*. I think she would like you to go in with her, as you are here alone."

Maud was very glad of Lady Dewhurst's sheltering presence when she entered the great white-and-gold drawing-room, where all the guests were assembled, waiting for dinner to be announced, for every head was turned, and many a steady stare followed the handsome girl as she moved down the room. Lady Dewhurst introduced her to one or two, and then Sir Hugh Follet came forward to renew his acquaintance, and the hostess, saying, "Sir Hugh will take you in to dinner, Maud," turned away to other guests.

He was a pleasant, gentlemanly-mannered man, this young Baronet, very tall and very fair, with white even teeth that gleamed out when his ever-ready smile came. Maud would have liked him if she had not been afraid that he liked her too well, and kept her in perpetual dread of his "saying too much." She could not help wishing now that he would not look so pleased as she took his arm to leave the room, but comforted herself with the thought that he would soon hear of her engagement, and then they would be very good friends.

His place, Norton Abbey, was only a few miles from Westerton—as Maud's house was called—and Maud's money would be a valuable addition to his income, which would be hardly equal to his position when his sisters' dowries were paid. Maud had a secret conviction that Lady Dewhurst would not receive the news of her engagement "to a nobody with no money" very warmly, apart from the mysterious unpleasantness to which Captain Trevor had alluded. And again she began wondering for the hundredth time what it was all about, till she was roused by the consciousness of being watched, and, raising her eyes, met the earnest gaze of a pretty bright-looking girl opposite.

"Who is that fair-haired girl opposite?" she asked her neighbor, in a low tone. "She is staring at me as if I ought to know her."

"She is a Miss Gray," replied Sir Hugh, in the same tone—"sister to that very pretty, delicate-looking girl next to Compton. They are Scotch, and strangers in these parts."

Maud looked towards the sister and almost started.

"Oh, what a lovely face!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, "and so sad and sweet! What wonderful eyes! How can you call her pretty! It is a face to dream of."

"And yet they say she is dying of a broken heart," returned Sir Hugh. "Some fellow jilted her in the most cruel manner because she has no money."

Was it a presentiment that made Maud's heart stand still and a certain faintness come over her? It was some seconds before she could say, in an unconcerned tone—

"How extraordinary! What was the man's name? Do you know?"

"He was Captain Trevor, of the Artillery," was the answer. "Lady Alice told me the story the other day. They were present during the whole affair, and he seems to have behaved in the most disgraceful manner. Lady Dewhurst won't hear his name mentioned—and he was a great pet of hers originally."

Maud knew all, and yet sat on calmly eating her dinner, talking carelessly of the weather, croquet, her neighbors, every-day topics, feeling all the time as if it was somebody else talking, somebody else sitting there listening to the general hum, and eating and drinking like the rest of the world. She was scarcely glad when dinner was ended and the ladies filed slowly out of the room in silence; she dreaded being alone to think out what she had heard; and yet there was a wild longing in her heart to get away from everybody and everything—to go on, on, and never stop again.

The two sisters were just in front of her, and she saw the slight, fragile form of the younger one shake with the dry, hard cough that told its own sad tale, saw her lean heavily on her sister's arm, whilst the exquisite carmine deepened in the delicate cheeks. Lady Dewhurst turned quickly at the sound, and waited at the drawing-room door till the two girls reached her. All the pleasant brightness had died out of her kind face, but her tones were more than usually gentle as she said—

"Aileen, my child, you stayed out too long to-day. Come and lie down on this couch, far away from the window, and don't talk for the present."

Aileen Gray smiled gratefully.

"I am only a little tired," she returned, gently. "I am always tired in the hot weather, you know."

Maud stood by and watched her as she lay on the couch, her breath coming quick and short, and the tell-tale cough returning at intervals, till a hand was laid on her shoulder and Lady Alice said—

"Come, Maud, let us get our shawls and go for a stroll. I want to talk to you."

They passed out through the library window when they had found some wraps, and for some minutes walked slowly up and down the terrace in silence. Maud's heart was too heavy to let her speak of the subject that filled it. Lady Alice broke the silence at last by saying, in a low tone—

"Oh, Maud, isn't it sad to see her? I fancy I see a difference every day—and poor Helen will not believe it. And she was such a bright, blooming, happy creature when we first knew her—so perfectly lovely."

"Tell me all about it," said Maud, in short abrupt tones. "Sir Hugh told me nothing but the bare facts."

"It was two years ago, when we were in Scotland," began her companion. "I could not pick up my strength after the scarlet-fever—and mamma thinks, of course, that there is nothing like her native air—so we all went to Buchanan Tower, as you know, for three months. It is a very wild, desolate place, very beautiful, but with nobody within a distance of ten miles. Our nearest neighbor was a Mr. Campbell, a queer old bachelor, who had these two orphan nieces living with him. He was very rich, and these girls were sup-

XUM

posed to be his heiresses. Of course we soon got to know them. You know mamma and I are equally weak about beauty, and we and the Grays used to be always together, rowing on the lake, riding, pic-nicking, all days and every day. I think Dewhurst was fast losing his heart to the lovely Aileen, when he stumbled by chance on an old friend who was stopping at a little wayside inn two miles off for fishing, and asked him to come and stay with us. He was a peculiarly fascinating, handsome man, a Captain Trevor, of the Artillery, so pleasant and gentlemanly, with the sweetest, brightest smile I think I ever saw. We all lost our hearts to him at once, but poor Aileen was in earnest. I think it was a genuine case of love at first sight on her side, and he—oh, Maud, I cannot help believing that he loved her! He was never absent from her side. Dewhurst gave up in despair, and after a fortnight Aileen told me that he had asked her to be his wife. Poor Aileen, she was so intensely happy! I never can bear to think of it now. Well, he went away when his leave was up, and used to write nearly every day—and his letters were as devoted as any girl could wish. Then Mr. Campbell died suddenly, and to everybody's surprise it was found that he had left these girls only a hundred a year each and a small cottage—all his money and the place went to a second cousin simply because he had the name. Aileen wrote off at once, and told her lover of this unexpected turn of affairs; and there came no answer for more than a week. Then he wrote—such a cold, cruel letter, saying that everything must be at end between them, as he could not possibly marry without money. Of course it cost him a great pang to write this, but he hoped she would soon forget him, and marry a more fortunate man. Maud, I think, if ever a man deserved hanging for murder, that man deserves it! Aileen made no

FRAMING THE "DARLING."

XUM

fuss; she took it quite quietly, far too quietly, but you could see that her life was over. She went about with a white still face and heavy dreamy eyes, but said nothing—never mentioned his name; nor did we ever see her shed a tear. After he went away she had a low nervous fever that lingered on and on for weeks, and she has never been really well since. She caught a bad cold last Winter, and this cold set in and has never left her; and now anybody can see that it is only a matter of a few months at the longest, and then her troubles will be over. My brother told me yesterday that she had heard the wretch was going to be married—to a girl with a lot of money of course. If Aileen hears of it, it will kill her at once, for I feel sure she loves him as much as ever."

"Then she had better not hear it," returned Maud, in a hard cold tone that made Lady Alice look up at her quickly.

"Maud, how white you are! Are you cold?"

"No, not cold, but I think we will go in;" and Maud shivered slightly. "I should like to talk to that poor girl. It is a very sad story, Alice—one I shall never forget."

CHAPTER VI.

MAUD ETHERIDGE was not likely to forget the story of Captain Trevor's perfidy, for it had changed the whole tenor of her life. She sat by her bed-room window, gazing out at the lovely prospect below, and thinking the matter all over. She could not shut out the sight of the sad, lovely face she had just left, and there was a secret conviction deep in her own heart that Arthur loved that face in reality, and had wooed her—Maud—for her money.

She recalled the seeming inconsistency of his behavior to her, his apparent coldness at times, his almost avoidance of her; and she argued that it was due to the battle going on between love and cupidity—the effort to make up his mind to marry the heiress, whilst he still loved the beautiful girl he had so cruelly forsaken. And then, when she (Maud) had betrayed—as she felt with a burning blush of shame and humiliation that she had done—her love for him, the temptation had been too strong, and he had spoken, in spite of himself, those false words of love.

And yet how true they had seemed on that one long happy day before he went away, and how intensely happy he had looked! A moan of bitter pain broke from poor Maud as she recalled those thrilling smiles and words of his. Burying her face in her hands, she murmured, "Never again—never, never! Oh, Arthur, my darling, would to Heaven I could die—that I had died before I heard this tale!" Many and many a resolution did she make as to her future conduct, only to break it as soon as made. The sun was shining and the birds were singing before she threw herself, half-dressed as she was, on to her bed, to fall into a heavy, dreamful sleep, from which she awoke heavy-hearted and unrefreshed.

Her mind was made up. She would write and tell him to come to her there—she must see him at once. She would then tell him all she had heard, break off her engagement, and urge him, if he had any of the feelings of a man, to marry poor Aileen, and make the few months that remained to her bright. This was the brave resolution that Maud rose prepared to carry out, ignoring the fact that it would be cruelty and not kindness to Aileen to make life so bright if she were doomed to leave it so soon. Maud would not acknowledge to herself that she did not believe Arthur would do it, though that was the real cause of her strength.

She argued aloud that he was not worthy of her love; she argued to herself that he still loved Aileen Gray, and would awake to the knowledge if he saw her again. But Maud's letter was not written. When Edwards came to her room, she brought a letter from Mrs. Percy, containing these few words:

"Dearest Maud—Your aunt has met with an accident, and I think you had better come home at once. The horses ran away after she had left you at the station, and she was thrown out. I will meet you by the twelve o'clock express at Anchester. Yours affectionately, MAY PERCY."

Maud read the note, and burst into tears. She could weep at this sorrow—the other was too deep for tears.

"Pack up everything, Edwards," she ordered, recovering her self-possession. "I must go home at once. Poor Aunt Barry is dreadfully hurt"—and she handed the note to her maid.

An hour later, a hurried breakfast eaten, and adieus said, she was on her way back to Westerton, her visit to Lorris Castle, so long looked forward to, over; and the few hours there had apparently wrecked the happiness of her whole life. She was thankful that she was not obliged to stay out the fortnight for which she had gone, for she was in no spirits for gaiety. Would she ever be again, she sadly wondered, as the train sped on through fields of green waving corn and fresh-cut hay, the scent of which came in faintly through the window. And, if Aunt Barry were to die, what would she have to live for? She was very fond of the kind-hearted old lady who had taken care of her for the ten years that had elapsed since Mrs. Etheridge died.

Mrs. Percy was standing on the platform when the train steamed into Anchester station, and almost started when she saw Maud's white, hopeless face appear at one of the carriage windows. She did not make any remark till they were seated in the phaeton, and then, putting her hand on Maud's, she said, gently:

"I'm afraid my letter has upset you terribly, dear; but you must not despair. Dr. Stenning says it is not a hopeless case. I knew you would never forgive me if I did not let you know at once. Geoffrey saw the accident, and came and told me, and I went to your aunt."

"Tell me all about it," said Maud. "In what part is she hurt?"

"Her head—she was thrown on to it, the coachman says. The horses bolted as they were coming home, frightened at a steam hay-cutter in a field; the carriage went over a heap of stones, and she was thrown out, though the man kept his seat. She has been insensible ever since, and Doctor Stenning is not quite sure how much the brain is injured. I wrote to Arthur Trevor also, and told him of the accident, so he will probably be with you before long; I half expected him by your train."

Maud uttered a low cry of pain.

"Oh, May, why did you write?" she cried, involuntarily. "I do not want him now—not yet."

May Percy opened her blue eyes wide with astonishment.

"Not want him yet!" she repeated. "Maud, you don't know the comfort of a man's strength to lean on; you could not go through this trial without him—he is so gentle and so calm. Not that I am hopeless about poor Aunt Barry, though; she may come round."

Maud did not answer. She could not speak of the real great trouble of her heart now, and she let her friend imagine that her grief was all on her aunt's account. It would be time enough to tell her when it was all over and Arthur gone forever; and that would be to-day, in all probability.

He would be sure to come as soon after the receipt of the bad news as possible, and he was very little farther away than she had been. Ah, well, better have it over at once—with that sad, sweet face fresh in her memory, the story of his heartless cruelty still ringing in her ears. Her strength

XUM

might fail if she did not carry out her resolution at once. Only this time yesterday how intensely happy she had been; and now——. Mrs. Percy almost started at the white, set misery of her face as they entered the house.

"Don't look like that, Maud dear," she said, earnestly. "There is hope still;" but Maud shook her head, and passed up the stairs in silence. There was no hope for her.

The doctor met them on the landing.

"Just the same," he said, in answer to her questioning look, "but we must hope for the best. Let me know directly there is any change. I shall come again this evening, if you do not send for me before;" and with a few more words of direction he went.

Maud and her friend entered the room noiselessly, but they needed not to have feared. Miss Barry still lay too unconscious to be aroused by any sounds, her thin face white and still as death; her hands lying simply on each side. A maid sat by the bedside watching for the first sign of returning animation.

"You had better not stay up here now, Maud," said Mrs. Percy. "It does not matter who is here while she is in this state, and you had better save your strength till she is sensible. She will like to have you with her then. Come down now and get some luncheon."

Maud followed her out of the room and down-stairs into the dining-room, when Mrs. Percy rang the bell, afraid to leave Maud to do it for herself. When the man appeared with the tray, she rose, saying—

"I must go home now, but I will come again later on. Probably Arthur Trevor will be here by that time. Tell him there will be a bed for him at our house for as long as he likes to stay."

She did not wait for an answer. Maud could not have given one. Laying her hat and cloak aside, she seated herself at the luncheon-table, but she could not eat, and, after drinking a glass of wine, she rose and wandered wearily into the morning-room.

How empty it looked—how miserable, deserted! Miss Barry's knitting lay on the table by the chair that was peculiarly her own, and Maud caught her breath convulsively as the fear came over her that perhaps she would never again see it tenanted by the dear familiar form. Placing herself on the ground by it, she laid her head on the seat and sobbed like a child, till, worn out and exhausted, she fell fast asleep, and for a time forgot her many sorrows.

Chapter VII.

Maud woke from her heavy sleep with a start. Somebody was bending over her, and, as she opened her eyes, a long, loving kiss was pressed on her cheek, and Arthur Trevor's voice said in her ear—

"Maud, my poor darling, I am sorry I woke you. You are tired out."

For a few happy moments she let her head rest on his shoulder, forgetful of the cruel truth, her brain still stupified with sleep; and then her recent experience rushed over her, and, pushing him from her, she hurriedly rose and faced him.

He opened his arms again, his handsome face all aglow, the smile that had thrilled her heart playing over it.

"My poor darling, I am so sorry," he began; but she stopped him hurriedly.

"Stop, stop, Captain Trevor," she exclaimed, "you must not speak like that. There is no need any longer to profess the love you do not or ought not to feel. All that is over now. You are free to return, if not too late, to the one you ought never to have left."

Captain Trevor gazed at her in bewilderment. "I do not understand you," he returned, in slow, quiet tones. "To whom do you allude?"

Maud crimsoned with anger.

"Are your victims so many?" she asked, bitterly. "I know of only one at present; but that is enough. Her death will lie at your door; but it shall not at mine. I now understand all that was kept such a secret. I know why you did not wish me to mention your name to Lady Dewhurst; and, when I tell you that poor Aileen Gray was at Lorris Castle, you will not wonder that I refuse once and forever to take your disgraced name."

The hot flush and look of shame which she had seen before came over Captain Trevor's face, and for some minutes he was silent. Then, in an altered tone, he said—

"Surely you do not mean to give me up for that, Maud? You would not be so cruel, so unjust? I cannot make poor Aileen happy or restore the past. I know my name is disgraced—nobody could feel it more bitterly than I do—but that cannot be helped now. You do not really mean to give me up in consequence?"

"Not give you up! Arthur Trevor, you do not know me. I could not bear a name for which I must blush as you have just blushed. Do you know that Aileen Gray is dying?"

He started.

"Dying! Aileen dying!" he exclaimed, in tones of deep distress. "Good heavens! has it come to that? Poor, poor Aileen!"

He turned away and walked to the window, and a wild pang of jealousy wrung Maud's heart at the sight of his emotion. She was right; he loved her still—that lovely girl. Could any man have loved her once and forget her? How thankful she was to have learnt all before it was too late! She was still free, and so was he—free to return to his forsaken love—and the thought stung her to fresh words.

"I am glad to see that you have some feeling left, Captain Trevor," she said, bitterly. "Surely, though she is not the heiress so necessary to your happiness, you can make the few months of life that still remain to her happy? Is that expecting a great deal of you? At any rate, I will not be the one to add another sorrow to her broken heart. She shall not hear of her faithless lover's marriage, if I can help it."

"I do not see how you can help it," he returned, slowly, still looking out into the garden.

"Probably not," allowed Maud, in the same stinging tones. "There are other heiresses in the world besides myself, and Captain Trevor is so skilled in the art of winning hearts that he is sure to get one sooner or later. He is clever at simulating love, and there are weaker women than myself in the world."

He turned and faced her, a look in his brown eyes which she could not understand.

"Is this fair? Is this kind?" he asked, quietly. "Maud, I do not understand you. I could not have thought you would be so cruel and hard. Refuse to be my wife, to bear my dishonored name, if you choose, but do not taunt me with what is not my fault. I cannot help Aileen Gray breaking her heart."

Maud laughed a short hard laugh.

"It is not your fault—oh, no, it is her weakness! She has no business to go on loving a man whom she cannot respect—a mean, calculating, cold-hearted fortune-hunter. Captain Trevor, that is my opinion of you. Surely, the sooner this is over the better. Why linger in the house that will never now be yours? If you have a spark of honor left, go and marry Aileen Gray; if not, find another and more confiding heiress."

He listened to her in silence, his face turning deathly white as he did so.

XUM

"You have made a slight mistake, Miss Etheridge," he said, in an altered tone, as she concluded, "but you have saved me from making a greater. It would have been peculiarly painful to me to be taunted by my wife, every time she lost her somewhat warm temper, with having married her for her money, so I am thankful for your release. The day will probably come when you will see things in a different light, and you will regret the hasty conclusion at which you have arrived. May you find a man more worthy of you and your money! Good-by."

He bowed and left the room, and Maud stood listening to his retreating footsteps, knowing that it was all over now, and that never again would Arthur Trevor trouble her. She had stung him to the quick—and he was not a man to forget, as he had once told her. He was gone, and it was in vain to tell herself that she was glad. She knew only too well that the happiness of her life was gone with him, and so strong was the revulsion that, but for very hopelessness, she would have called him back; but it was too late, and, sinking on her knees by the couch, she buried her face in the cushions, and moaned aloud in the bitterness of her anguish.

Perhaps he loved her after all. She could see that he deeply repented his former conduct. Why had she been so vehement? Why had she not let him speak? But no—it was best as it was. If she had listened to him, she must have relented, and then regretted it, perhaps for life. How moved he had been to hear of Aileen's illness! Perhaps he was going back to her now. No; she would never see him again, never think of him again—he loved Aileen still. And so, between bitter regret and still bitterer jealousy, she passed a weary, never-to-be-forgotten half-hour, forgetful even of her aunt's precarious condition.

She was aroused from her miserable dreams by the entrance of Mrs. Percy, and Maud saw at a glance that she knew all, and nerved herself for what was coming.

"Maud, are you mad?" exclaimed her friend. "What is the meaning of all this?"

"All what?" asked Maud, wearily. She had no spirit for a fresh contest.

"You know what I mean—your cruel, unjust treatment of Arthur Trevor! I have just seen him, and he told me of what you had said to him. How could you be so mad? You will never meet with such another man."

"I hope not," answered Maud, her throat swelling again; "one such has been too much for me."

Mrs. Percy looked at her in silence for a few moments, and then sat down in the nearest chair.

"It is all utterly unintelligible to me," she said, in a mystified tone. What can he have done to make you treat him like this? What can you have said to rouse him as you have done? Will you tell me?"

"Certainly I will," answered Maud. "It will do me good to repeat the whole affair, and silence your reproaches once for all."

And she told May all that she had heard, and all that had passed between her and Captain Trevor. Mrs. Percy listened in silence to the end, though her lips parted once or twice to speak.

"I don't understand it," she said, when Maud had ended. "There is some extraordinary mistake somewhere. I do not and will not believe what you say of Arthur Trevor. He is the very soul of honor. It will all be explained some day, and then it will be too late. He will never come back."

Maud shook her head.

"It cannot be explained, May," she observed, sadly. "It is all true. Why did he beg me not to mention his name to Lady Dewhurst? Why did he not deny the charge? If you had seen his look of shame when I mentioned the poor girl's name, you would doubt no longer. No; my life has had its romance, and it has not lasted long. Now I will seek to forget him as he deserves to be forgotten."

"You will not find that so easy. In spite of all you tell me, my faith is still firm in him. I have told him that he will find me always the same, and I am quite sure that he will come out blameless some day yet. You have been too hasty, Maud. But it is done now, so let us talk of it no more. How is Aunt Barry?"

Maud colored with shame.

"I have not seen her since you left," she said, guiltily. "I fell asleep till—he came, and since then I have not thought about her. Let us go and see. I suppose they would have called me if there had been any change, but still I ought not to have neglected her so long. Oh, May, May, would to Heaven I could change places with her!"

She rose wearily to her feet, and they went upstairs together to the darkened room. The maid started as they approached, and hastily concealed a novel that she had been reading.

"Just the same, miss," she said, hurriedly. "She has never breathed or stirred since you went away."

Even as she spoke, Miss Barry turned her head slowly on the pillow. Maud bent over her breathlessly.

"Dear auntie," she said, in a hushed, eager voice, "are you awake? Do you know me?"

Miss Barry opened her eyes, and looked into the flushed face.

"Yes, Maud," she whispered, faintly, "but my head still aches. I won't get up yet; and, with a sigh, she closed her eyes once more and relapsed into stupor or fell asleep—Maud did not know which—whilst May stole hastily from the room to send for Doctor Stenning.

Chapter VIII.

That was the turning-point. In a few days Doctor Stenning was able to tell them that all danger was past, though Miss Barry still remained very weak and prostrate.

Maud nursed her with an unceasing, untiring devotion, born partly of her reluctance to think of herself, or, rather, of Arthur Trevor. For a time she partially succeeded in putting him from her thoughts. But, when her aunt was well on the road to recovery, and hardly needed her any longer, the reaction set in, and she sank into a low morbid frame of mind, refusing to go out even for a ride or drive, passing hours on the garden-seat by the water, where she had sat with him so often, and, though despising herself for her weakness, unable to rouse herself from the depression into which she had sunk. It was as much physical as mental. She had tasked her strength severely in her night and day watches by her aunt's bedside, her appetite was gone, and Miss Barry and Mrs. Percy both saw with concern that she would soon make herself seriously ill if allowed to go on as she was going.

"I don't know what is to be done," said Miss Barry, with tears in her eyes. "I have said all I can, and she takes no notice. She had a note from Lady Alice this morning, entreating her to go and finish her visit there, now that I am well enough to be left, but she will not go."

Mrs. Percy remained silent for a few minutes, and then, looking up brightly, she said—

"I did not know of that. It would do her good to go—and she shall go, or my name is not May Percy. If that Scotch girl is there still, she may rouse herself into a state of wholesome indignation over her imaginary wrongs. I wish I could get to the bottom of this affair, Aunt Barry. Nothing shall induce me to believe that Arthur Trevor behaved as they say he has."

Miss Barry shook her head slowly.

"My dear, you are young, and he is very handsome and fascinating. From what Maud tells me, I have no doubt of the truth of the story. I wish she had never seen him."

"So do I now, for I know matters will never be put straight between them—they are both too proud. Of course I may tell Maud that you will come to us while she is away? The change would do you good, and I will keep the children very quiet."

"You are very kind, my dear, but I am sure Maud will not go; she is very willful." And Miss Barry sighed as she took up her knitting.

"We shall see," said Mrs. Percy, laughing. "I am quite as willful as she is;" and she ran down the lawn more like a girl than the staid mother of three children.

Maud was sitting in her usual place, and scarcely turned her head as her friend approached.

"I really must get you a dog or a goat, Maud," exclaimed Mrs. Percy, in a bantering tone. "You act Sterne's Maria to such perfection that it is a pity not to have the thing complete? Which will you have?"

Maud colored crimson. They were almost the exact words that Captain Trevor had addressed to her in the same place, and she had laughingly scorned the idea. She remembered how the conversation had gone on—how he had asked her if she believed in a broken heart, and how strange his manner had been. She understood it all now, and her heart swelled at the thought.

"Well, Maud, I am waiting for your decision;" and Mrs. Percy leaned forward and looked into her face mischievously. "I am quite sure Geoffrey will get me a pretty one when I tell him who it is for."

Maud's eyes flashed as she answered quickly—

"I wish you would not talk such nonsense, May. I have a headache, and came here to be quiet."

"It is nothing of the sort," contradicted May, in the same teasing tones. "You have sent away your lover, and came here to pine after him;" and she sang—

"Till by the glassy river's side
A weeping damsel I espied."

Maud turned on her angrily.

"May, you are very rude; I will not stand such nonsense. I hope I have far too much self-respect to fret after a man who has behaved as Captain Trevor has."

"Appearances are against you, scornful maid! You look uncommonly love-lorn, and everybody is pitying you for the cruel way in which Captain Trevor has treated you. Mrs. Mallett said yesterday that she quite thought he meant something, and that really there was no trusting any man now, especially officers."

"Let the old gossip think what she likes," returned Maud, carelessly; but May saw that her shot had told, and rose to her feet.

"Very well. If you don't object to be viewed in so interesting a light, it is no affair of mine. Aunt Barry says Lady Alice has written to ask you to go to Lorris Castle again. Are you going?"

"I don't know—I haven't made up my mind," answered Maud; and May knew that her work was done.

"Well, if you do, Aunt Barry must come and stay with us," she said, carelessly. "The change would revive her. Good-by. It is nearly one o'clock. Geoffrey will be waiting luncheon for me."

Maud sat for a few moments thinking over what had passed, and then walked back to the house with her old quick tread. Aunt Barry looked up in some surprise; but Maud avoided her gaze, and, taking up a book, stood looking into it for a few minutes before she said, in a careless tone—

"Aunt Barry, I have been thinking that perhaps Alice will be disappointed if I refuse to go to Lorris Castle; so, if you really do not mind being left, perhaps—that is, I had better accept, and say I will come."

"I have thought so from the first," returned her aunt, scarcely able to restrain a smile. "You have quite knocked yourself up nursing me, and the change would refresh you."

"Perhaps it would. Well, I'll write and tell her that she may expect me on Friday. I have no doubt May will take care of you."

"I shall go and stay with her probably," answered the old lady; and Maud went to write her note before her resolution failed.

* * * * * * *

With what different feelings did Maud approach the grand old pile the second time! May's words had aroused her sufficiently to prevent her giving way to the sensation of hopeless desolation that had oppressed her before; but they could not allay the dull heavy pain at her heart.

She recalled the proud happy consciousness that had filled her as she drove under those stately beeches on the last occasion, the impatient longing for the time when she could tell her friend her treasured secret, and try and give her some vague impression of Arthur Trevor's perfection; and she sickened at the bitter contrast of then and now.

"Why do I go on loving him still," she asked herself, reddening with shame at the confession, "when I know him to be so utterly unworthy? He is not the man I loved, and yet his face is always before my eyes night and day, his voice in my ears. How I should despise any other girl for such weakness! I will not think of him, I will not love him, if there is any power on earth to conquer love."

But, though the resolution lent a transient glow to her cheeks and vigor to her step, Lady Alice, who met her in the hall, exclaimed, in dismay—

"Oh, Maud, how ill you look! What have you been doing to yourself?"

"I suppose Nature did not mean me for a sick nurse—that is all," answered Maud, smiling. "I own I feel a good deal knocked up, but I shall be all right when I have been here for a few days."

"My poor old dear, how thankful I am you are come! I shall so delight in petting and coddling you;" and Lady Alice passed her arm lovingly round her friend's waist. "You shall be quiet or gay, whichever you like, and we will take such care of you, and send you back so blooming that Aunt Barry won't recognize you. How is the dear old lady? What a terrible accident it was! I don't wonder you are so upset, it was such a shock." And the young girl talked on in her low, sweet tones that reminded Maud of the cooing of a dove, never pausing for an answer.

Maud was glad, for she did not feel much inclined to talk. There seemed to be only one subject on which she could talk now, and that she did not wish to mention—not yet, at least, if ever.

"Are there many people here?" she asked, as they entered her room.

"A few. The Grays are still here and Sir Hugh Follet, the latter still hoping you will relent and have pity upon him some day. He went away the day after you left, and has only just reappeared. It is very likely my scheming mother informed him of your probable return."

"Alice," said Maud, gravely, "I wish she wouldn't interfere in the matter. I know she means well, and thinks he would make me very happy, but it's quite out of the question. I shall never marry."

"Oh yes, you will," returned her friend, laughing. "It

XUM

is only people who have been crossed in love who remain single wilfully, and I don't think that is likely to be your fate, Princess Maud;" and she glanced as she spoke at the beautiful face before her.

"You think no man would give up an heiress when he had a chance of marrying her and hers?" questioned Maud, bitterly. "No, not if he had any choice in the matter, perhaps. However, I don't intend to subject any man to the temptation. I am not for sale."

Lady Alice shook her head reproachfully.

"Maud, I don't like to hear you talk like that, as if you had no faith in disinterested feelings or love. It sounds hard, and I don't know what. I thought you were softer and gentler the other day than you used to be—not so bitter. Don't let me find myself mistaken."

"I am not so well as I was then," observed Maud, wearily. "Let us hope that has something to do with it. I wish I were like you, Alice, so trusting and full of belief in all that is good; but I have been so often deceived that I am rapidly losing faith in everybody. Come, we must dress, or we shall be late for dinner."

Lady Alice walked thoughtfully along the corridor to her own room.

"There is something wrong that I do not know of yet," she said to herself, "but I fancy Maud will tell me if I let her alone. Poor girl, she does not seem happy."

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Lady Alice rejoined her friend, ready dressed for dinner, she found her in a totally different frame of mind from that in which she had left her half an hour previously. The weary air and bitter tone were gone, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright; though, if she had looked closely, she would have detected a false ring in this apparent brightness.

"Come, Alice, I have been waiting for you," said Maud; "I feel sure everybody has gone down, and dinner will be waiting. Lady Dewhurst has been here to greet me, and has gone down, so we shall have to go in alone."

"Never mind—we are old enough to take care of ourselves," rejoined Lady Alice, smiling.

In two minutes more they were in the great dining-room, Maud greeting all she knew and answering a dozen questions about her aunt's accident. Poor Sir Hugh, anticipating his usual cold reception, came forward shyly, and was almost struck dumb by the bright glance and cordial tone that met his timid greeting, while Helen Gray's heart warmed within her as she heard the softened tones of real interest in which Maud asked her poor sister how she was.

The sight of Aileen's sad, delicate face aroused all Maud's former indignation, and did her good. She felt glad that she had had it in her power to punish the man who had wrought this ruin, and was thankful that the first blow of hearing of his marriage would not come through her. "It is only a temporary reprieve, probably," she thought, as she recalled his words, "I do not see how you can help it;" "but, at any rate, my conscience is free. I could not have come here and looked that poor girl in the face if I were still engaged to him;" and with renewed brightness she turned to accept Sir Hugh's escort to the dinner-table.

She sought Helen Gray's side when they were in the drawing-room, and exerted her utmost powers of pleasing to distract her thoughts; but Helen, though warmly disposed towards her companion, could scarcely attend to what she was saying, so intently was she watching her sister.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Etheridge," she said at last, with a sad smile. "I'm afraid you must think me very rude and inattentive, but Aileen's cough is so very troublesome to-night. I am wondering whether we ought not to start for Cannes at once. Doctor Ingram says she had better go there for the Winter, if she does not shake off this cough soon."

"Oh, there is no need to go yet!" observed Maud, quickly. "Why, we are only just beginning August. There will be no need to leave England for another month or six weeks. Do you go alone?"

"That is just the thing. If I dared, I should like to wait, for Lady Dewhurst is going there in September or October, and would look after us; but Lord Dewhurst is to be married in the middle of September, so, of course, his mother cannot go sooner. Perhaps I am foolishly nervous, but Aileen is all I have in the world;" and her voice died away in a whisper as she turned her head quickly away.

They were sitting in a deep oriel window with a seat all round, almost hidden from everybody by the heavy black-and-gold curtains. Maud took her hand in hers.

"I am so very sorry for you," she said, in a low, feeling voice. "Alice told me all the story, and how cruelly Aileen's life has been blasted. But I have not told her, or anybody, and I do not want you to repeat how he has been punished. He contracted an engagement with me, probably because of my money, but I think he cared for me, too"—her voice shook and faltered—"and the day I left here I saw him and told him I knew all, and would never speak to him again. Are you glad?"

Helen turned to her with crimson cheeks and glittering eyes.

"Glad! How can you ask? I have been dreading this ever since he left Aileen. It would kill her at once to hear he was married, for her love is not one whit altered. Oh, how noble of you! What can I say to you? But it must have cost you so much to give him up; he is so fascinating, so handsome—everything apparently that a girl could wish."

Maud's lip quivered as she answered—

"Ah, but it is only veneer. He is not worthy of the love of any honorable girl. I only wish I could publish the facts all over England, and keep him from marrying any one else."

"Never mind. This is a reprieve, and he cannot engage himself to any one else just yet."

"I don't know," observed Maud, sadly. "He might do it on purpose. He told me I could not help his marrying—there were plenty of heiresses in the world. However, I have done my part; the blow, when it falls, will not come from my hand."

Helen bent forward and kissed her impulsively.

"Heaven reward you!" she exclaimed. "I cannot find words even to thank you."

It was the first real glow of satisfaction that Maud had felt since her engagement had ended, and it did her good. Her heart felt lighter, and her smile came with less effort as she answered—

"I thought it would be a satisfaction to you, but I would rather nobody else knew. I did care for him very much, and the disappointment is only a few weeks old. Some day, when I am quite cured, I shall tell Lady Alice, but at present I don't want to talk about him."

"Of course not," agreed the other, thoughtfully. "It must be very hard to forget him. I have never seen any one so fascinating, so thoroughly winning as he is. His smile was so sweet, it seemed to light up his face like sunshine, and his voice was such a full, soft, manly one."

Maud shuddered from head to foot. "Please don't!" she exclaimed, in a quick low tone that betrayed her great pain, and then she rose hurriedly to leave the room, but was stopped by Sir Hugh Follet.

"I have been looking for you, Miss Etheridge, for the last quarter of an hour," he said, brightly. "We are in full discussion of a picnic for to-morrow at St. Abb's ruins, about nine miles from here, and we want your voice and consent. Come, Miss Gray, we are getting up quite an excitement about it."

"I cannot come. It would tire Aileen too much, and I can't leave her," answered Helen. "But you must go, Miss Etheridge; so go and join in the discussion, and tell me your decision afterwards."

Maud went, glad to escape from her own painful thoughts, to where an animated conversation was going on among the young people as to who should ride and drive—whether they should dine, or have a gipsy tea, and so forth.

"Maud, you shall come with me in my pony-carriage," said Lady Alice, making room for her friend on the ottoman. "You are not nervous, and the ponies are rather fresh."

"I shall ride," exclaimed Constance Vernon, a dark, handsome girl, who had made up her mind to be Lady Follet whether Sir Hugh liked it or not. "Sir Hugh, I shall expect you to take care of me, as you are such a good rider."

"I am not a good rider, Miss Vernon," returned Sir Hugh, shortly—"men of my height never are—and you are too daring for me to undertake the charge of. Lady Alice, if I am very good, won't you take me too? I'll promise not to scream if the ponies bolt."

Lady Alice laughed mischievously.

"My pony-carriage is too small for a man of your height," she retorted, merrily.

"But I can pack away very small," extenuated Sir Hugh, "and I'll push behind whenever we come to a hill. You will want a gentleman to look after the ponies when we get to the ruins."

"Well, if you have quite set your heart upon it," said Lady Alice, "I suppose I must make room for you; but I think it is very cruel to my poor ponies."

"But you said they were rather fresh," rejoined Sir Hugh, quickly; whilst Constance Vernon tossed her head, saying, with a sneer——

"I wonder you are not too proud, Sir Hugh, to force yourself where you are not wanted."

"Sir Hugh reddened, and looked from Lady Alice to Maud.

"If I thought so, really," he began, hesitatingly; but Maud said, quickly:

"Yes, Sir Hugh, we do want you really to push behind up the hills, and pull us back coming down them. You will make a first-rate drag."

The young baronet laughed, his face brimful of delight, and Constance Vernon moved off, saying:

"Of course I was alluding only to Lady Alice. I never supposed for a moment that your presence would be objected to by Miss Etheridge."

Maud smiled, utterly careless of what anybody said or thought about a matter concerning which she was so totally indifferent; but Lady Alice looked extremely annoyed. With an effort she turned the conversation; but, when she could speak without being overheard, she said, hurriedly:

"I think, Maud, after that, I had better tell him not to come with us."

"Do nothing of the sort," advised her friend, promptly; "Miss Vernon is simply trying to entrap him, and, as she has chosen to be impertinent, I will punish her by keeping him at my side all the day. I think I can."

"Of course you can; but don't be cruel to him in your efforts to vex her. He is very much in earnest, I am sure."

Maud laughed a bitter little laugh.

"I don't believe in any man's being in earnest for long," she returned, in a hard tone. "However much he may be in love one week, he will have got over it by the next."

"Maud, don't talk like that," exclaimed her friend. But Maud only answered by a kiss as she turned away towards her bed-room.

Chapter X.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful in all the golden glory of an August sun. The young people were in high spirits, the elder ones could only forebode a thunderstorm, so cloudless was the sky, and Maud, with the recollection of her conversation with Helen Gray fresh in her mind, felt brighter and more satisfied than she had for some time, and came downstairs determined to enjoy herself, if possible, to-day.

Sir Hugh met her in the hall with an exquisite tea-rosebud and a piece of dark heliotrope carefully arranged, which he offered her shyly.

"Look here, Miss Etheridge," he said, hurriedly, "I've just been picking these for you to wear to-day. Will you accept them?"

Maud hesitated, unwilling to appear to encourage attentions she did not intend to accept, and said, slowly:

"Thank you, Sir Hugh; it is very kind of you, but——"

"Dear me, what a touching scene! So sorry to intrude," exclaimed Miss Vernon's voice behind her, in a sarcastic tone. "A regular case of—

'What, not accept my simple flowers?
Ah, then indeed I am undone!'

Poor Sir Hugh, after getting his boots so wet on the dewy grass, too!"

Maud crimsoned, but only said, carelessly:

"Don't jump to conclusions too hastily, Miss Vernon. If I don't wear these, I shall ask Sir Hugh to get me some more. It depends on the color of my dress."

"I never supposed for a moment you meant to refuse them," returned Miss Vernon. "It was only a pretty hesitation, very touching. I like to see young ladies backward in receiving the attentions of gentlemen."

"Do you," returned Maud, dryly. "I should never have supposed it."

Constance Vernon deigned no reply, but, with a heightened color, sailed on to the breakfast-room, whilst Maud, with a smile that made poor Sir Hugh's heart beat fast, said:

"At any rate, I can wear them with this white dress," and, fastening the flowers in her belt, she followed Miss Vernon.

That young lady's words had aroused a spirit of mischief in her, and, though secretly ashamed of herself, she could not resist the temptation to encourage Sir Hugh in every way, so as to keep him securely at her side. Of what was to follow she would not think. If the worst came to the worst, and she found that his happiness was really at stake, he was an amiable, pleasant young man, and she might be happier with him than leading the aimless life of a solitary old maid. However, into that she did not look yet. Her present object was to vex and thwart Miss Vernon, and to keep herself from thinking.

At eleven the whole party assembled in the great hall to start on their expedition. Lady Dewhurst, old Sir James and Lady Russell, and an old Miss Vernon, aunt of the dashing Constance, were to go in the first carriage; the Conway Meades—who still hung on—and two Miss Follets in the second; Maud and Lady Alice in the pony-carriage, with Sir Hugh in the little back seat; Lord Dewhurst and Lady Florence, Miss Vernon and Sir John Hill, and a Miss Amy Vane were to ride. All were in high spirits except

XUM

Constance Vernon, and jokes flew gaily round as the hampers were slung on to the carriages, cloaks and wraps packed away, and riders and drivers mounted to their seats.

"I wish you joy of your roomy seat. Sir Hugh!" laughed Constance Vernon as she rode off. "I would give five shillings to see it come off! I'll wait for you at the hills, in case you want an extra horse to pull the party up;" and she cantered after Sir John, who admired the dark-eyed girl, and was torn to pieces between her charms and those of stately Helen Gray.

Constance Vernon, wisely considering that, failing the young Baronet, the old knight would be better than a plain Mr., exerted herself to please him, but, rather overdoing it, alarmed him lest he should be caught before he knew where he was, and find afterwards that he liked Helen Gray best, and so defeated her own object. Meantime the trio in the pony-carriage trotted merrily along, the ponies apparently utterly unconscious of the long Baronet behind, who faithfully fulfilled his promise, and pushed behind when they came to a hill.

LONGFELLOW'S POEM, "THE TWO ANGELS."

They were the first to arrive at the pretty wood where they were all to dine, and they strolled about the ruins, with which they were all three familiar.

"By-the-bye, Lady Alice," exclaimed Sir Hugh, suddenly turning round from the lovely view they were all admiring, "it is lucky that the Misses Gray did not come to-day, for Captain Trevor is staying with old Mr. Denham, who, it seems, is an uncle of his, and lives here. Your brother and I were riding past here yesterday, and we met the old gentleman driving in an open carriage; and I asked Dewhurst who the good-looking fellow with him was, and he said Trevor of the Artillery, nephew of the old man; and I remembered the name directly, but I did not allude to the subject, knowing it is a very sore one with him."

"Thank Heaven, Aileen did not come!" exclaimed Lady Alice, clasping her hands. "The house is within a few hundred yards of where we shall dine, and very likely he may come through the wood. I know Mr. Denham is his uncle, but I thought Captain Trevor was quartered in Ireland. Dewhurst never told me he had met him."

She could say no more, for several of the others now joined them, and Maud, feeling faint with mingled dread and hope, wandered a little apart from the rest to think over what she had heard.

Within a few hundred yards of her! Oh, if she might only see his face and hear his voice once more! She need not speak to him--in fact, she felt it was highly probable that he would not speak to her—but to see his face would suffice. Alas, she did not know till now how madly, how passionately she loved him still! She was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she scarcely heard them calling her to come to dinner, but, seeing Sir Hugh approaching her, she went forward hurriedly, unwilling to be alone with him in her present frame of mind. She almost loathed him in the reaction that had set in, and the poor fellow was quite taken aback at her evident change of feeling, her abrupt, cold answers, and averted looks.

"Have I offended you, Miss Etheridge?" he asked, humbly, under the clatter of plates and knives and the buzz of conversation.

"No, not in the least, Sir Hugh," she answered hastily, feeling ashamed of her variable moods, "but I have a headache, and it makes me cross."

"I am so sorry,'. said the young Baronet, in a tone of relief; "I suppose it was the long hot drive." And with wonderful tact he forbore to worry her by offering her every food and beverage before her.

How thankful she was when the meal was ended and she could rise and wander away! Sir Hugh did not follow her, but Lady Alice did, and linking her arm in that of Maud's they walked along lovingly conversing.

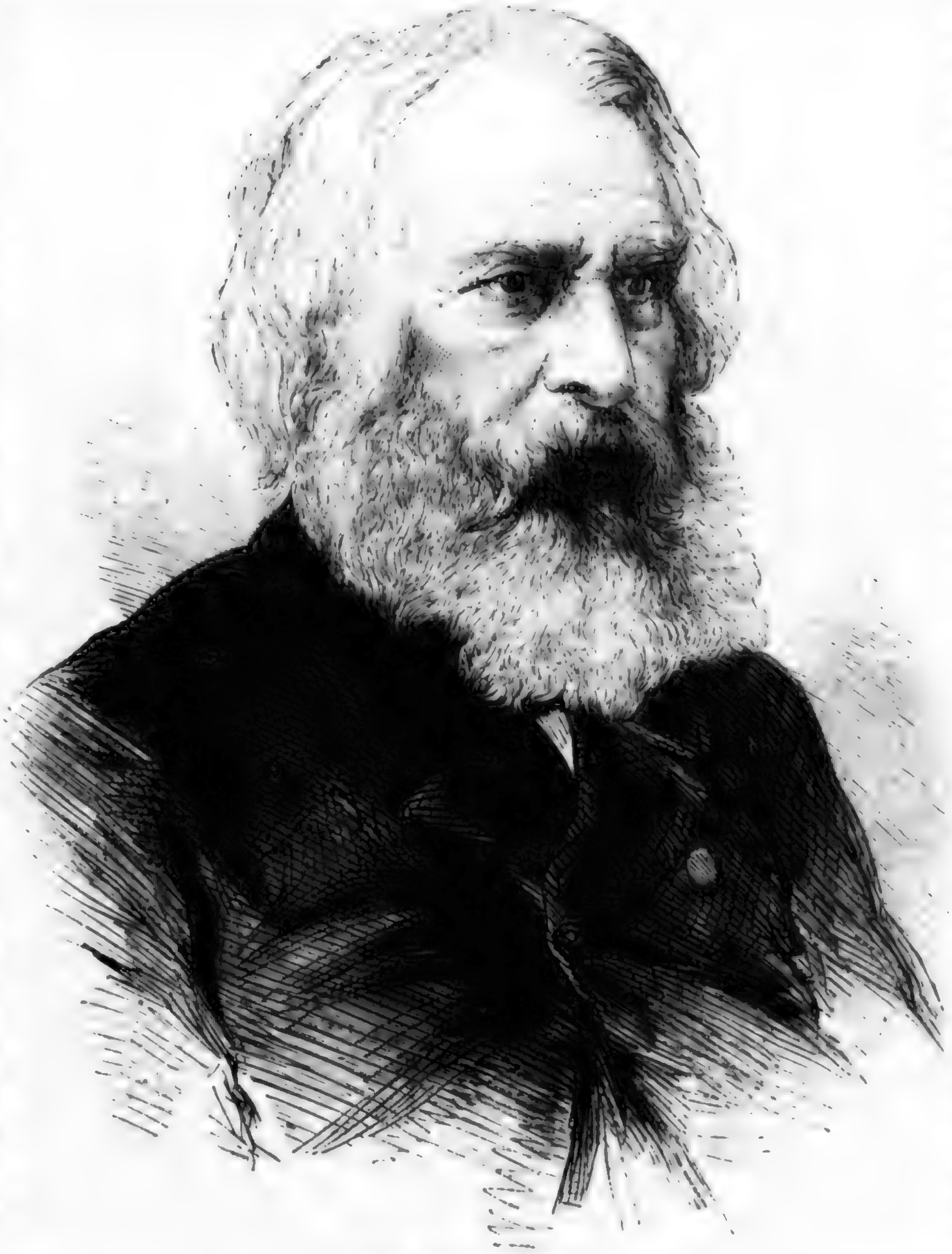
(To be continued.)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

None of our American poets has so established himself as a favorite wherever the English language is spoken — in England as in America—to the same extent as Longfellow. He has not, indeed, the philosophical depth of Bryant or the weird fancy of Poe, but he has such a fund of human sympathy, is so pure in thought and language, so exalted in his aims, that he has won upon the hearts of the people while critics stood debating. He has won success even where his poems have been fettered by metre or cadence that was new and unfamiliar to the ear, like his hexameters, or the form of his "Hiawatha."

His last volume, "Pandora," brings him again before us, with poems, some of which are sure to remain in that strange crucible of popularity among the minted literary coinage, to pass and circulate through the land.

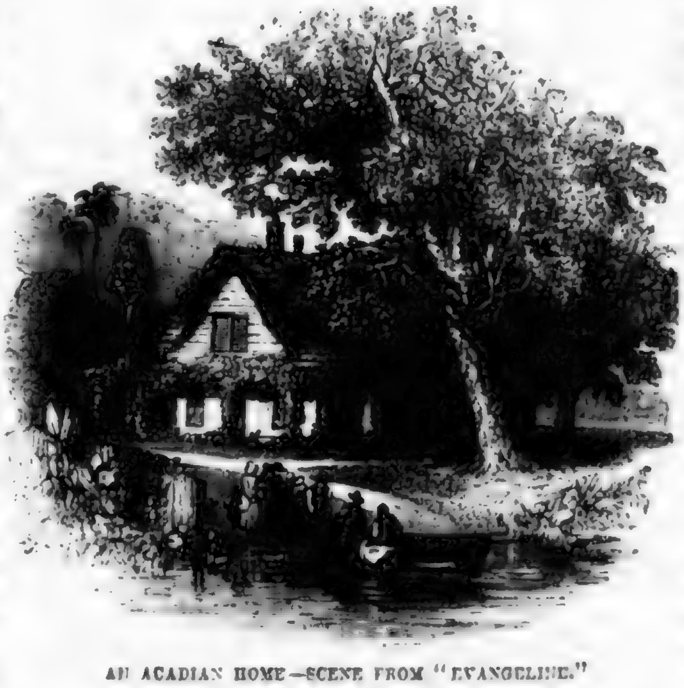
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born on the stormy rock-bound coast of Maine, in 1807, with the whisper of the pines answering to the roar of the ocean. The son of an eminent lawyer, he entered Bowdoin College and graduated with honor. On him the course of culture was not thrown away; the poetic impulse implanted in him by nature was trained by the study of what other lands and other nations had given the world of poetry.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

His literary taste and ability, shown by poems written in college days, led to the offer of the Professorship of Modern Languages and Literature in his Alma Mater, and he accepted it on the condition that he should be allowed a period for foreign travel and study. After three years spent in France, Italy, Spain and Germany, he assumed the duties of a professor, and more than twenty years of his life were passed in that college and Harvard, where he occupied a similar position.

He has been a happy poet; happy in the absence of the cares and trials which, as literary history so pathetically tells us, have been but too frequently the almost inevitable attendants of genius. A life spent amid cultured associates, with a domestic circle full of affection and charm, broken only by a sad accident, which deprived him almost instantly of the cherished partner of his hopes and joys, has been granted to him.



AN ACADIAN HOME—SCENE FROM "EVANGELINE."

His poems are too many to mention even by name. "Evangeline," the "Golden Legend," and "Hiawatha," among those of greater length, have never lost their hold on the affections of the people; while, of his minor poems, his "Balm of Life," his "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "Paul Revere's Ride," and many another, find their way into all collections, are learned by heart in the days of youth, and accompany thousands through life with their lessons.

XUM

It has been well and justly observed that, "as a poet, he appeals to the universal affections of humanity, and expresses, with the most delicate beauty, thoughts which find sympathy in all minds. Averse to everything harsh, bitter, disdainful or repellent, there is no element in his poetry to call forth an ungracious or discordant emotion. It is always tolerant and human, kindled by wide sympathies, and with a tender sense of every variety of human condition. He combines in a rare degree the sentiment of the artist with the practical instincts of the man of the world. His thoughts are uniformly lucid and transparent, and never clouded by fanciful verbiage or obscurity. However vivid his imagery, he never seduces the attention from the main idea. Without attempting to represent the depths of passion, in his own sphere of feeling he is a genuine master, and the purity, sweetness, and refinement with which he delineates the affections of the heart, make him the most welcome of visitants at the fireside."

"Evangeline," that touching story of enduring love, a tale of that cruel episode in our history, the seizure of the Neutral French at Minas, when they were deprived in an instant of home and property, to be thrown as paupers on our coast, from Massachusetts to Georgia, can never fail to touch the heart. The picture of the happy Acadian farms is perfect; no less so the fell hour when the prisoners, without regard to ties of kindred or love, were sent out to the ships which were to bear them from their blazing homes; but touching, above all, is Evangeline's long search for her lover, and her finding him on his death-bed.

As a specimen of Longfellow's minor poems, we give and illustrate "The Two Angels," which, like most of his noted lays, is the song of a feeling common to every mind in moods into which every mind is liable to fall. He expresses that looking forward to death felt at times by all for themselves or their kindred, and also pictures the house in which the blow actually falls.

"THE TWO ANGELS.

"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

"Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

"I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then, said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
'Beat not so low, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!'

"And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

"I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor, and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

"The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

"Then, with a smile, that filled the house with light,
'My errand is not Death but Life,' he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

"All is of God! if He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

"Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?"

"OUR PONY."

AN Oriental legend tells us that when Allah was engaged in the work of creation, He tempered the lightning with the west wind, and so produced the horse. Fanciful and absurd as this may at first sight appear, yet when we consider the qualities blended in the equine race—the fire, the indomitable courage, joined to docility, gentleness, and intellectuality—we cannot fail to appreciate the whimsical idea.

When I was quite a youngster, my father became the fortunate possessor of a black pony, about twelve hands high called "Tempus." He brought his name with him, and its origin we could not discover, but my brother John—a collegian in his teens, and of course a great authority—advanced the theory that it referred to the similarity between the speed of the pony and the flight of time.

"Tempus" was about six years old at the date of his advent to our stables, and for symmetrical beauty, pluck, and sagacity had not his equal in the country—at least so we believed; perhaps we were prejudiced in his favor, but I, who owe much to him and revere his memory, still adhere to the opinion that there never existed a pony like him. Though gentle and kind, especially to us children, who sometimes tormented him sadly, the spirit of mischief seemed to be inherent in him, and scarcely a day passed but some new story of the tricks of "Tempus" would be recorded.

His favorite amusement during the fall of the year was to leap the hedge, or open the gate—he could do either easily—which divided the paddock from the orchard, and regale himself upon the choicest apples. He disdained the fallen fruit, but, taking a flying leap, would cull the rosiest specimens from the branches in his career.

Once he managed to obtain access to the flower-garden in front of the house, and, after regaling himself with a few dozen nasturtiums, boldly pushed open the porch-door, and entered the hall. The door was one that closed with a spring, but, having caught the mat, had remained ajar; when, however, Master "Tempus" urged it open, and crossed the threshold, it closed with a loud bang. Unconscious of danger, he advanced a few paces, until suddenly he found himself confronted by a huge black bear—a stuffed trophy of my father's. This was too much even for the plucky pony, his equanimity was completely upset, and he sought to beat an ignominious retreat; but the hall-door had shut to, and exit was cut off. In his terror, he burst open the door of the dining-room, wherein I was seated, capsized a dumb-waiter and a few chairs, and with one mad bound sprang through the casement which overlooked the lawn. By the time I recovered from my astonishment sufficiently to comprehend the state of affairs, he had returned to his own pasture. But what raised "our pony" to the pinnacle of fame will be found in the following anecdote:

A deep river, about forty yards in breadth, wound through the meadow in which "Tempus" was usually put to grass. In its pellucid depths abounded fish of many kinds, and my fondness for piscatorial sport frequently led me to its banks, though my mother used always to feel an instinctive dread of accident happening whenever she saw me issue from the house with my rod and tackle.

One bright and beautiful afternoon I set out for my favorite sport, a shady nook on the river's bank near where fish did mostly congregate, heedless of maternal warnings as to carelessness. I staid a moment in the meadow to pat the sleek, arching neck of the pony, who trotted up to me, and affectionately thrust his nose into my hand, and then commenced my self-imposed task of endeavoring to ensnare members of the finny tribe with the most tempting bait my can could afford. But it was no use, the weather was unpropitious—too bright—and the fish persistently refused to even so much as taste the palatable morsels I had prepared for their delectation. Just beyond where a tree grew as it had fallen, partly across the stream, was a deep hole famed for fish; but I could not drop my line in this spot without crawling some distance along the prostrate trunk. This I had been specially forbidden to do, for much danger attended such a proceeding; but being rather an undutiful child, and hating to go home with an empty basket and incur the derision of my brothers, I determined to essay the perilous feat at all hazards. I had not progressed half a dozen yards when a dry branch, to which I had clung, snapped beneath my weight, and I was precipitated into the water. I uttered a wild shriek of dismay as I fell, a wail for succor that was suddenly silenced as I sank beneath the surface of the rapid-rushing river. Back to my memory came my mother's words as I struggled in the eddying flood, and bitterly I repented not having obeyed her oft-reiterated mandate. When I rose, I cried again aloud, though I knew that none were near to heed or rescue me, and the agonizing conviction that I should yield my life to the smiling stream, and sink a livid corpse among the hideous weeds beneath its depths, struck terror in my heart.

No human aid was near, yet succor came. A mighty splash resounded in my ears as I rose for the third time, and an instant afterward, though half-unconscious, I felt my jacket seized in an iron grasp, and knew that I was being drawn out of the silent stream that would have borne me unto death.

With that tendency peculiar to all drowning persons to grasp anything within reach, I extended my hands and clutched the mane of "our pony"—for it was he who, having seen my peril, had so bravely come to my assistance.

A little while and the noble animal, still fast holding my clothes in his teeth, clambered up the river's bank, drew me a sufficient distance from the brink to disallow of the probability of my again falling into the water, and then scampered off at lightning speed toward the house.

Overleaping every obstacle in his path, he soon gained the stable-yard, and at once attracted a groom's attention by gently seizing his shoulder, and pulling him in the direction of the meadow. The man, noticing the handsome animal's saturated coat and peculiar action, though he knew not what to attribute it to, permitted himself to be led for some distance, and when de detected me lying on the bank, started to run, preceded by "Tempus." When he came up I had in great measure recovered my senses; so, placing me upon the pony's back, he quickly conveyed me to the house, where warm blankets, a strong constitution, and gentle treatment, seasoned with well-timed lecturing upon the sin of disobedience, soon restored me to convalescence. You may be sure full meed of praise was awarded "our pony" for having so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave, and from henceforth little peccadilloes, for which he had been wont to receive chastisement, were leniently treated, as all remembered with gratitude the good service he had performed in the past. Poor "Tempus!" His end was sad indeed. He merited a better fate, but yet he died for us children.

Two of my brothers were crossing a meadow adjacent to the pony's paddock, in which a savage bull was grazing. The animal no sooner espied them than he gave chase, and would inevitably have killed them had not "Tempus" leaped the hedge and diverted the bull's attention from them to himself; but the gallant action proved fatal to him, for the infuriated beast drove one of his horns into the pony's side, and cruelly slew him. There was much lamentation and many tears when the result became known, for we loved "Tempus," and mourned for him as though a dear, familiar friend had been taken from amongst us.

The Story of Raphael Velda.

On an evening in the September of 1860, some excitement was caused among the inhabitants of the secluded town of Oppido, in the Calabria Ultra, when the gleam of arms announced the approach of regular troops.

The dealers in pottery and silk, in wine and oil, and the manufacturers of gloves and stockings from the delicate filaments of the shellfish named the *pinna marina*, and the water-carrier by the well, conferred together on this unusual circumstance; the wandering *pifferari* paused in their strains before the shrine of the Madonna; and the rustics of a more doubtful character—to wit: the armed and lawless *carbonari* and mountaineers, the brigands, and their sugar-loaf hats, velveteen jackets, and sandaled feet—looked forth from the dense forests and coverts wherein they lurked, defying alike the anathemas of the Archbishop of Reggio and the powers of the High Court there, and thought the time was near to inspect their guns and stilettoes, and set their wives to abandon the distaff for the bullet-mold, as none knew on what errand these troops had come, or what might ensue ere long, and strange things were expected, for Mazzini and "The Liberator" had been busy with their manifestoes; even the Fata Morgana had been showing strange optical delusions of late in the Bay of Reggio and the Straits of Messina.

The battle of Aspromonte had been fought in their vicinity during the preceding month.

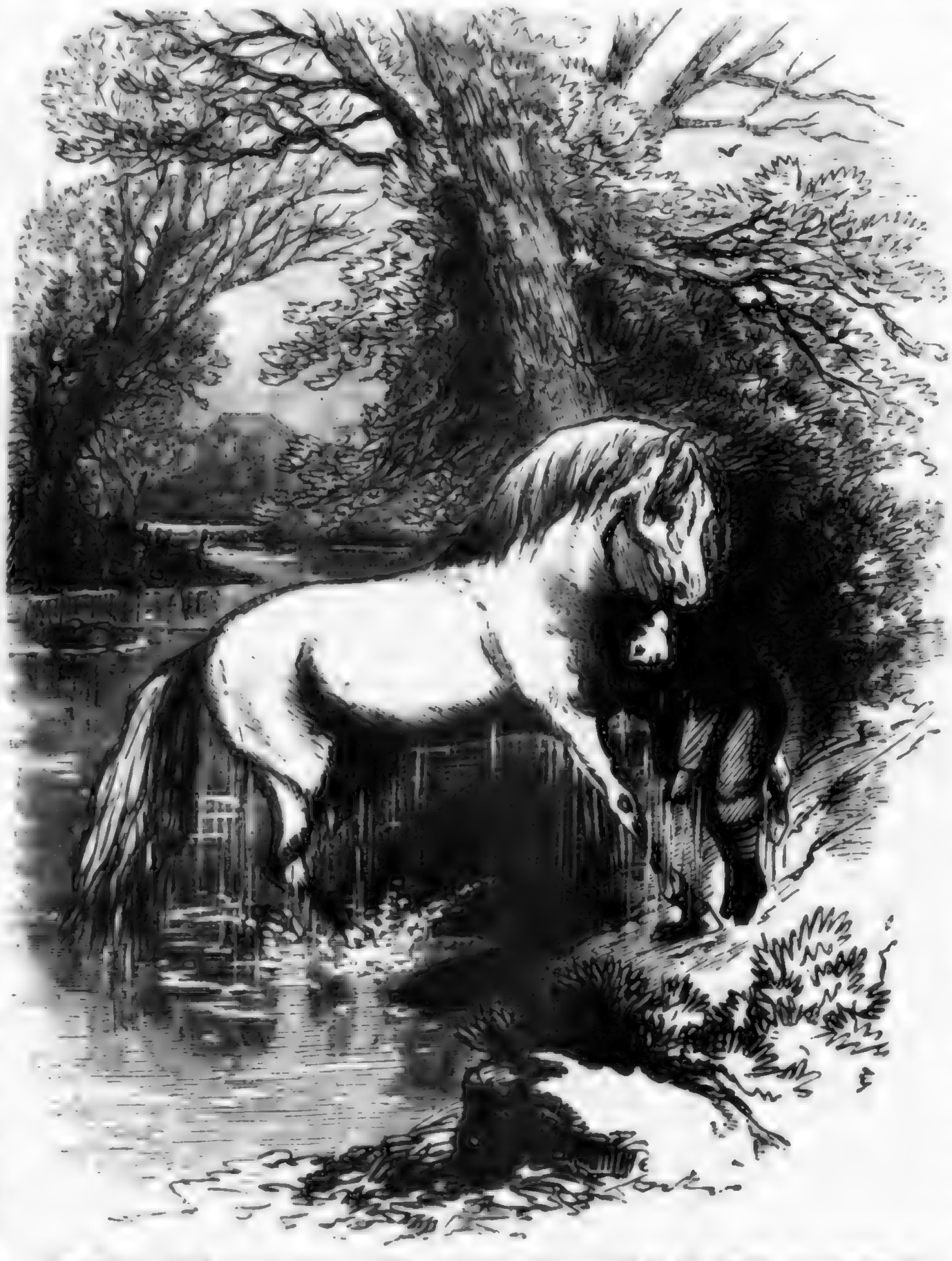
Garibaldi, as all the world knows, intent on raising an insurrection in Hungary, had placed himself at the head of a body of Sicilian volunteers, in the forest district of Ficuzza, twenty miles from Palermo, and, by a hasty and ill-advised movement, he landed these men from two steamers on the Calabrian shore, where, on the mountain plateau of Aspromonte—one of the highest of the Calabrian hills, rising immediately behind the town of Oppido—he was attacked by the Royal Italian troops, under Colonel Pallavacino. Garibaldi fell, wounded by a musket-shot in the ankle, while all his people were surrounded and made prisoners.

Military executions followed on many, though "The Liberator," for his great services in the cause of Italian independence, was never brought to trial; and now the young grass was sprouting above the earthy mounds, and around the rude little crosses that marked where the dead lay in their lonely graves on the slope of the Apennines.

For two noted brigands who had accompanied him, named Agostino Velda and Giuseppe Rivarolo, rewards were offered at that time in vain.

The excitement in Oppido was in no way lessened when the sound of bugles came on the evening wind, and ere long the Third Regiment of Bersaglieri, or Italian Rifles, in the service of Victor Emanuel, with their plumed hats and quaint uniforms, marched into town, and halted before the Albergo del Leon d'Oro, where the colors were lodged, and the lieutenant-colonel commanding took up his quarters.

The soldiers were placed in an empty monastery; a guard was mounted there, and also at the *albergo;* and then it began to be whispered about in the market-place and *cafés* that the Bersaglieri were to remain there until a captain arrived from Reggio with some special instructions for the colonel, Vincenzo il Conte Manfredi, of whom we shall hear more anon.



OUR PONY.—"THE NOBLE ANIMAL, STILL HOLDING MY CLOTHES IN HIS TEETH, CLAMBERED UP THE RIVER'S BANK.—PAGE 82.

These rumors were unpleasantly connected with a Bersagliere named Agostino Velda—the same Velda who had followed General Garibaldi, and who had been brought in with the quarter-guard as a prisoner, and was now in a cell of the monastery, heavily ironed, and under the strictest surveillance.

Among the Bersaglieri of Colonel Manfredi were two soldiers of the name of Velda—the prisoner, Agostino, and his son, Raphael—a youth of little more than twenty years, who bore a character as high and unblemished as that of his father was degraded and low, dissipated and vile. Yet the father and son were both eminently handsome men, and both had fought bravely—the former on the fields of Goito and Novara, and the latter at Montebello and Solferino; but latterly, to many crimes and breaches of military law, Agostino had added that of desertion and consorting with brigands, among whom he narrowly escaped an assassination in which he became involved.

He had thrown aside his uniform, adopted the well-known costume of the brigands—a gayly-embroidered jacket, a high hat, with broad, flaunting ribbon, and long leathern gaiters—and, armed with a rifle and a six-barreled revolver, made his lurking-place among the mountains near Naples.

Not far from Acerra—an episcopal city in the province of Lavoro—for a year prior to the affair of Aspromonte, he had taken up his residence with a formidable bandit and his wife, with whom he lived, concealed in a vault, the fragment of some ruined castle or villa of the old days of Roman Naples.

There they might have resided long enough together, and made perilous the road to Rome, but for the sum of two thousand ducats which had been put upon the head of Agostino Velda after Garibaldi's defeat, and which proved too much for a friendship such as theirs.

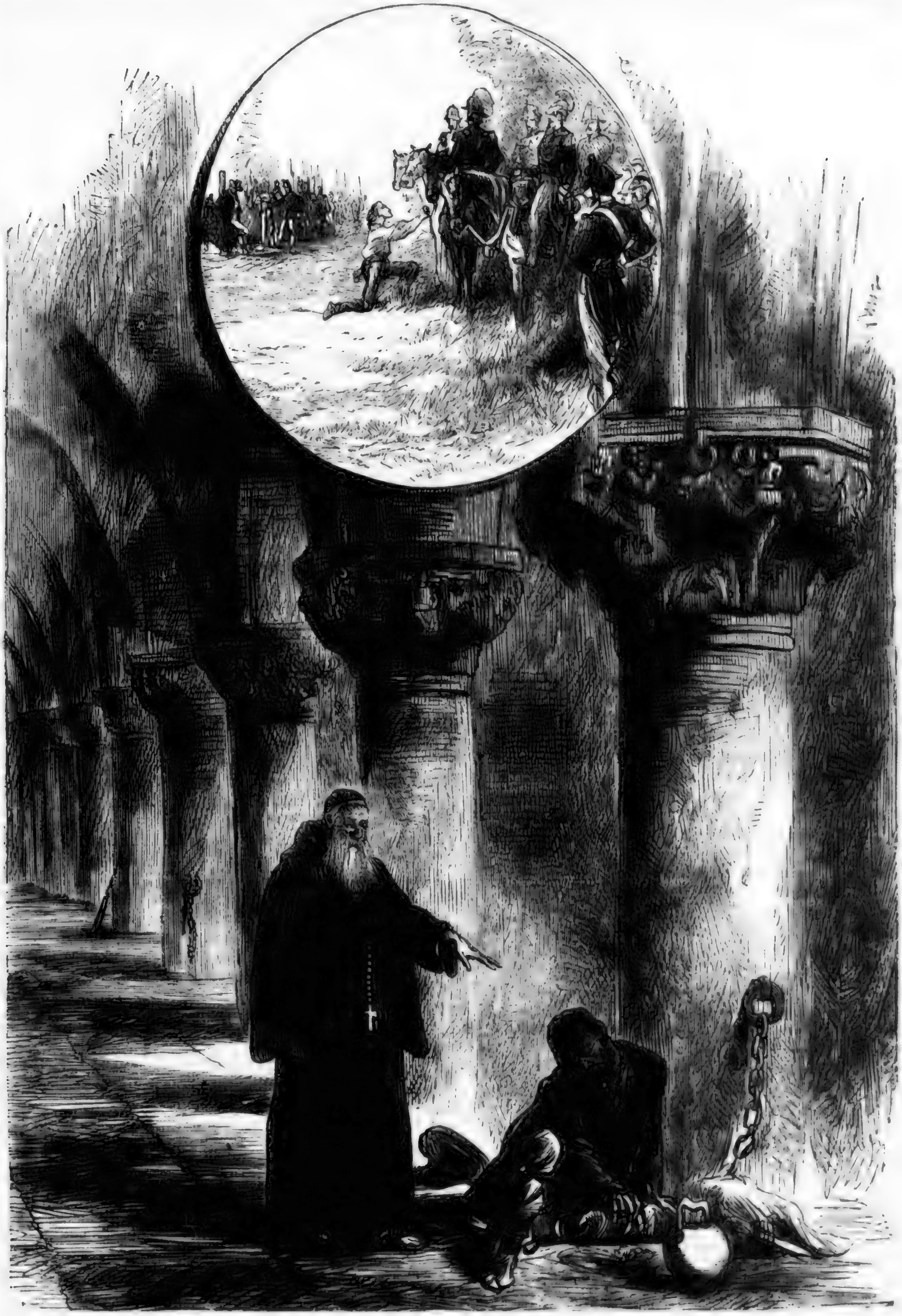
One day, after a close pursuit, his *padrona* assured him that he might safely issue forth, as the police had disappeared; but immediately, on raising the trap door, which was covered with turf and branches to conceal their den, he was struck to the earth by a blow from an ax, dealt full on his head by a most unsparing hand.

Assisted by his wife, the *padrona* dragged the body to a ditch close by, and then, stabbing her to death, he departed at once to Naples, where he claimed the reward offered for Agostino Velda, whom he accused of killing the woman.

But Velda was not dead—such men are hard to kill. He was simply stunned, grievously wounded, and made hideous by the blood that covered him.

He managed to crawl to the nearest house of the National Guard, to whom he told his story, denouncing, as his accomplice, the *padrona,* who was seized and shot, as the reward of his crimes; while he (Velda) was sent back under escort to the Third Bersaglieri, then on their march to Calabria, to overawe the brigands in that mountain region, and he was now under sentence, and waiting the result of his trial, the papers connected with which had been forwarded for approval to General Enrico Cialdini, who, in the subsequent year, was appointed leader of the entire Italian army, and "Viceroy of Naples, with full power to repress brigandage."

The proceedings of the court-martial by which the father



THE STORY OF RAPHAEL VELDA.—1. "RAPHAEL KNELT BEFORE THE CONTE, ENTREATING HIM TO ALTER HIS TERRIBLE SELECTION."
2. "A FRANCISCAN FRIAR SPENT THE GREATER PORTION OF THE NIGHT WITH AGOSTINO VELDA."—PAGE 83.

had been tried were actually engrossed by the hand of his son, who was the clerk to the regiment, and he knew all the papers contained, save the *sentence*, which was known to the sworn members of the court alone; but he could not doubt the tenor of it.

Shame and gloom clouded the dark and handsome face of the young man, and this dejection was held sacred by his comrades, though it has been said that Colonel Manfredi—a man of weak and vicious character, one, moreover, who was fierce, reckless, and dissipated—was cruel enough, on more than one occasion, to taunt the innocent son with the errors of the guilty father.

The sun was verging toward the watery horizon of the Gulf of Gioja, and the shadows of the Apennines were falling far athwart the deep and wooded valleys that lie eastward of Oppido, when, full of sad, terrible, and bitter thoughts, the younger Velda left the little city, and, after pausing once or twice to cross himself before the little lamp-lighted Madonnas at the street corners, hurried toward a spot which was familiar to him, for he was by birth a Calabrian, and like his father before him, had first seen the light among those very mountains where Aspromonte had been fought.

Under the circumstances in which he was placed, the young soldier gazed sadly on the scenes of his infancy—on the forest paths and secluded places where he had been led by the hand of his mother, who had perished of fever and fright after the battle of Novara.

Raphael Velda walked rapidly onward for a few miles, through a district that was rich in fruit-trees, where the lemon and citron, the fig, the vine, and the orange were growing, till he reached a region that was rocky and wild, and where the majestic oaks and pines of that extensive tract known as the Forest of La Sila, celebrated even by Virgil in the twelfth book of the "Æneid," cast a deepening shadow over the way he pursued, and where the goat, the buffalo, and the wild black swine appeared at times amid the solitude.

Brightly streamed the evening sun through the openings in the forest, while Raphael, with unerring steps, trod a path that had been familiar to him in boyhood, and at last he reached the place he sought.

It was a cavern in the gray basaltic rocks; but the entrance, known only to the initiated, was carefully concealed by the hand of nature, for the wild fig-trees, the vines, and other luxuriant creepers completely screened it from the casual eye.

"Oh, Francesca, my love! my love! what an abode for *you!*" muttered the soldier, as he saw it. But the place was silent as the grave; the hum of insect life, and the gurgle of a mountain rivulet, whose course was hidden by the verdure, alone met his ear. "Francesca, my betrothed! the wife of my heart!"

Passing through the screen of leaves, Raphael Velda came to a barrier of wood, wedged between the walls of rock, and on this he knocked with a resolute hand, though his heart was throbbing with anxiety.

After a pause, a sound most unpleasantly like the click of a gun-lock met his quickened ear, and he hastily knocked again.

"*Chi è la?* (Who is there?)" demanded a stern voice.

"'Tis I, good Giuseppe—a friend."

The wooden barrier sharply revolved on its centre, and within the cavern, half seen in ruddy sunlight, and half sunk in dark brown shadow, appeared the picturesque figure of a man, whose attire and bearing proclaimed him to be a Calabrian brigand. Strong and athletic in form, erect and dignified in carriage, the lines of his dark face, and his keen, wild eyes declared him to possess an ardent and fiery spirit; but his garments were tattered and miserable, his beard was long, and its naturally raven blackness was becoming silvered by time.

His sash contained a brace of pistols, and a horn-hafted knife, and in his hands was a long double-barreled rifle, which was cocked and held menacingly, for the naturally ferocious expression of his face deepened when he saw the hostile attire of his visitor.

"A friend!" he exclaimed, scornfully. "Do the friends of Giuseppe Rivarola wear the uniform of the king's Bersaglieri?"

"True, I am a soldier, Giuseppe—a soldier of the king; I yet am not the less your friend," replied Velda, gently.

"Back, I say! I seek not your friendship, boy, and I want not your blood! Yet," continued the robber, wrathfully, "how am I to save my own, if I permit you to return alive, after having dared to track me to my hiding-place?"

As Rivarola spoke, he involuntarily raised the musket to his right shoulder.

"Hold, Giuseppe Rivarola!" cried his visitor. "Have you quite forgotten me? I am Raphael, the son of Agostino Velda."

The brigand uttered a cry, threw down his musket, and springing forward, with all the volubility of gesture and violent declamation which proclaim the Calabrian a genuine child of nature—a rough and impetuous mountaineer—he embraced the young man, took him in his arms, and led him into his hiding-place.

It was indeed a squalid den, and lighted only by a few dim rays of the fading sunshine, which stole in through fissures in the basalt. In a recess a little Madonna of coarse clay was fixed to the wall of rock, and the flame of a brass oil-lamp was flickering before it. Beneath lay a bed, or rather a pallet, the neat arrangements of which indicated the presence of a female hand.

Outside this lay a couch of leaves and deer-skins, whereon doubtless old Rivarola snatched his few hours of repose. Some vessels of coarse pottery, an iron pot, a bullet-mold, a powder-flask, and other similar *et cetera*, made up the furniture; and Raphael looked round him with a saddened and anxious eye. "Francesca?" said he, inquiringly.

"She has gone to vespers, and to market at Oppido. The poor child requires other comforts than my gun can procure her on these bleak mountain sides, or even on the highway, for few men travel now without an escort of the Carabinieri. I am in hopes that she may be employed as a *zitella*—(a girl who will make herself useful)—by the good sisters of the Benedictine convent—God and His Mother bless them!" continued the brigand, lifting off his old battered hat with reverence. "The Sisters pity her for her own sake, though they execrate me as one of the godless Garibaldini. Once that our Francesca is safe within their walls, I shall go further west, among the mountains, where some of the men of Aspromonte are still lurking, though heaven knows that to leave this place for that may be only *noi cadiamo da Scilli in Cariddi*," he added, using the old classic proverb. "But while talking of my own affairs I forget yours. What of your father, my boy?"

"He has been taken by the National Guard, and is now with us in Oppido; but under sentence of death, as I too justly fear it must be," replied Raphael, in a broken voice.

"Rebellion, desertion, treason, and robbery! What else could be the penalty of these but death! He will be shot, of course, by the Bersaglieri."

"Alas!"

"Yet you will continue to wear their uniform?" said the old brigand, his mustaches quivering with anger.

"I follow the dictates of my conscience."

"Conscience!" replied the other, grimly. "I had such a thing about me once; but now—— Well, well!"

"Are they safe for Francesca, or safe for you, these evening errands into Oppido?"

"She goes in as the twilight falls, and always returns after dark, when none can see the way she takes. But our perils will be increased now that your precious Bersaglieri are so close at hand."

"They *are* increased, Giuseppe. A list of persons to be captured, and shot if found with arms in their hands, or who prove unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves, has been given by Cialdini to the Conte Manfredi, and your name is the *first* on that fatal roll, of which I made a copy no later than yesterday, by the conte's order."

The outlaw only laughed at this, and his white teeth glistened under his dark mustache.

"They will never discover my retreat," said he.

"Oh, be not too sure of that."

"It has served me ever since that fatal day at Aspromonte."

"You are wrong. Either Francesca has been watched or some one has betrayed you."

"None could betray me. My secret is known to Francesca and myself alone," replied the outlaw, confidently.

"A clue to your hiding-place is in the hands of the Conte Manfredi, and ere to-morrow—yea, to-night, perhaps—a cordon of riflemen will be around it. *Povero amico!* I swear to you that this is the truth!"

"And my Francesca!" exclaimed Rivarola, mournfully, as he clasped his brown hands.

"She is here—here at last!" cried the young man, as a girl sprang into the cavern; but on beholding his uniform she uttered a low cry of terror, and shrank behind her father.

Her figure was slender and *petite*, yet she was full-bosomed and beautifully rounded. Her eyes were dark, but bright and sparkling, and softened in expression by their wonderfully long lashes, which, like her hair, were black as jet. Her attire was poor, but plain and neat, even to being piquant and pretty. Her scarlet bodice was handsomely embroidered, and her habit-shirt, like the square fold of linen that shaded her face, was white as snow, and contrasted well with the almost olive hue of her complexion.

"*O padre mio!* I have been pursued!" she exclaimed.

"By whom?" asked Rivarola, starting to his musket.

"An officer of the Bersaglieri; but I escaped him in the forest. Oh, my father! my father! and a Bersagliero is here before me!"

"Raphael Velda, your betrothed!" said the young man, coming forward from the shade which had concealed him.

The girl rushed into his arms, and he covered her face with kisses, showering them on her brow, her lips and eyes, even her neck, where hung her only ornament, a little crucifix of brass.

"*Ne sono estatico!* (I am in ecstasies!)" the young soldier continued to murmur, as he gazed upon the upturned face that lay upon his fringe epaulet, and so near his own flushed and handsome cheek.

"Oh, what happiness!" responded the girl. "I am beside myself with joy! Raphael, speak to me!"

"Thou art loved by every one, my child," said the old brigand, who turned away sadly.

"Oh, Francesca! many may—nay, must have loved you; but none as poor Raphael Velda does," said the lover.

"If ever we are parted, judging by what I have suffered already, the *wrench* will be terrible! Francesca will die!" murmured the girl. "Oh, Raphael! when absent from you I seem only to endure existence. All time seems lost that is not spent with you."

"And one of our officers pursued you, Francesca?" asked Raphael, after a pause.

"Yes, my beloved—from the gate of Oppido, along the highway, and close up to the forest, where I eluded him by lurking behind a tree while he passed on."

"Is he old, or young?"

"A man of fifty, with long gray mustaches curled up to his ears."

"*Dio!* 'tis the colonel—the Conte Manfredi! the greatest *roué* in all Naples!"

"Never mind—soldiers are used to run after pretty girls. You have escaped him, and if he comes hither, my gun will do the rest—there will be promotion for the major," said Rivarola, calmly.

But the handsome face of Velda clouded. His love for Francesca was deep and passionate. Yet, as a soldier, could he marry and make her a camp-follower—the jest, perhaps, of his comrades, the prey, perchance, of such a man as the conte? she, with all her purity and beauty?

"Be one of us—throw your allegiance to the winds, and take to the mountains," the brigand would have suggested; but Raphael was loyal and good, and mourned the lost lives of [illegible]la and his doomed father.

But now the sun was set, and he knew that he must soon return to quarters, as he had only leave till midnight, and, taking his gun, Rivarola prepared to accompany him a little distance on the way.

The lovers separated, with an arrangement for their meeting on the morrow, and from the screen of leaves that hid her wretched home, the poor girl, with eyes half-blinded by tears, watched their figures retiring through the forest; but scarcely had they been gone ten minutes when both came rushing back to her. The face of Raphael was deadly pale; that of Rivarola inflamed by passion, and in his eyes there sparkled a dangerous light.

"Conceal yourself, my child. A party of the Bersaglieri are in the forest, searching, doubtless, for *me*, so I must fly; but I shall leave your betrothed with you. Surely," continued Rivarola, "he will be able to protect you from his own comrades, at least. I will fire a shot to lure these men after me, and away from this vicinity; so, if you hear it, my children, be not alarmed. To heaven and your love I trust her, Raphael. Adieu!"

He pressed the terrified girl almost convulsively to his breast, sprang up the rocks with his musket slung behind him, and disappeared, while Raphael led Francesca into the cavern, and closed the door.

The task of soothing her was a delightful one; but then came the reflection—what was he to do? To remain there with her was impossible, as, ere midnight, he would have to report himself to the quarter-guard, and could he leave her alone—alone in the wild forest?

No! She should return with him to Oppido, and seek at the Benedictine convent that shelter which would not be denied her. This was soon resolved on, and, though about to leave the cavern, perhaps forever, she reverentially trimmed anew the votive lamp before the little Madonna, while Raphael stole for half a mile or so into the forest, to assure himself that his comrades were gone. This proved to be the case, as they had heard the distant random shot of Rivarola, and, following it, had disappeared.

"Heaven be praised!" said Raphael, aloud; "the road is clear for her and me."

He was returning to the hiding-place, when a shrill cry—almost a shriek—from Francesca made him spring forward with all the speed he could exert; and he saw, with dismay, that the barrier of wood and screen of leaves were alike thrown down, and that an armed man stood within them.

All that his heart had foreboded of evil—the climax of every vague apprehension to which the soul of Raphael Velda had been a prey—was reached, when he beheld his beautiful little Francesca struggling to free herself from the grasp of her visitor—his colonel, the Conte Manfredi!

Of all men in Italy, the man from whom he had most cause

XUM

to fear—the man who held in his hands, perhaps, the life of his father, Agostino Velda, and his own life as a consorter with outlaws—had now tracked out Francesca as a new prey! This was but an example, probably, of "how oft the power to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."

Raphael knew that the conte was a man without scruple or conscience, possessed of vast wealth, of high rank, and a position which enabled him always to *crush* with success all who opposed his wishes, however vile or cruel those wishes might be; and Raphael was but a poor Bersagliere, whose father was a convicted brigand.

For a moment he was paralyzed with dismay, but a moment only.

The next saw him tear Francesca from the grasp of the conte, whom he thrust, without much ceremony, aside.

In an instant the blade of the colonel's sword glittered in his hand. "*In guardia, signore! in guardia!*" cried he, in a voice that was tremulous with rage, while Raphael, who had no other weapon than the short sword-bayonet of the Bersagliere, promptly drew it to defend himself, and therewith he parried one or two thrusts aimed at his breast. As yet the colonel had not recognized him, for the cavern was dark, or only lit by the tiny votive lamp that flickered above the humble couch of Francesca.

"Ha, Signore Spadaccino!" said Manfredi, mockingly, "I'll be through your body this time!" But by a rapid parry and great strength of wrist, Raphael twisted the sword from the hand of the conte, who then drew a pistol. All this passed in a few seconds, while Francesca, crouching behind Raphael, looked upward with her face blanched by terror. And now, as he leveled the pistol, the conte for the first time discovered that his antagonist was a soldier.

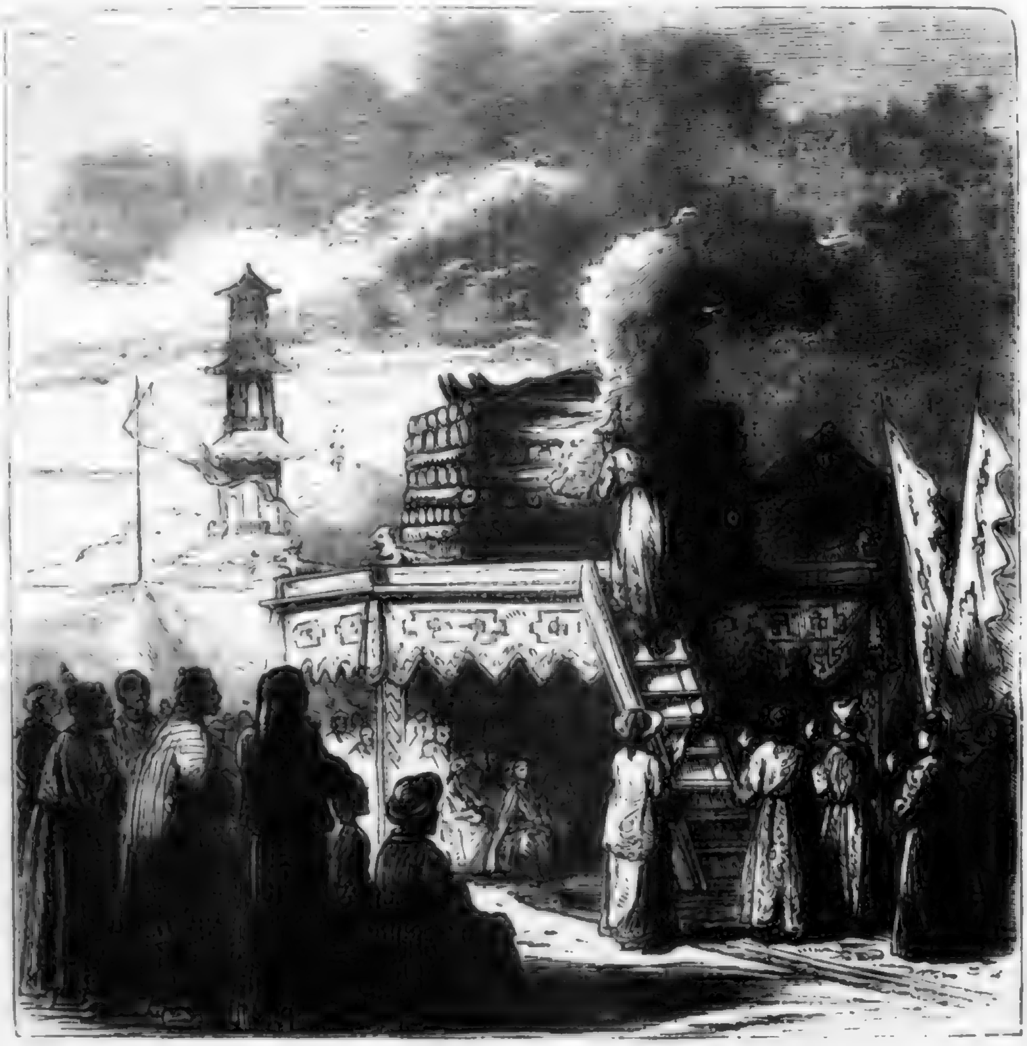
"*Como vi chiamente* (What is your name)?" he asked, in a voice of thunder.

"Raphael Velda, signore."

"*Ehi!* one of my own men, too!"

"*Illustrissimo—si*—I have the honor," replied Raphael, with a profound salute, but keeping his sword drawn, nevertheless.

'Oh, Raphael! my love, my love! you are lost! Spare him, Signore Colonello! spare him!" cried Francesca.



CREMATION IN SIAM.—PAGE 91.

"Leave this place, Raphael Velda," said the conte, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Never!"

"Indeed! When are you due at Oppido?"

"I have my captain's leave till midnight, signore."

"*Mezzanotte?* Good. It wants but two hours of that time now," said the mocking conte, looking at his watch. "You know, I presume, the penalty of drawing upon a superior officer?"

"No—not when in defense of my own life, and of one who is dearer to me than life."

"*Veramente*—indeed!" drawled the other, curling up his enormous mustache, which he wore in imitation of King Victor Emanuel. "This girl—the daughter of a brigand—of a Garibaldino—is beyond the pale of all protection."

"She is my betrothed wife, signore," said Raphael, with a deep burst of emotion.

"Your life is in my hands, Velda, as a consorter with outlaws."

"Not more a consorter than yourself, signore, if the mere fact of being here makes me one."

"Insolent! Yet I will spare your life on one condition."

"Name it, signore."

"That you will never mention what has transpired here to-night — our combat, and my disarmament. Swear it by the God who hears you, and the soul of the girl you love!"

Raphael felt astonished at a punishment so unlike Manfredi, but swore as he was requested. "Good," said the colonel, picking up and sheathing his sword. "I give you life for silence, but my vengeance will come on the morrow!"

And with these ominous words, which the unfortunate Raphael connected in some way with his imprisoned father, the colonel quitted the dreary abode of the Rivarolas, and disappeared in the forest.

The moment he was gone, Raphael raised Francesca, and strove by his caresses to reassure her. He affected to make light of the threats of Manfredi, expatiated on the promises he had given as a reward for silence, expressed joy that her father had escaped; and, as soon as she had regained her composure, he led her from the cavern, and together, hand in hand, with their minds mutually oppressed by fear for the future, they pursued the highway, almost in silence, till they reached the little city of Oppido.

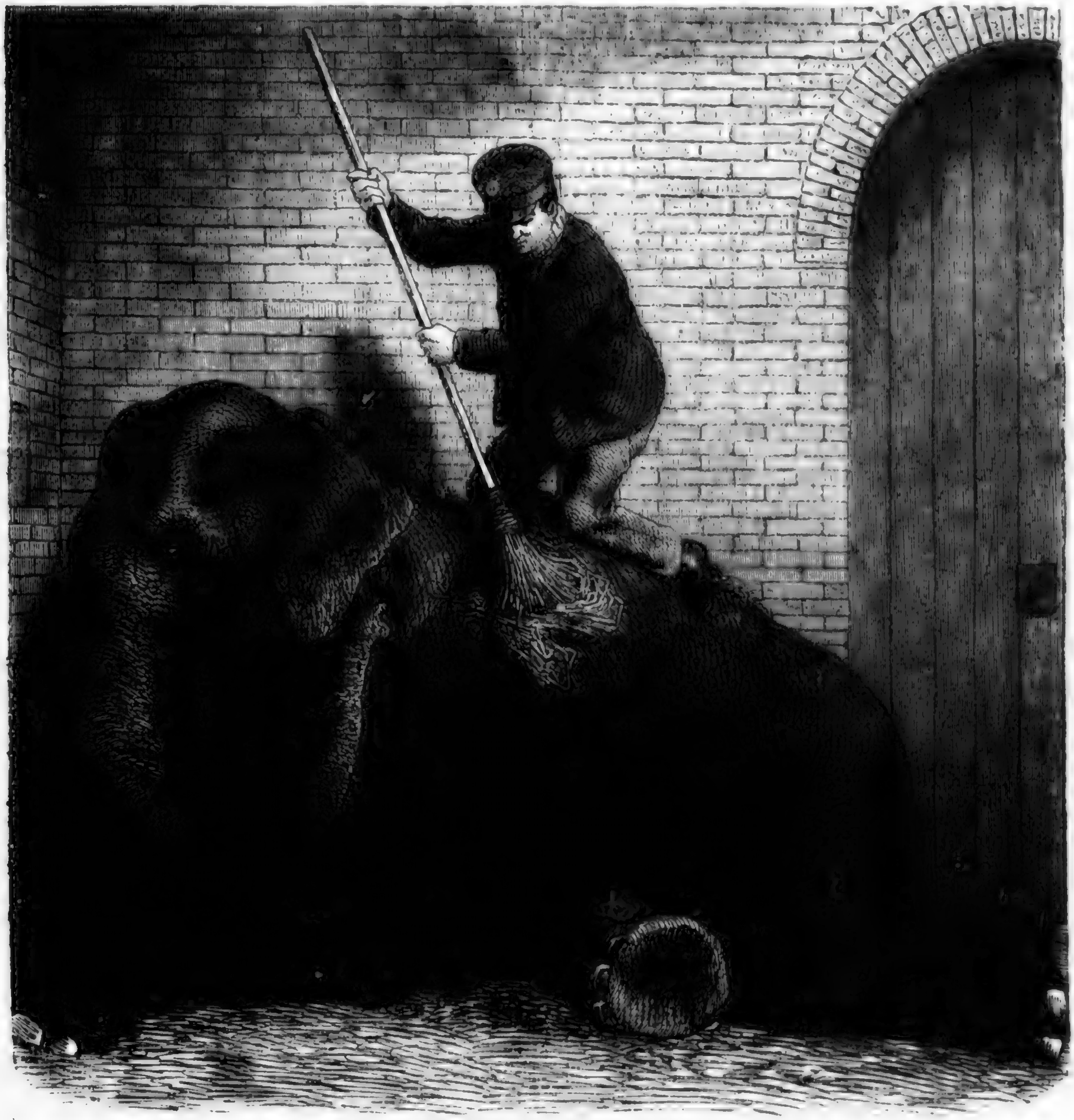
XUM

"Adieu, Raphael," said the girl, weeping on his breast.

"Oh, Francesca! my dearest Francesca! I cannot tell you how I love you! And this love continues, if possible, to grow every day. My whole soul is yours, Francesca!"

"And I shall yearn long and wearily for you till we meet again. Separate from you, the most sunny days are gloom to me, and I seem to shiver as if chilled by the *tramontana!*"

And now, after a long and passionate kiss—a *last* one, as it proved—they separated at the gate of the Convent of Santo Benedetto; and, fortunately for Raphael, he was in quarters before the time necessary, and amid their dull monotony the voice of Francesca ever lingered in his ear.



THE ELEPHANT'S TOILET.—SEE PAGE 93.

Some valets or emissaries of the conte were at the cavern betimes before daybreak. The cage was empty, and its pretty bird flown, they knew not whither; and this only served to inflame him the more against the elder Velda.

Next morning the shrill brass bugles of the Bersaglieri were blown at an unusually early hour, while the mountain summits were yet red with the first rays of the morning sun, and the whole battalion paraded under the orders of the conte; for the expected captain had arrived overnight from Reggio, rumor said, with the death-warrant of Agostino Velda. The latter seemed to be fully verified by the fact that the regimental chaplain—a Franciscan friar—had spent the greater portion of the night in his cell.

The plain where the Bersaglieri were paraded was a solitary spot about a mile distant from Oppido, in a rugged ravine, overhung on all sides by masses of rock.

The well-trained Bersaglieri stood silent and firm in their ranks; the only motion there being the fluttering of their dark-green plumes, which were caught by the passing breeze. Their sword-bayonets were fixed on their rifles, as the regiment formed three sides of a hollow square, and the broad blades of these reflected gayly the sheen of the morning sun. On the vacant side of the square stood an upright post, firmly placed in the earth, with a stout rope dangling from it. At this object the eyes of the soldiers looked grimly, but sternly, from time to time. The officers leaned on their swords, and yawned wearily in the early morning air. Since the field of Aspromonte they had grown tired of the perilous work of brigand-hunting, and looked forward with something of dismay to the rustication of dull quarters in the mountain city of Oppido. While such empty regrets occupied the minds of many, the heart of Raphael Velda was a prey to a grief and horror all its own. He and all the regiment thought that he should have been spared a scene so horrible as the execution of his own father! He had promised this request personally, and through the captain of his company, but in vain. The conte was inexorable. He only gave one of his sinister smiles, and shrugged his shoulders in token of refusal. So, pale as a spectre, and trembling in every fibre, Raphael stood under arms in his usual place.

Agostino Velda, though an old soldier of the corps, who had, as we have said, fought loyally on the field of Gaito, and of Novara, was viewed now only as a disgrace, a brigand; so although all sympathized with his son, and deprecated his presence on an occasion so awful, they cared little otherwise about the impending execution.

From the lower end of the ravine was seen the gleam of approaching bayonets, and the prisoner appeared with fetters on his hands, walking slowly between a file of Bersaglieri, and by the side of the chaplain—a very reverend-looking old man, who wore the garb of a Franciscan—and who had been praying with him all night in the vault of the old castle, which served as a dungeon. And now poor Raphael felt an icy shudder pass over his whole frame as his father drew near.

He had already that day at dawn taken a passionate and affectionate farewell of him, and they were to meet no more on earth; but yet the dark and haggard eyes of Agostino Velda wandered restlessly and yearningly along the ranks, as if in search of a beloved face.

He was a splendid-looking man, in the prime of life. His stature was great, and his bearing lofty and commanding. The pallor of his face contrasted strangely with the raven blackness of his voluminous beard and hair; the latter seemed to start up in sprouts from his forehead and temples, and fell backward like the mane of a lion. His eyes were dark—dark as the doom that awaited him; and their usual expression was fierce, defiant, and lowering. He was bareheaded, and muffled in an old regimental great-coat, which was intended to be his shroud.

"I have repented of all my faults and crimes," said he, in a firm voice, and with a collected manner. "I see now, old comrades, the folly, the wickedness, of my past life, and am ready to die for it!"

The proceedings of the court-martial were then read over by the adjutant, and they closed with the sentence:

"That he—the said Agostino Velda, lately a Bersagliere of the Third Regiment, and now a brigand—was to be tied to a post and shot to death by any three soldiers whose doubtful character might lead the colonel to select them for that duty, as a species of punishment!"

The hand of Manfredi seemed to tighten on his bridle-rein as he heard this, and there passed a grim smile over his face as he handed a penciled memorandum to the sergeant-major, who changed color as he read it, and in his utter confusion actually forgot to salute his officer, under whose glance most of the Bersaglieri cowered, for he was supposed to possess that terror of the Italians—an evil eye. He paused for a moment irresolutely, and then turned to obey, for discipline and obedience become a second nature to a soldier.

While the pioneers bound the passive prisoner to the stake, the perplexed sergeant-major summoned from the ranks two soldiers who had been punished repeatedly for breaches of discipline, and twice for robbery, as their names had been given to him by the colonel. Then, pausing slowly before the company in the ranks of which Raphael Velda stood, pale as a sheet, and supporting himself on his rifle, he summoned him to step forth, as the third file, to complete the firing-party.

A thrill of horror and dismay seemed to pervade the whole regiment on witnessing this, and now Raphael rushed to the front.

"*Signore Illustrissimo—oh, colonello mio!*" he exclaimed, in a piercing voice, while gesticulating with all the fervor of a true Calabrian; "*Dio buono!* you cannot mean this! It is too cruel—too terrible. The king will resent it—General Cialdini will never permit it," he added, wildly and incoherently, while his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

In a paroxysm of grief he knelt before the conte, entreating him to alter the terrible selection—to forego this subtle scheme for vengeance, while the pale prisoner, who saw and understood the whole situation, uttered a cry of grief, and, dropping the crucifix which the chaplain had placed in his hands, covered his face with them.

"What can be the meaning of this?" was whispered round the ranks.

Raphael alone could have told; but he was sworn to secrecy—secrecy by God's name, and the soul of Francesca.

In vain did the major—a gallant old soldier, who possessed great influence in the corps—urge the conte to change his plan; in vain did the venerable chaplain supplicate on one hand and threaten on the other; and in vain also did Raphael Velda, whose voice had now left him, stretch his hands toward the conte in mute entreaty.

Vincenzo Manfredi was inexorable!

"I do not command the son to shoot the father, but the loyal Bersagliere to slay the convicted felon," said he; and then, with a voice and bearing that forbade all hope of his revoking an order which filled the regiment with indignation and bewilderment—for the character of Raphael was unimpeachable, and, even were it not so, the selection was alike cruel and unnatural—he ordered the firing-party to fall in at fifty yards' distance from the criminal, and to load and cap their rifles. Then the remainder of the obnoxious task was to be performed by the sergeant-major.

"*Sono allo desperazione!*—I am in despair! Oh, Francesca! oh, my father!" moaned Raphael, as he loaded mechanically, and knew that, even if he fired in the air, he would, throughout all his future life, be branded as a parricide—as the executioner of his own father!

A blindness—a horror, like a great darkness—seemed to come over him, and for a few moments he was beside himself with excess of emotion. For a second or so the idea of shooting Manfredi at the head of the regiment occurred to him, but only to be dismissed, for that officer was so placed that he could not have been hit without the risk of killing another; and now, like an automaton, he found himself kneeling—one of three executioners—before his father, at fifty yards' distance.

Though horror blanched his face, Agostino looked proudly and steadily at the three dark tubes from whence his doom was to come, for at the word "three" the executioners were to fire.

"*Uno!*" cried the sergeant-major, in a voice that was quite unlike his own; "*due!* TRE!"

Reverberating with a hundred echoes among the rocks, as the sounds were tossed from peak to peak, *four* rifles rang sharply in the clear morning air, and three men fell dead.

They were Agostino Velda, pierced by two bullets in his head, which sank heavily forward on his breast; Raphael, who, by an expert use of his bayonet as a lever, after uttering a prayer to heaven and for Francesca, had shot himself through the heart; and, lastly, the Conte Manfredi, who, pierced by a bullet fired from the rocks above, threw up his hands with a wild scream, and fell lifeless from his horse!

His fall and the suicide of Raphael Velda were so totally unexpected, that the Bersaglieri were utterly bewildered and confounded. The double catastrophe was almost terrifying even to old soldiers; but the major was the first to recover his presence of mind, and, at the head of a company, proceeded to surround and scale those rocks from whence the mysterious bullet had come.

No trace of the assassin could be found, save a long and double-barreled rifle, which had recently been discharged, and on the stock of which was carved the name of the noted brigand, "Giuseppe Rivarola"; so not a doubt remained that by his hand the conte had perished.

In vain were the mountains searched, and princely rewards for his apprehension offered by General Cialdini and the king; for Giuseppe was never seen afterward, though he is supposed to be still lurking among the wilds of the Abruzzi—the Promised Land of the Italian brigands.

As a suicide, the hapless Raphael Velda was buried in a solitary place, and in unconsecrated ground; [illegible] yearly, on the anniversary of his death—the festival of St. Michael and All Angels—there comes a Benedictine nun, who kneels by the green sod that covers him, and, with beads in hand, and head bent low and reverently, says a prayer for the repose of his soul.

She then hangs a wreath of fresh flowers on the little cross that marks his grave, and glides slowly and sadly away.

CREMATION IN SIAM.

The practice of burning the bodies of the dead is retained in Siam in full force to the present day, among all the principal families. The ceremony is magnificent enough, but fearfully expensive, and its continuance is an intolerable burden, but no one dares to drop it because it is "the old custom." The Bangkok *Recorder* contains descriptions of the burning of two Siamese nobles, one a brother of the Prime Minister of the Kingdom, who died June 11, and the other a half brother, who died a few weeks later. During all the intervening time, the bodies had laid in state in either respective homes. The whole period had been occupied in costly preparations for the ceremony. On a platform about eight feet from the ground had been erected a pyramid sixteen feet high surmounted by a splendid urn highly ornamented and gilt. Over this was an immense and lofty white canopy, open at the four sides. The whole was profusely decorated with flowers and fancy articles.

On the day of the funeral the pyramid was chiefly removed, and a pile of firewood built in its place, on which the bodies were placed. The account proceeds:

"Within the enclosure on two sides of the dome were seated priests, princes, and noblemen, etc. On another side were the female mourners and friends, together with nearly all the European ladies residing in the city. On the fourth side, where his Majesty was to approach the dome, were the European gentlemen, comprising mariners, merchants, consuls, clergymen, etc. Without the enclosure on all sides were vast multitudes of both sexes and of all classes.

"The hour of five o'clock P. M. had now arrived, which was the time appointed for the ignition of the funeral pile. Presently the royal heralds announced the approach of the king by their trumpets and conch-shells. All eyes were consequently turned to the quarter at which his Majesty was to enter, and a few strains of 'God Save the King' from the brass band introduced him very quietly into the presence of the dead, where he seated himself, with a large number of his children, before ten or a dozen Buddhist priests, arranged in a line sitting on a carpet. These went through with certain rehearsals and incantations for the dead, barely audible, but not to be understood, while his Majesty poured sacred water from a little tea-pot into a basin, it being a symbol of blessings craved for the departed spirits as well as for all the remaining friends.

"The screen which had hidden the dismantling and humiliation of the bodies on the wood was now drawn aside. His Majesty then snapped an instrument peculiar to the Siamese, which ignited a little powder, and this a taper, which the king, having ascended the steps, applied to the funeral pile. Immediately the nearest mourners stepped up and placed each his wax candle and sandal-sticks under the wood, and then the princes and lords in rapid succession did the same, until all order of rank was lost in the desire to manifest the same respect for the dead before the flames should become too hot to admit of approach. The fire increased with unusual rapidity.

"There was no outburst of grief, but manifestly silent, solemn weeping among some of the mourners. We could not but weep with them when we considered that they were weeping without one ray of the glorious hopes which the Gospel affords to them who believe in Him who is the resurrection and the life."

CAPTAIN CAREW.

At the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army before the town ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with his detachment. The General said to Carew: "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man; I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death to you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew saluted the General, and then led on his men. He stood with an undaunted countenance; and calling to one of his soldiers for a draught of wine, he said, "Here, I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." At that instant Tortona capitulated; and Carew escaped the destruction which he had so nobly displayed his readiness to encounter at the call of honor.

SCOLDS.—THE OLDEN TIME.

Degrading Punishment of Women.

Old-time punishments, conceived and determined upon in aristocratic days, when the privileged classes made the laws and the poor were merely the governed, aimed not so much to check the increase of vice as to strike terror, and especially to degrade the unfortunate in the eyes of his peers. This was especially the case in punishments inflicted on women. The old Roman satirist says that there is no greater hardship in the hard lot of the poor than the fact that it makes the poor ridiculous in the eyes of those above them. Poor women in the "merrie days of old" were made to feel this deeply.

A woman whose tongue wagged too freely, especially in censure, was a scold, and if she was old and unattractive, was subject to punishments of the most degrading character, often cruel to the last degree as well.

Germany was not behind England or her colonies in her treatment of women.

Mulhouse, an Alsatian town, still preserves a heavy stone head affixed to a chain, which any woman convicted as a scold had to carry around her neck from the public square to one of the city gates and back again, unless another woman, equally unfortunate, was there to relieve her.

It is creditable to our advancement that women can no longer charge man with such acts; and shame will preserve us from ever reviving them.

Woe betided in those days the woman who was old and ugly if she resisted oppression, or spoke too loudly of her grievances. Termagants there are and were, doubtless, who so annoy neighborhoods as to require some check, but brute force of this kind seldom proves a corrective. Yet, the poor old woman in those days was glad, perhaps, to get off as a scold. The whisper that she was a witch would entail certain death.

On page 93 we have illustrated the Ducking stool, an instrument not unknown even in America. The last instance in England positively known was in 1845, when, according to the London *Evening Post*, a woman that kept the Queen's Head Ale House, at Kingston, was sentenced to be ducked in the River Thames, under the bridge, and actually underwent the severe penalty.

Cole, the antiquary, writing in 1780, describes a similar case, which he witnessed at Cambridge in his boyhood:

"The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam, about the middle of the bridge, and the woman, having been fastened in the chair, was let under water three times successively, and then taken out. The bridge was then of timber. The ducking stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it was an engraving representing devils laying hold of scolds. Some time after a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same device carved on it, and well painted and ornamented."

Old Girl.—*"I should like thick braids in front, and curls and loops at the back."*

This outrageous system, like the barbarous shower-bath in our prisons, when applied to an aged woman, often resulted in death. It seems to have fallen gradually into disuse during the early part of the last century, but a new instrument of torture, called the brank or bridle, came into use.

The instrument was an old one, however, and Chaucer alludes to it:

"But for my daughter Julian,
I would she were well bolted with a bridle,
That leaves her work to play the clack,
And lets her wheel stand idle."

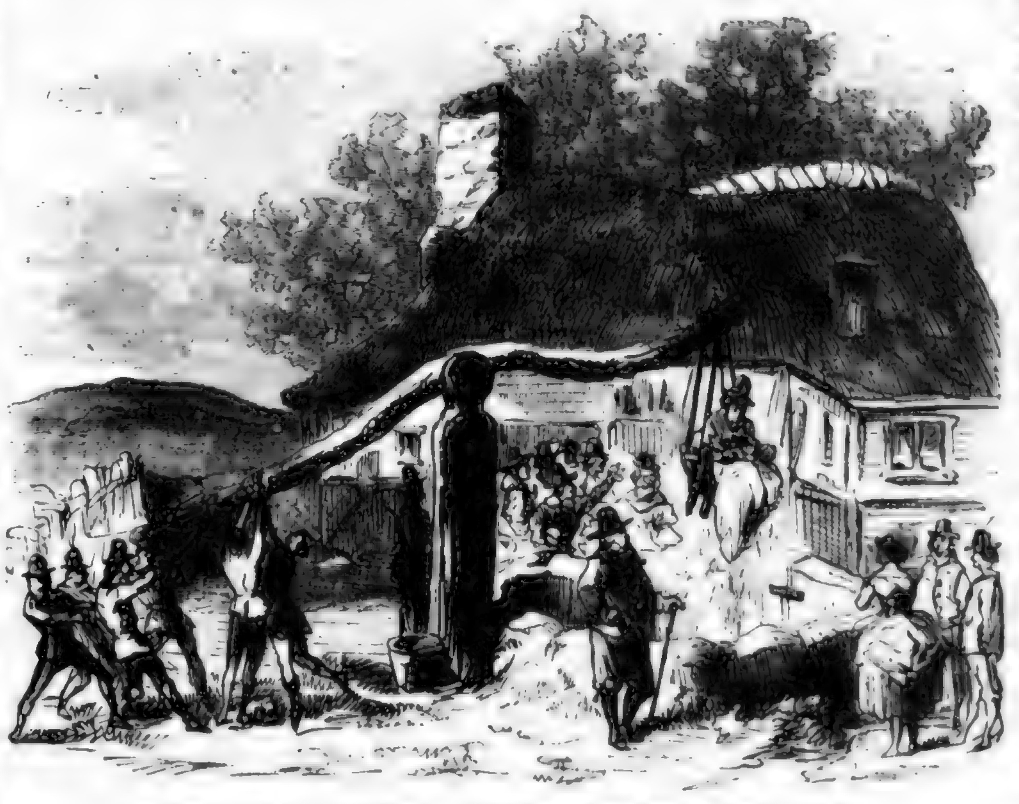
The brank was opened by throwing back the sides of the hoop, and the hinder part of the band by means of the hinges. An official then forced the knife A into her mouth; this, as the witches' bridle shows, was sometimes a terrible instrument of torture. The hoop would then be closed behind, the band be brought down from the top to the back of the head, and fastened at E. A chain at D enabled the constable to drag her along; and the unfortunate presented the appearance given in our illustration. The Nuremburg bridle shows an ornamental, but no less cruel sample, in which every art was used to render the punishment painful, and at the same time ludicrous and shameful. It will scarcely be credited that the brank was used as late as 1824!

IN THE STREETS OF MADRID.

Although Madrid is a comparatively modern city, and has none of the ancient monuments or historic recollections that the traveler almost unconsciously looks for in European cities, still it is the capital, and, as such, draws into its life representatives of all parts and all classes of Spain. The wealthier have, indeed, become more French, in some respects, than Spanish, but nationality is always strongest in the lower classes, and it is to them we must look for the preservation of ancient costumes and habits.

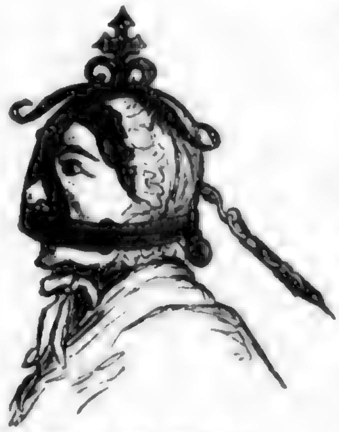
A stroll through Madrid shows in the street-sellers a wonderful variety. From the Puerta del Sol, the centre of fashionable shops, you find the open-air dealers in all directions; the noisiest are the newsboys, though women and girls represent that energetic class. Towards nightfall they deafen you with the shouts of the names of papers: "*Que acaba de saler ahora,*" equivalent to "five o'clock edition." With their hoarse shouts blend the cries of the dealers in *cerillas*, little wax matches, the only kind used in Spain. Poorly clad, with rough *alpargatas*, or no shoes at all, their stock-in-trade is in a small box, supported by a belt around the shoulders. "*Ados y a tres cerillas!*" is the sharp cry; sometimes from the lips of a young girl not without Southern beauty, and evidently of a better class than her rivals in the trade. Then comes the *aguador*, or water-man, with his cask on his shoulder, or the more refined, who cries, "*El aguador! Agua y azucarillos!*" carrying, in one hand, a large water-jar, and, in the other, a tin or copper tray, with azucarillos and some large glasses; for the Madrid people are great water-drinkers, and prize highly the water of the Fuente del Berro. Then the Asturian porter, strong as a bull of the arena, and as honest as the sun; the *quita manchas*, ready to remove all grease spots with his lightning grease extractor; ambulant stationers, if the term is not a contradiction, crying, "*Papel de hilo, papel de Alcoy!*"

A loud-talking group will pass you, and dress and fragments of conversation tell you that is a party of bull-fighters and their friends talking shop, full of points of horse and bull, sword and gladiator—all so absorbed in their subject, and so lost to all going on around, unless the rustle of a silk dress calls up their politeness, when they make way at once with all the promptitude that the most exacting American lady could desire. In some square, where more space is given for the busy throng, you will find, in some nook, the street-barber plying his vocation in the open air, his tongue going glibly, and delighting a little crowd of loungers. You may meet, too, coal-weighers, with an apparatus of most uniquely primitive design and form.


SCOLDS.—THE DUCKING-STOOL, A PUNISHMENT FOR SCOLDS.—SEE PAGE 91.

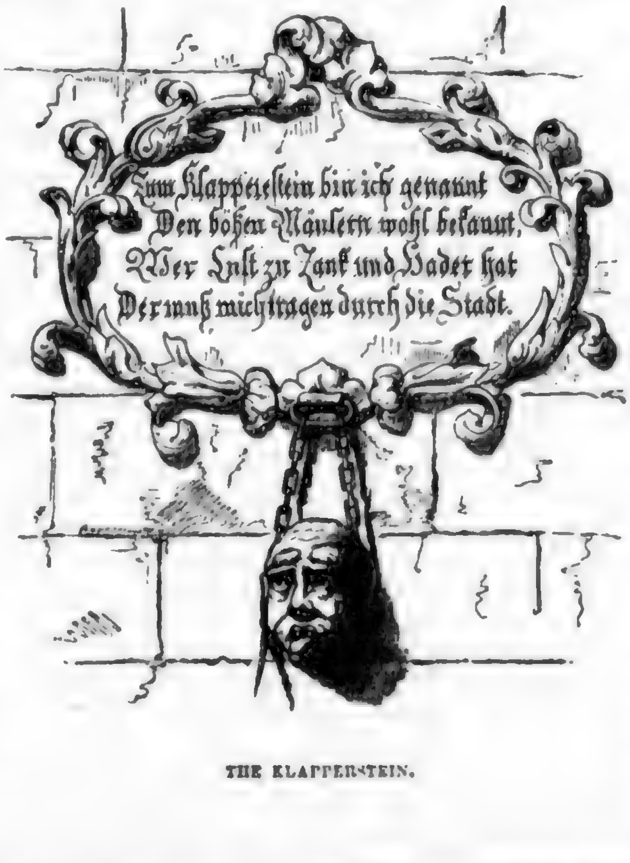
Dealers in chestnuts, hazel nuts, and fruit meet you at every turn, none shy or afraid to announce their commodities and proclaim their excellence.

The beggars are a great feature in all the streets, and pursue you, with loud clamors for *cuartos*, in the name of Our Lady of Atoche. They lounge about in groups in the most public places, and thrust themselves before you with an insolent and, sometimes, threatening aspect that does not excite your feelings of benevolence, but begets a spirit of determined resistance to their appeals.


THE BRANK FOR SCOLDS.

But one great characteristic of Madrid streets is the idlers, a crowd that disperses neither day nor night. Go where you will, you see men standing about from morning till night, wrapped in cloaks. The majority are, to tell the truth, an ill-looking set, have a low type of face, a slouching aspect, and an ill-mannered address if spoken to. They loiter in all the frequented places in Madrid, and are very much in the way. They scarcely speak to one another, and seldom seem to have energy enough to light a cigarette, scratching their fusees sometimes (as we have seen them) on the coat of a passer-by, in a contemplative, patronising fashion that takes a stranger rather aback.

A young Madrileño is content to lounge his life away in this fashion; and, if he has an income sufficient to keep him in "*cigaritos*," to pay for his weekly seat at the "*Plaza del Toros*," and to provide him the bare means of subsistence, he will do no work. He is ready, in case of an outbreak, or for a place under Government—neither would come amiss to him. It is all he seems fitted for, and, apparently, the height of his ambition. In the morning a lounge on the "Puerta del Sol," in the afternoon a walk or ride on the "Prado," in the evening to a café or theatre, varied occasionally by a bull-fight or a cock-fight—is the average employment of half the young men in Madrid. There is not much betting or "sporting," in our sense of the word, even at the bull-fights, and they seemed to us, on most occasions, to do what Englishmen alone have been accused of—"to take their pleasure sadly."


Zum Klapperſtein bin ich genannt
Den bößen Mäulern wohl bekannt,
Wer Luſt zu Zank und Hader hat
Der muß mich tragen durch die Stadt.
THE KLAPPERSTEIN.

AN INDIAN ELEPHANT'S TOILET.

It is not usual for European or American residents in India to go around much afoot; indeed, after a short residence, the languor produced by the climate makes every exertion something to be avoided.

But, as I was a traveler rather than a resident, although my sojourns were often prolonged, I roamed about to see, for the simple reason that I went abroad to see.

When I was at Poonah, a British post about seventy-five miles southeast of the city of Bombay, I used frequently to stroll out early in the morning to see the sights—the Parsees going to the river side to greet the sun at its rising, and other early risers.

From boyhood the elephant had been an attraction to me. I liked to study the huge mountain of flesh and intelligence. Hence, the reader will not be surprised that my early walks often led me to the spacious and strongly-built sheds erected for the elephants, of which a large number were kept by the cantonment.

The elephant shed, with the long rows of the animals in their separate stalls, is a sight in itself, but it was fun to see their daily toilet.

Elephants are fond of water, and from time to time are taken to a neighboring river, the Moola, to bathe. They know perfectly well when the time comes and where they are going, and seem to enter into it with the zest of schoolboys about to have their first swim of the season. Where a river is not within a convenient distance, the elephant must have his wash at home. He looks for it with the regularity of clockwork; and his mahout must be prompt and punctual, or he will incur the displeasure of his huge charge.

Most of the grooms are natives of Ceylon, but some are Europeans. I enjoyed greatly the humors of the burly elephant, who had rather a careless and, I fear, unsteady keeper. The elephant always expressed satisfaction when he came prompt and early, but was as surly as a bear if his attendant was behind time.

The keeper was a good-hearted fellow, and the elephant seemed so attached to him that he acted like one rather disposed to overlook the man's failings.

When the man came with pails and brooms to perform the toilet of his huge charge, the elephant at once got down to assist his attendant.

After liberally sousing him with water, to wet his hide pretty thoroughly, the man would mount his back and begin to scrub him well with his broom, to the great satisfaction of the huge creature, which would answer his chatty words with significant grunts or an occasional slight trumpeting.

The operation is, of course, rather more troublesome than currying down a horse, even considering the square feet of surface to be gone over.

When the body was well scrubbed, and the skin had a healthful glow, the mahout would jump down, and the elephant rose to have the last touches given to him.

Some of the native mahouts take pains to teach their elephants tricks. I saw one to which the keeper often led up his black baby, and then handed the elephant a small bottle of oil.

The animal at once proceeded to return the favor done him by his wash, by attending to the child's toilet.

It began to part its thick hair, as if his trunk had been a comb, and then carefully taking up the bottle dropped oil along the division made, and rubbed it on with the same useful member.

I was much laughed at for my propensity to gad about; but, after all, I would rather bear a little discomfort than return no wiser than I went, and I certainly learned something at the elephant stables of Poonah.

A Dandy of the Last Century.

A NEWSPAPER of 1770 gives the following description of a fop of that period: "A few days ago a dandy made his appearance in the Assembly Rooms, at Whitehaven, dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat, and breeches covered with an elegant silver net, white silk stockings with pink clocks, pink satin shoes, and large pearl buckles; a mushroom colored stock, covered with fine point lace, hair dressed remarkably high, and stuck full of pearl pins."

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

ALL day long on vale and hill
The mist lay deep as night:
All day long in gloom and chill
The heavens were hid from sight.
All day long the sweet birds' song
Was hushed on every side;
The dreary day so passed away
Till came the eventide.

At eventide a pleasant breeze
Came breathing from the west;
It shook the drops from off the trees,
It swept away the mist.
The setting sun beamed out upon
The landscape far and wide,
And all around from sky to ground
Was light at eventide.

All day long, 'mid hopes and fears,
A pallid baby slept:
All day long, with prayers and tears,
Her watch the mother kept.
At eve the child awoke and smiled—
The joyful mother cried,
"All danger's past, he's safe at last!
There's light at eventide!"

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE TABLE.

GREAT would be the wonder if, in the present state of refinement, one ever gave a thought to that necessary adjunct of the dinner table the fork we use, as to what we should do without it; and yet its introduction dates only three centuries back. Neither the Romans nor Greeks have any name for it, and even Pollux does not mention it in his full list of necessaries for the table, the only fork (*kreagra*) noticed being one in resemblance to a hand, to fish meat out of the pot; this is also noted by Anaxippus. Beckmann in his *History of Inventions* says: "Equally inapplicable to our forks are the words *furca*, *fuscina*, *fuscinula*, and *gabalus*, which are given in dictionaries. The first two were undoubtedly instruments which approached nearly to our furnace and hay-forks."

Formerly food was cut into small pieces before being placed on the table, for the convenience of the diners, who, reclining on couches, could not use both hands with ease. Persons of rank kept a carver, who used the only knife placed on the table; this knife had an ivory handle, and in the houses of the rich was ornamented with silver. Posidonius relates: "The Gauls used to take roast meat in their hands and tear it to pieces with their teeth, or cut it with a small knife which each carried in his girdle."

Bread also was never cut at table. In former times it was not baked so thick as at present, but rather like cakes, and could easily be broken; hence mention is so often made of the "breaking of bread." The Chinese never use forks, but they have small sticks of ivory (called chopsticks), which are often of very fine workmanship, and inlaid with silver and gold. Two of these are placed before each guest, who uses them for putting into his mouth the meat which has been cut into small bits.

Had the Romans used forks they must necessarily have been found among the numerous remains of antiquity which have been collected in modern times. But Baruffaldi and Biörnstähl, who both made researches respecting them, assure us they were never able to find any. Count Caylus and Grignon assert the contrary. The former has given a figure and description of a silver two pronged fork, which was discovered among rubbish in the Appian Way. It is of exceedingly beautiful workmanship and at one end terminates in a stag's foot. Beckmann says: "Notwithstanding the high reputation of this French author, I cannot possibly admit that everything of which he has given figures is so old as he seems to imagine."

Grignon found in the ruins of a Roman town in Champagne some articles which he considers as table forks, but he merely mentions them, without giving a description sufficient to convince one of the truth of what he asserts, which, in regard to a thing so unexpected, was certainly requisite. One fork was of copper or brass; two others were of iron, and he says, speaking of the latter, that they seemed to have served as table forks, but were coarsely made. It is, however, doubtful if he conjectured rightly in regard to the use of them. As far as Beckmann knows, the use of forks was first known in Italy towards the end of the fifteenth century, but at that time they were not very common. Galeotus Martius, an Italian resident at the court of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, who reigned from 1458 to 1490, relates in a book which he wrote about that prince, that in Hungary at that time forks were not used at table, as they were in many parts of Italy, but that at meals each person laid hold of the meat with his fingers, and on that account they were much stained with saffron, which was then put into sauces and soup. He praises the king for eating without a fork, yet conversing at the same time, and never dirtying his clothes.

Thomas Coryate, the traveler, saw them used in Italy, and in the same year used them himself in England; he says in his book called the "Crudities": "Here j will mention a thing that might have been spoken of before in discourse of the first Italian towne. I observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through the which j passed that is not used in any other country that j saw in my travels, neither do j thinke that any other nation of Christendome dothe use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dishe, they fasten their forke, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dishe; so that whatsoever he be that, sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dishe of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at least brow beaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This form of feeding j understand is generally used in all places of Italy; their forkes being, for the most part, made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot, by any meanes, indure to have his dishe touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon j myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while j was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since j came home, being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humor doubted not to call me at table *furcifer*, only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

The use of forks was at first much ridiculed in England as an effeminate piece of finery; in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays "your fork-carving traveler" is spoken of with much contempt; and Ben Jonson has joined in the laugh against them in "Devil's an Ass," Act V., Scene 4. *Meercraft* says to *Gilthead* and *Sledge*:

> Have I deserved this from you two? for all
> My pains at court, to get you each a patent.
> *Gilthead*: For what?
> *Meercraft*: Upon my project of the *forks*.
> *Sledge*: *Forks?* What be they?
> *Meercraft*: The laudable use of forks,
> Brought into custom here as they are in Italy
> To the sparing of napkins.

In many parts of Spain at present, drinking glasses, spoons, and forks are rarities; and in taverns in many countries, particularly in some towns of France, knives are not placed on the table, because it is expected that each person should have one of his own; a custom which the French seem to have retained from the old Gauls. But as no person would any longer eat without forks, landlords were obliged to furnish these, together with plates and spoons.

Dr. Johnson writes: "Among the Scotch highlanders knives have been introduced at table only since the time of the Revolution. Before that period every man had a knife of his own as a companion to his dirk or dagger. The men cut the meat into small morsels for the women, who then put them into their mouths with their fingers. The use of forks at table was at first considered as a superfluous luxury, and therefore they were forbidden to convents, as was the case in regard to the congregation of St. Maur."

The English, Dutch, and French have adopted the Italian names *forca* and *forchetta*, given to our table forks, though these appellations, says Beckmann, in his opinion, were used at an earlier period to denote large instruments, such as pitchforks, flesh forks, furnace forks, because in the low German *forke* is a very old name given to such implements. The German word *gabel*, which occurs first in dictionaries for these large instruments, is of great antiquity, and has been still retained in the Swedish and Dutch. It appears to have been used for many things which were split or divided into two; at any rate, it is certain that it is not derived from the Latin word *gabalus*.

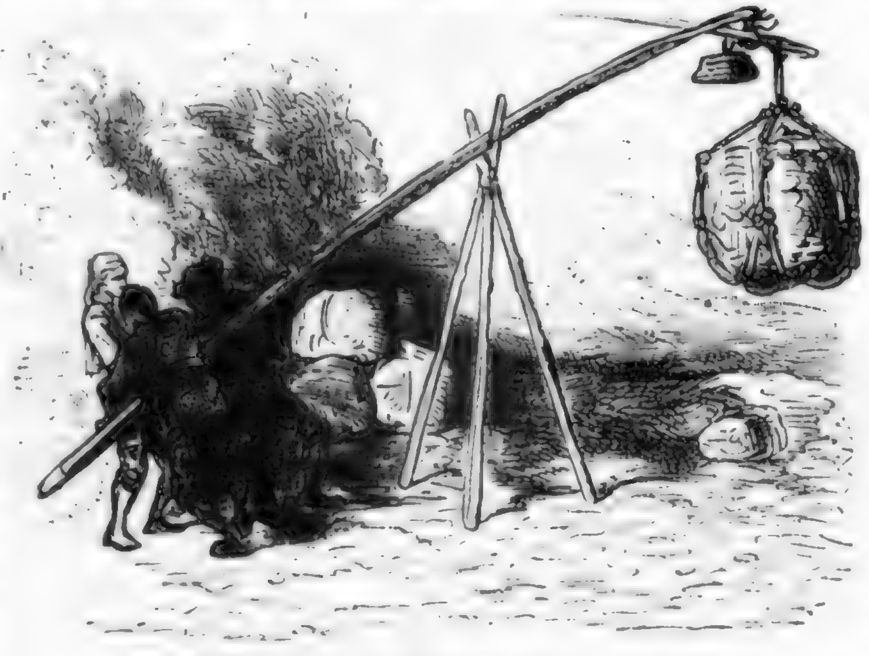
None of the sovereigns of England had forks till the reign of Henry the Eighth; all, high and low, used their fingers. Hence in the royal household there was a dignitary called the *Ewrar* or *Ewary*, who with a set of subordinates attended at meals with basins, water, and towels. The office of Ewary survived after forks came partially into fashion. We learn that when James the First entertained the Spanish Ambassador at dinner, very shortly after his accession, "their Majesties washed their hands with water from the same ewer, the towels being presented to the King by the Lord Treasurer, and to the Queen by the Lord High Admiral." The Prince of Wales had a ewer to himself, which was after him used by the ambassador.

About the first royal personage in England who is known to have had a fork was Queen Elizabeth, but, although several were presented to her, it remains doubtful whether she used them on ordinary occasions. From the inventory of Her Majesty's appointment in *Nichols' Progresses*, it would appear that these forks were more for ornament than use: "*Item*, a knife and a spoune and a forke of christall, garnished with golde sleightly and sparcks of garnetts, given by the Countess of Lincolne. *Item*, a forke of corall sleightly garnished with golde, given by Mrs. Frances Drury. *Item*, one spoune and forke of golde, the forke garnished with lyttle rubyes, two lyttle perles pendant and a lyttle corall, given by the Countess of Warwicke." These ornamental forks had doubtless been presented to the queen as foreign curiosities of some value, and were probably never used at table. As yet, and for a considerable time afterwards, forks were not in common use, a circumstance less attributable to ignorance of their invention than prejudice. So far was this prejudice carried by even educated persons, that one divine preached against the use of forks, as being an insult to

XUM

Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers. Forks came so slowly into use in Europe, that they were employed only by the higher classes at the middle of the seventeenth century. And even toward its close, few noblemen had more than a dozen forks of silver, along with a few of iron or steel. At length, for general use, steel forks were manufactured. These had but two prongs, and it was only in later times that the three pronged kind were made. In the early part of the eighteenth century, table forks, and, we may add, knives were kept on so meagre a scale by country inns in Scotland (and perhaps in some parts of England), that it was customary for gentlemen in traveling to carry with them a portable knife and fork in a shagreen case. The general introduction of silver forks is quite recent; it can be dated no further back than the year 1814. The extensive use of these costly instruments in the present age marks, in an extraordinary degree, the rapid progress of wealth and refined taste throughout the civilized world. No laboring man even of the present day would consider his table complete without his three-pronged forks. The silver fork or prong has now grown into four divisions, and to such perfection has the manufacture of silver and silver-plated goods been brought in America, that foreign-made articles are seldom, if ever, imported.

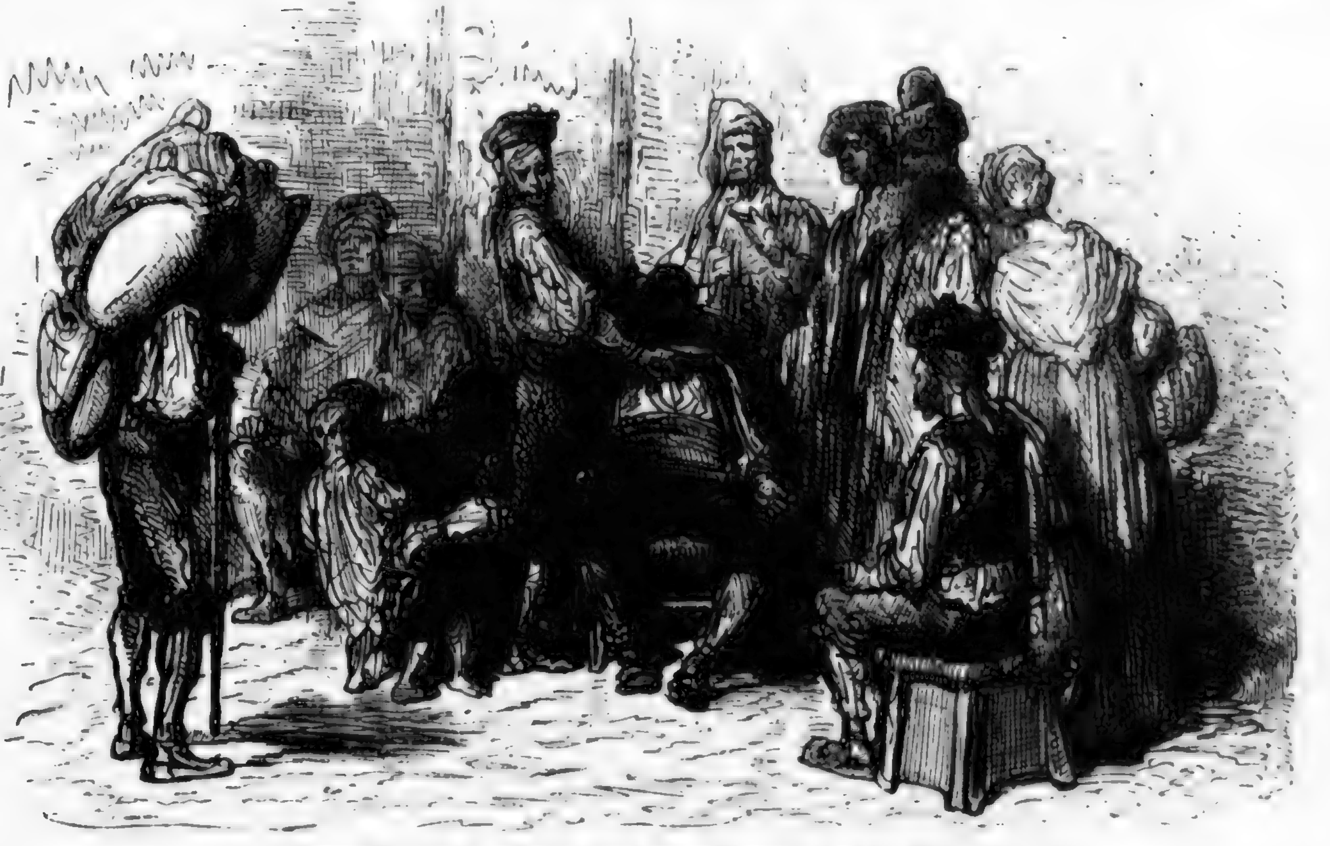
STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—GIRL SELLING CERILLAS.—SEE PAGE 92.



STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—WEIGHING COAL.—SEE PAGE 92.

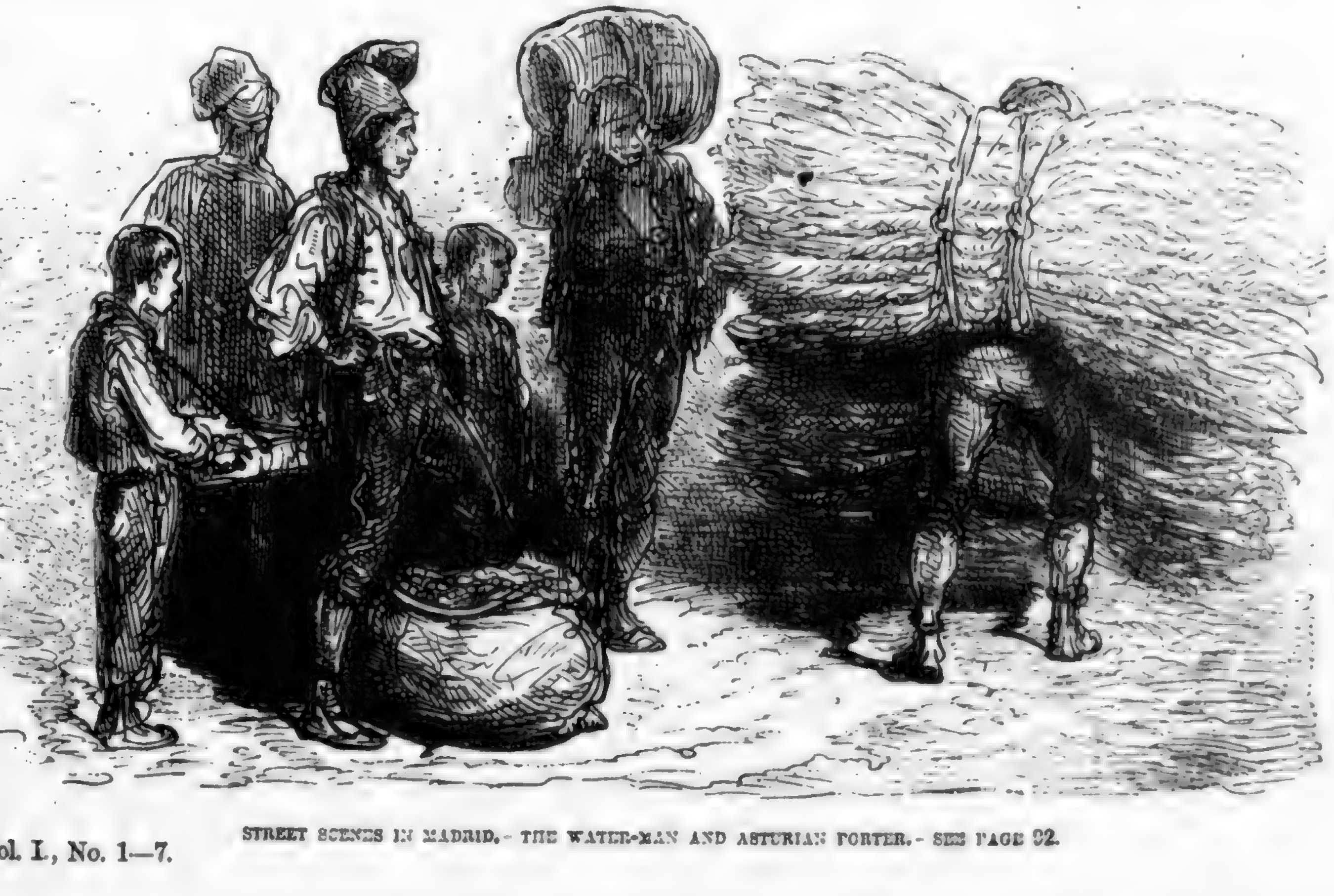
LOVE AND PRELACY.

NEAR Rheims stood the convent of Avenet. It was amply endowed; and to its presidency, somewhere about the beginning of 1631, was appointed the Princess Benedicite de Gonzague, third daughter of Charles, Duke of Mantua and Nevers. The lady possessed no particular qualification for the post, save one—considered all sufficient at the time—high birth. She was exceedingly beautiful and just nineteen. Gossip dwelt particularly on the brightness of her eyes and on the fairness of her hands. And with these eyes and hands, and, of course, with their possessor, Archbishop Henri of Lorrain fell deeply in love during one of his flying visits of his See. On the strength of report, be it observed; for as yet he had never beheld the lady. Announcing in due form, by the issue of a long-winded pastoral, that—as was probably the truth—there were good grounds for believing in the existence of irregular practices among the convents of his diocese, he signified that it was his intention to make "visitation" of these places and restore order therein. The visitation took place accordingly, and was an imposing affair while it lasted. For the showy Henri of Lorrain delighted in the showy ceremonies of his church, and abated not one jot of them in this instance. Never was visitation so rigorously conducted, and the fame of the archbishop's severity



STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—THE STREET BARBER.—SEE PAGE 92.

preceded him, exciting apprehension in the convents yet unvisited. Avenet was duly reached. The abbess and sisters were surprised to find the prelate, of whom they had heard terrible things, so youthful, so graceful, and so very handsome. The visitation of Avenet began, continued, and ended with more than usual severity. Having completed the general examination of the establishment, the archbishop signified that there remained certain matters of gravest import which he would prefer to discuss with the abbess in private. The abbess led the way to her sitting-room in evident trepidation. That something exceedingly compromising to herself had been detected she felt certain. Visions of deprivation—perhaps of confinement in a penal convent—flitted before her eyes. Nor was she at all reassured by the care which her companion took to secure the door of the apartment. The stern inquisitor stood silent for a few minutes, scanning the pretty abbess from head to foot. Her eyes were fixed on the ground. "Look at me," commanded the wily archbishop. The abbess obeyed timorously. "What beautiful eyes!" he exclaimed; "there at least report has not

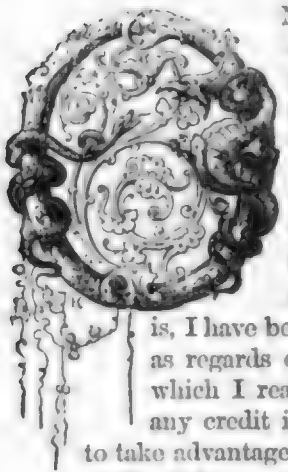


STREET SCENES IN MADRID.—THE WATER-MAN AND ASTURIAN PORTER.—SEE PAGE 92.

XUM

deceived me." "But, monseigneur, what harm have my eyes done!" pleaded the lady, opening the said eyes very wide. "Show me your hands," ordered his Grace, paying no heed to the remark. Madame d'Avenet stretched out both hands, holding them close together and looking from them to the archbishop and back again, in a deliciously childish way. "Exquisite!" ejaculated the censor. "These scandal-mongers have not exaggerated their perfections one bit!" "But, monseigneur," sobbed the lady, "what harm have my poor little hands done?" "Stolen away my heart," sighed the prelate, carrying them to his lips. So closed the first and last visitation of his Grace at Rheims.

THE FORTUNE OF LAW.



ONE day I was chatting with an old schoolfellow of mine, who, though young, was an English barrister of some eminence, when the conversation turned upon his own career.

"People," he said, "give me credit for much more than I deserve. They compliment me on having attained my position by talent, and sagacity, and all that; but the fact is, I have been an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards opportunities. The only thing for which I really can consider myself entitled to any credit is, that I have always been prompt to take advantage of them."

"But," I observed, "you have a high reputation for legal knowledge and acumen. I have heard several persons speak in terms of great praise of the manner in which you conducted some of your last cases."

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is fortunate, the world soon finds fine things in him. There is nothing like gilding to hide imperfections and bring out excellencies. But I will just give you one instance of what I call my luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before I was quite as well known as I am now; it was a trivial thing in itself, but very important in its consequences to me, and has ever since been very fresh in my memory. I had been retained on behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an action for debt, brought against him by a bricklayer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to be due for building-work done on the gentleman's premises. The owner refused payment on the ground that a verbal contract had been made for the execution of the work at a price less by one-third than the amount claimed. Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact. The man denied the contract, alleged that no specification had been made, and pleaded, finally, that if such contract had been entered into, it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he was prepared to swear, and had his assistant also ready to certify the amount of labor and material expended. I gave my opinion that it was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had better agree to a compromise than incur any further expense. However, he would not, and I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents for any chance of success.

"Near the town where the trial was to take place lived an old friend of mine, who, after the first day's assize, carried me off in his carriage to dine and sleep at his house, engaging to drive me over next morning in time for this case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten, the gentleman in question, was there also, and we had another discussion as to the prospects of his defence. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so confident that something will come out to prove it, that I am determined to persist.' I said I hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

"After breakfast the next morning, my host drove over in his dog-cart to the assize-town. We were just entering the outskirts, when, from a turning down by the old inn and posting-house, where the horse was usually put up, there came running towards us a lad pursued by a man, who was threatening him in a savage manner. Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after the custom of small boys in such circumstances, lay down, curling himself up, and holding his hands clasped over his head. The man approached, and after beating him roughly with his fist, and trying to pull him up without success, took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and knocked his head several times on the ground. We were just opposite at the moment, and my friend bade the man let the lad alone, and not be such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim scampered away in the opposite direction.

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently went on to the court. The case was opened in an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who characterized the plea of a contract as a shallow evasion, and called the plaintiff as his principal witness. What was my surprise to see get into the box the very man whom I had beheld hammering the boy's head on the kerb-stone an hour before! An idea occurred to me at the moment, and I half averted my face from him; though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would recognize me under my forensic wig. He gave his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way, but very clearly and decisively. He had evidently got his story well by heart, and was determined to stick to it. I rose and made a show of cross-examining him till I saw that he was getting irritated and denying things in a wholesale style. He had been drinking too, I thought, just enough to make him insolent and restless. So, after a few more unimportant questions, I asked, in a casual tone—

"'You are married, Mr. Myers?'

"'Yes, I am.'

"'And you are a kind husband, I suppose?'

"'I suppose so: what then?'

"'Have any children blessed your union, Mr. Myers?'

"The plaintiff's counsel here called the judge to interfere. The questions were irrelevant and impertinent in the matter in question.

"I pledged my word to the court that they were neither, but had a very important bearing on the case, and was allowed to proceed. I repeated my question.

"'I've a boy and a girl.'

"'Pray how old are they?'

"'The boy's twelve, and the girl nine, I believe.'

"'Ah! well, I suppose you are an affectionate father as well as a kind husband. You are not in the habit of beating your wife and children, are you?'

"'I don't see what business it is of yours. No! I ain't.

"'You don't knock your son about, for example?'

"'No! I don't.' (He was growing downright savage, especially as the people in the court began to laugh.)

"'You don't pummel him with your fist, eh?'

"'No! I don't.'

"'Or knock his head upon the ground, in this manner? (and I rapped the table with my knuckles).

"'No!' (indignantly).

"'You never did such a thing?'

"'No!'

"'You swear to that?'

"'Yes.'

"All this time I had never given him an opportunity of seeing my face: I now turned towards him and said:

"'Look at me, sir! Did you ever see me before?'

"He was about to say No again; but all at once he stopped, turned very white, and made no answer.

"'That will do,' I said; 'stand down, sir. My lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not to be believed on his oath.'

"I then related what we had seen that morning, and putting my friend, who had been sitting behind me all the while, into the witness-box, he of course confirmed the statement.

"The court immediately decided that the man was unworthy of belief, and the result was a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a severe reprimand from the judge to Myers, who was very near being committed for perjury. But for the occurrence of the morning, the decision would inevitably have been against us. As I said before, it was in a double sense fortunate for me, for it was the means of my introduction, through Mr. Tritten, to an influential and lucrative connection."

Wonders in Carved Work.

SOME curious sculptures are to be seen in China, on some of the singular stone bridges built in that country. The most remarkable of these is a stone bridge in the province of Fo-kien, which is three hundred and sixty perches long, and one and a half broad. It is of white stone, without any arches, and it is supported by three hundred pillars, with a parapet on each side. The parapets are adorned with figures of lions, at certain distances, and a variety of other curious sculptures.

Another stone bridge of the same description exists at Fu-choo, the capital of Fo-kien, the parapets of which are adorned in a similar manner with figures of lions and other animals. This bridge is one hundred and fifty perches long, and consists of one hundred lofty arches.

The most beautiful, and perhaps the most wonderful, marble structure which we shall have to describe is in India, and is to be seen at Agra, on the banks of the river Jumma. This is the Taj Mahal, erected in 1632 by the Great Mogul Shah Jehan. It is supposed to be the finest piece of Saracenic architecture in the world, and stands on a river terrace three thousand feet long. It cost seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, and twenty thousand men were engaged twenty-two years in its erection. Shah Jehan was himself imprisoned in it, and died and was buried there in 1666.

Turning to curiosities in wood, we will first notice a remarkable bridge almost entirely built of sandal-wood. This bridge is at Paredenia, in Ceylon, and consists of a single arch of two hundred and twenty-five feet span, or half as wide again as those of London Bridge. We are not informed of the date of its erection, but it was certainly built before the present century.

Chinese ivory balls are well known. They are carved in delicately fine open work, nine balls, one within another, each distinct, and every one but the innermost one, which is a mere ivory ball, carved in a delicate open-work pattern like the outer balls. As each sphere is separate, portions of the whole nine can be seen at once.

We have seen a Chinese ivory lantern, about a foot square, also carved out of one piece, and with fanciful pendant ornaments at the four upper corners, and a fanciful top. The four sides, where glass would be, were scraped so thin as to be semi-transparent.

The following specimens of miniature work were exhibited by an artist at Cologne, in 1842: In half a nut: a lady's dressing-case of thirty-six articles, amongst which were a pair of scissors, and a knife with two blades which opened and shut perfectly. In a nut: a cage containing a canary bird, which opened its beak, fluttered its wings, and perfectly imitated the song of that bird. In the kernel of an almond: a Dutch windmill for sawing wood; at each representation the mill actually sawed a piece of wood. In an egg-shell: an apartment magnificently carpeted, in which a lady opened a piano and played two airs; in the back part was a marble chimney-piece, with a clock upon it of bronze, representing Napoleon on horseback. In a walnut: an elegant coffee-house with all belonging to it. A lady is at the buffet; and two ladies playing a game of billiards. In a mussel-shell: a gastronome sat before a table, and seemed to eat with great appetite the bits for which he opened his mouth each time. And lastly in an egg: an automaton, who answered in writing any question asked him, traced drawings, added up any numbers proposed to him almost as quickly as asked, and presented the total.

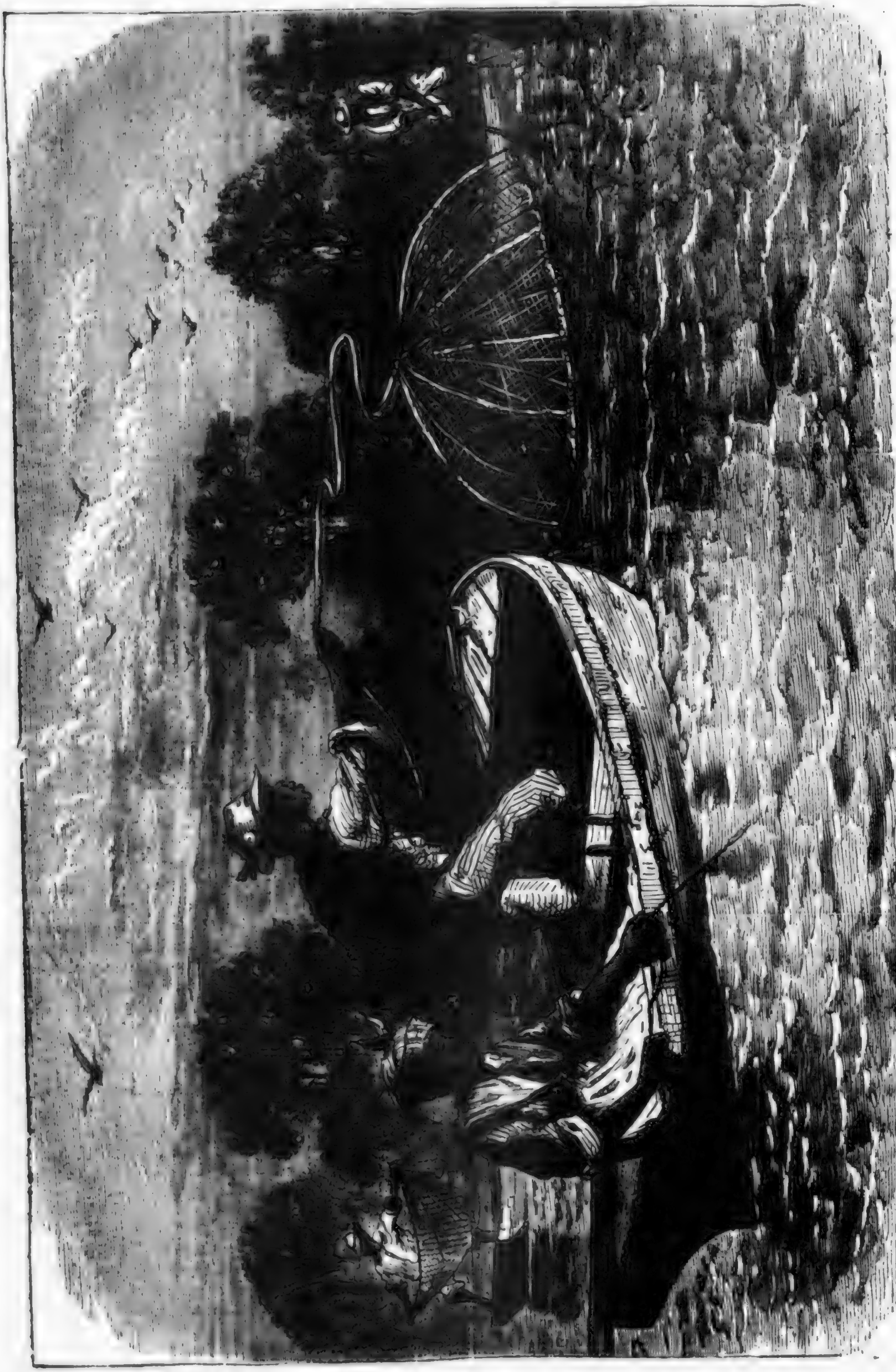
Cardinal Richelieu.

A FIGURE at once elegant and imposing, a majestic bearing, features delicate, yet stern, and the eye of an eagle, such is the portrait of the great cardinal, which has been handed down to posterity. In society the terrible and relentless statesman was gay and spiritual; his conversation, from the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his mind, delightful, and at the same time diversified by bon mots and the gossip of the time. In the society of ladies he was the most polished of gallants; he was a constant frequenter at the Hotel Rambouillet; assisted aux thèses d'amour des Précieuses, and even spoke the jargon of the romances of the period. Judged by the petty canons of a superficial age, of which the littleness of soul is surpassed only by its inflated vanity, the grand, antique figure of this mighty statesman is not of a tyrant and wholesale murderer. But it is by the canons of his own time, and by the broad principles taught by universal history, not by those of milksop humanitarians, that Armand Richelieu and his deeds must be judged. It was a vast task he imposed upon himself—out of the anarchy into which his age had fallen to create order. His order, truly, was absolutism, but, nevertheless, it was the first link in the chain which led to liberty. He reformed with axe and sword. Yet he, before whose frown the haughtiest nobles and even the royalty of France trembled, he who held at his will the lives of millions, was transported with delight by the hand-clapping of a few toadies and groundlings. He was as much the fox as the lion, the dwarf as the giant; he could even cringe and play the sycophant unto abasement. He was as vindictive as he was ungrateful, and never forgave either slight or injury. His vanity descended to the absurd and undignified. Such was Armand Richelieu, statesman, churchman, and soldier.

Earthquake Investigations.

FATHER BERTELLI, an Italian monk, for several years past, has made a study of the tremblings of the earth, and more especially those which are so extremely slight as not to be perceptible save by pendulums placed in the fields of microscopes. In one year he recognized 5,500 of these movements; and graphically representing the same over many years by a curve, he finds that the line corresponds neither with the thermometric curve nor with the tidal phenomena, nor can it be brought into any relation with the distances or positions of the sun or moon. With the barometric curve, however, it is otherwise; and it appears that, in the large majority of cases, the intensity of the movements augmented with the lowering of the barometric column as if (as the investigator states) the gaseous masses imprisoned in the superficial layers of the earth escaped more easily when the weight of the atmosphere diminished.

XUM



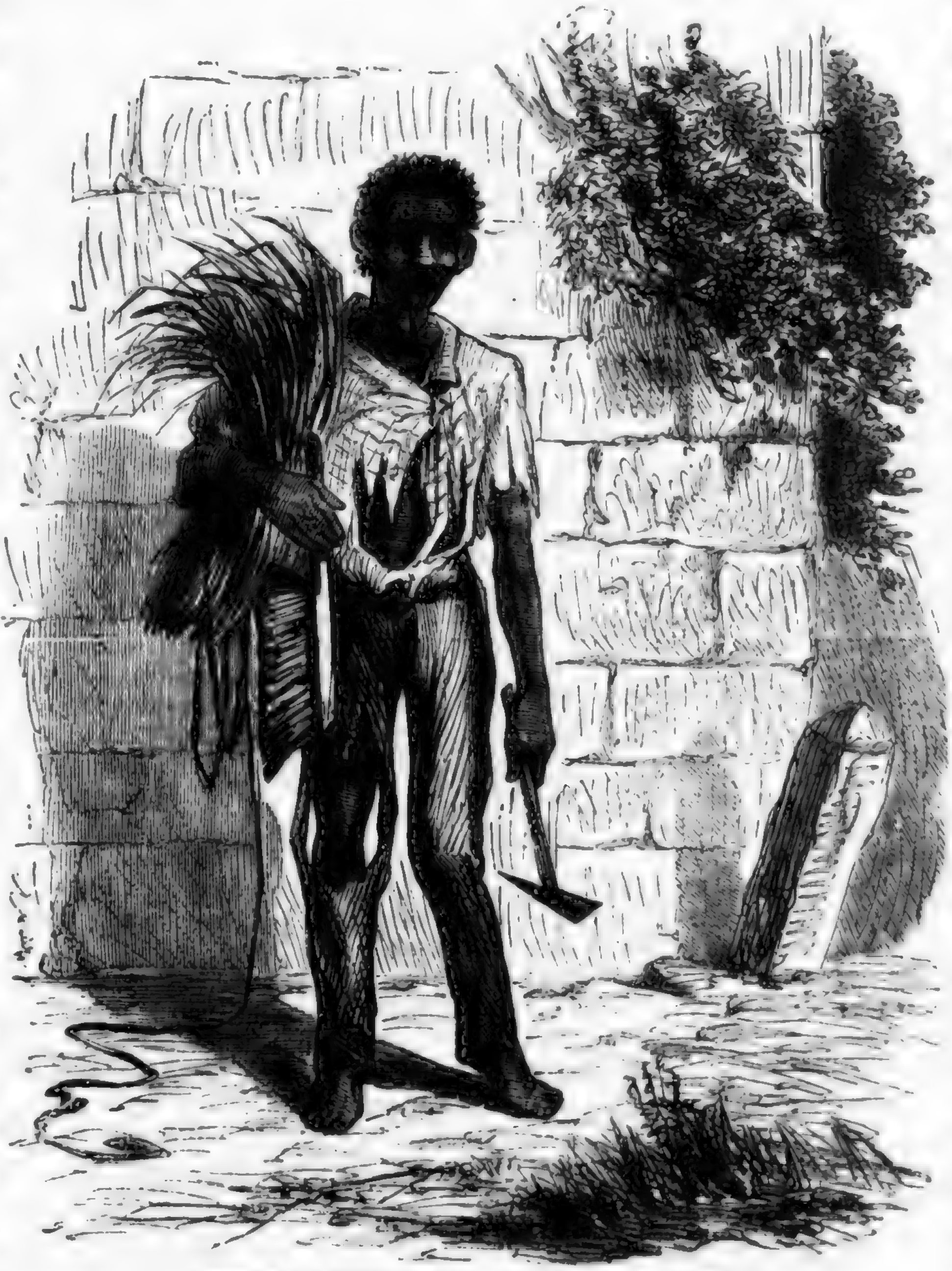
PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—PRAWN FISHING.

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

The Prawn Fisher and Sweep of Savannah.

There are many sights and scenes in our fair Southern land that seem strange and unfamiliar to the Northern eye, and perhaps nothing is more noticeable than the peculiar employments to which the freedmen have betaken themselves, since emancipation imposed upon them the necessity of providing ways and means for their bodily sustenance.

A considerable extent of the Southern coast is bordered by a series of land-locked lagoons or sounds, separated from the ocean by narrow strips of sand, pierced at intervals by inlets. Of these sounds, Albemarle, Pimlico, and Warsaw are the chief, and together form a sheltered channel of navigation much traversed by vessels of light draft. Their waters swarm with many species of fish, while the rice marshes, which line their shores, are the favorite haunt of multitudes of aquatic birds. This is the paradise of the sportsman; and here, too, the negro fishermen turn an employment pursued in ante-bellum days as a mere pastime into a means of livelihood.



PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.—THE SWEEP OF SAVANNAH.

A favorite delicacy in Southern markets is the prawn, a small shell-fish, similar in appearance to the shrimps sold by the New York street venders—in fact, a sort of lobster on a small scale.

At certain seasons of the year the waters of these land-locked bays fairly teem with the tiny crustaceans, and then the negro fishermen are in their glory. Several methods are employed in prawn-fishing; pot-traps are set in the same manner as in eel-fishing; bag-nets are also sometimes used, but the scoop-net is generally preferred. Our illustration shows the last-mentioned manner of capturing these little shell-fish, as practised by the negro fishermen on Warsaw Sound and the Savannah River. One darkey lazily sculls the boat slowly along, while the other handles the clumsy-looking net with a dexterity and quickness that generally results in "a good haul."

The prawns are readily sold in the Savannah markets, and the dusky fisherman, having invested the proceeds in a liberal allowance of tobacco for himself, and a little tea, with perhaps a calico frock or a gay bandanna handkerchief for the partner of his bosom, returns to his rude cabin "down de bayou," there to revel and idle until an exhausted larder compels him to resume his warfare upon the finny inhabitants of the sea.

The other picture presented is an accurate portrait of a Savannah chimney-sweep, "taken from life," as the artists say, and the sooty climber is certainly a decidedly unique object.

In our Northern cities the trade of the chimney-sweeper is almost a lost occupation, although a rheumatic old darkey may occasionally be seen perambulating our streets shouting his musical cry of "Sweep-Ho!" The chimneys of modern houses are so built as to rarely need the cleaning—a fortunate circumstance, when we consider that their narrow flues could never admit of the descent of the historical small boy.

In the South, however, the case is different. The huge chimneys of many of the ancient houses, nearly large enough for the passage of a hogshead, require frequent cleaning, and here our negro sweeper finds abundant employment. We cannot, however, say much for his enterprize, since he employs a rude broom of birch switches, made by his own hands, instead of the convenient and serviceable telescopic chimney-sweeper employed by his Northern counterpart; while his dilapidated clothing would seem to indicate that, in common with most of his race, he has yet to acquire habits of industry and economy.

There are many such queer types of semi-civilization among the Southern negroes, and the study of their peculiarities affords great amusement to the observant traveler.

Savannah is becoming a very popular Winter resort, and such a selection is amply justified by the beauty of the city and surroundings, and the salubrity of the climate. A very charming Winter trip is that to the orange groves of Florida,

XUM

taking Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah *en route*, and those of our readers who may essay the journey will find it both enjoyable and beneficial.

FIRE-MAKING.

IF one were called on to define a special ability, trait, or characteristic that, more than any other, distinguishes man from what we loosely call "an animal," one thing done on one side, and never done on the other, which constitutes a complete separation, absolute and certain, between humanity and the brute, what would it be? Reason? But brutes reason; *that* is as demonstrable as that man does.

Man builds houses! So does the beaver, and, for that matter, the bee. Man has affection. Try to take away the young of your pet hen, and see if she does not demonstrate it strongly. Men use articulate language; but is it more intelligible to his fellow than that of the dove to his mate?

Man builds ships, and navigates them across the main. Are we not told that the squirrel, wishing to pass a river, launches a piece of bark, and, spreading his tail for canvas, sails to the opposite bank?

But who ever heard of beast or bird, orang or gorilla (our putative ancestors) making a fire? They will come to it for warmth sometimes, as Carlo, our dog, and Puss, our cat, will do. But they will not replenish it—and as for making it, why, they do not—never did.

Man, therefore, is not altogether what Plato—or somebody else—once described him to be: a two-legged animal without feathers; but he is, *par excellence*, a Fire-making Animal. Chiefest among his distinctions is his ability to make a fire!

His next great glory is that he is a cook. In other words, he does not relish raw meat, except, perhaps, in the case of canvas-back ducks—which, we are told, are sufficiently cooked by being carried rapidly through a warm kitchen.

Now, if we were to ask George Washington Jefferson Smith, or John Quincy Adams Jones—our latest contribution to the census of 1870, aged five years—how to make a fire, he would probably say, scrape a match, light the advertising sheet of the *Herald*, and put it under the grate.

This youth, precocious as he is—he has already had a love-affair or two, and has made some highly successful efforts at smoking a cigar—is yet ignorant of the fact that his proud progenitor was far from being a chicken when the first "lucifer" or "locofoco" match made its appearance. *He* remembers when a flint and steel and a piece of what some people called "spunk," but which he knew as *punk*—and knew how to get it, too, out of the decaying tree-trunks in the maple woods—when these were the means whereby the fire was lighted on cold Winter mornings—mornings on which it was his privilege, as the eldest son, to rise first and set the blaze agoing.

But that time is not far ago, and fire was kindled by man ages before. In fact, we can scarcely suppose the existence of men without fire, and without a knowledge of the means of producing it.

There are stories of a fireless people, but they are apocryphal. The best authenticated tale of the kind is that told by Commodore Wilkes, in his narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition. He says that when he visited Fakaafo, or Bowditch Island, in 1841, he found neither places for cooking nor signs of fire, and that the natives evinced alarm when they saw sparks from flint and steel, and smoke from cigars. But that is only negative evidence. And, besides, Mr. Hale, the philologist of the expedition, gives us a vocabulary of the language of these islanders, in which we find that they had a name for fire, *afi*, even if they did not possess it in fact.

But, after all, we come back to the inquiry, how did man come to know about fire at all? Did he get his first knowledge of it from the volcano or from the lightning? This problem the Greeks attempted to resolve in the fable of Prometheus, who stole it from heaven, where it was the special possession of the gods.

It does not matter much how the first knowledge of fire was obtained. We only know that all races and tribes of men possessed and possess the knowledge, although they have various ways of kindling the genial flame. And it is of these different ways that we propose to speak. Probably the friction of two pieces of wood was the original means of fire-making used by man; but it is a difficult process, as any one can prove to his own satisfaction by trying it. Whoever makes the attempt will probably succeed without much effort in getting a charred surface, and a considerable degree of heat. But to get ignition is quite another affair.

One of the simplest means of producing fire is, by what may be called the stick and groove method—*i. e.*, a blunt stick is run along back and forth in a groove of its own making, in a piece of wood lying on the ground, as shown in the engraving, No. 1. Mr. Darwin, the great naturalist, tells us that this is, or was, a common process in the Sandwich Islands, where a very light wood is used for the purpose.

Although a practised native could bring out the fire in a few seconds, Mr. Darwin himself found it rather hard work, but succeeded in the end. This process is common in all the South Sea or Polynesian islands.

Another, and more widely-diffused process, is what may be called "fire-drilling," represented in its simplest form in cut No. 2. This has been found, a little more or less modified, in every quarter of the globe. Cook found it in Alaska and Australia, and it was in use in Ceylon and Central America, among the Malayans and the Mexicans.

In the paintings of the latter people we find some striking illustrations of the process, as shown in cut No. 3. Captain Cook's account of it, as seen by him in Australia, leaving aside minor details, may be taken as a general description. He says:

"They produce fire with great facility, and spread it in a wonderful manner. They take two sticks of dry, soft wood, one eight or nine inches long, the other flat; the first they shape into an obtuse point at one end, and pressing it on the other, turn it nimbly between their hands, often moving them up and then down, to increase the pressure. By this means they get fire in less than two minutes, and from the smallest spark they increase it with great speed and dexterity."

As nations advanced, they improved on this process, and devised a contrivance on the principle of the common carpenter's brace, with which he works his centre-bit, as shown in cut No. 4. This mode is still in use among the *gauchos* of the Pampas of Buenos Ayres. One of these takes an elastic stick, eighteen inches long, against one end of which he presses firmly with his breast, placing the other end, which is pointed, in a hole in a piece of dry wood, then rapidly twirls it as the carpenter does his centre-bit.

The next advance on this process would obviously be to wind a thong or cord around the drill, and then, by pulling the two ends alternately, make it revolve rapidly—much faster than if rolled between the hands. In some parts of India butter-churns are worked in this way, instead of by the up-and-down dasher, which we still find in some parts of our

XUM

own country. Although they have simpler and easier processes, the Brahmins still use this mode of producing fire on sacred occasions.

Comparatively low in the scale of development, as evidenced in other matters, in the art of making fire the Esquimaux had mastered the process last described, and possessed it at the time of their first contact with Europeans. Davis, after whom Davis's Straits are named, describes how, in 1586, a Greenlander "beganne to kindle a fire in this manner: he tooke a piece of a board, wherein was a hole halfe throw; into that hole he put the end of a round sticke, like unto a bedde-staffe, dipping the ende thereof in traine-oil, and in fashion of a turner, with a piece of lether, by his violent motion, did speedily produce fire."

The cut (No. 5), representing two Esquimaux making fire, is taken from a drawing of the last century. One man holds a cross-piece to keep the spindle steady and force it well down, while the other pulls the thong. This apparatus takes two men to work it; but the Esquimaux had another, which one man could work unassisted, as shown in cut No. 6.

This was not only used in making fire, but, when the shaft was pointed with stone, as, for instance, green jade, for drilling holes in stone and wood. The thong being passed twice around the drill, the upper end is steadied by a mouthpiece of wood, having a piece of the same stone imbedded with a counter-sunk cavity. This, firmly held between the teeth, directs the tool. Captain Belcher says: "Any workman would be astonished at the performance of this tool on ivory; but having once tried it myself, I found the jar or vibration on the jaws, head, and brain quite enough to prevent me from repeating it." The same apparatus has been found in use in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

The next advance on this apparatus is obviously the mere thong or cord of a bow by which one hand can be made to do the work of two in driving the spindle. The bow-drill thus formed was used by the ancient Egyptians, as it still is by us, for certain purposes. Cut No. 7 represents the apparatus lately and possibly still used for making fire by the Sioux Indians of the Northwest.

There is another contrivance, used equally for drilling and fire-making, which may be described as the "Pump-drill." Cut No. 8 shows it as used in Switzerland and elsewhere, for drilling, armed with a steel point, and weighted with a wooden disk. As the hand brings the cross-piece down, it unwinds the cord, driving the spindle round; as the hand is lifted again, the disk acting as a fly-wheel, runs on and rewinds the cord, and so on. This apparatus is used in several of the South Sea Islands, only the spindle is armed with a hard stone, instead of a steel point, as shown in cut No. 9. It was also used among the Iroquois Indians of New York, and is thus described by Mr. Lewis H. Morgan, the historian of the Five Nations, who also gives a sketch of it (cut No. 10). He says:

"It consisted of an upright shaft, about four feet in length and an inch in diameter, with a small wheel set upon the lower part, to give it momentum. In a notch at the top of the shaft was set a string, attached to a bow about three feet long. The lower point rested on a block of dry wood, near which were placed small pieces of punk. When ready for use, the string is first coiled around the shaft, by turning the latter with the hand. The bow is then pulled downward, thus uncoiling the string and revolving the shaft toward the left. By the momentum given to the wheel, the string is again coiled up in a reverse manner, and the bow again drawn up, etc. This is continued until sparks are emitted at the point of the shaft, which are caught on the punk, which is thus ignited," etc., etc.

The natives of Tierra del Fuego (Land of Fire) ought to have had some means of making the flames from which their Austral country derives its name. And so they had, if we credit Magalhaens—from which the Straits of Magellan take their name. But they made fire by the possibly more advanced mode of percussion—that is to say, from a flint on a piece of iron pyrites, the spark being received on some kind of tinder. Iron pyrites was used in this way elsewhere, as, for instance, among the Slave and Dog Rib Indians, near the Arctic Circle. Both the Greeks and Romans used iron pyrites in the same way.

It is very well known that some varieties of cane, or bamboo, contain large proportions of silica, which is the same substance that, in another form, we call flint. If we may credit some accounts, in Sumatra, Borneo, and other islands of the Malayan Archipelago, fire is or was produced by striking or rubbing together splints of bamboo, the siliceous coating of the cane making ignition possible.

Lighting fire by means of burning-lenses, or concave burning-glasses, is by no means of modern origin. Pliny mentions glass globes (practically double convex lenses) with water put in them, which, when set opposite the sun, would so concentrate its rays as to set clothes on fire. He also mentions the use of concave mirrors in concentrating the rays of the sun so as to produce ignition. We need not refer in this connection to the story of Archimedes setting fire to the fleet besieging Syracuse, by means of these "burning-mirrors." We only know (or, rather, we are told) that the Inca of Peru, in his triple capacity of prophet, priest, and king, lighted the fires of his nation annually, on the occasion of the Winter solstice, by means of concave mirrors fashioned out of nodules of iron pyrites, which are capable of being polished to the brilliancy of silver or steel. It was in this way, if we may credit that aggregation of fables called Ancient History, that the vestal virgins lighted the eternal fire it was their duty to keep forever burning in the fane of Vesta, on the banks of the Tiber. If these virgins allowed the eternal fire to go out, they were well whipped by the priests, "whose custom it was to drill into a board of auspicious wood till the fire came, which was carried to the temple in a brasier."

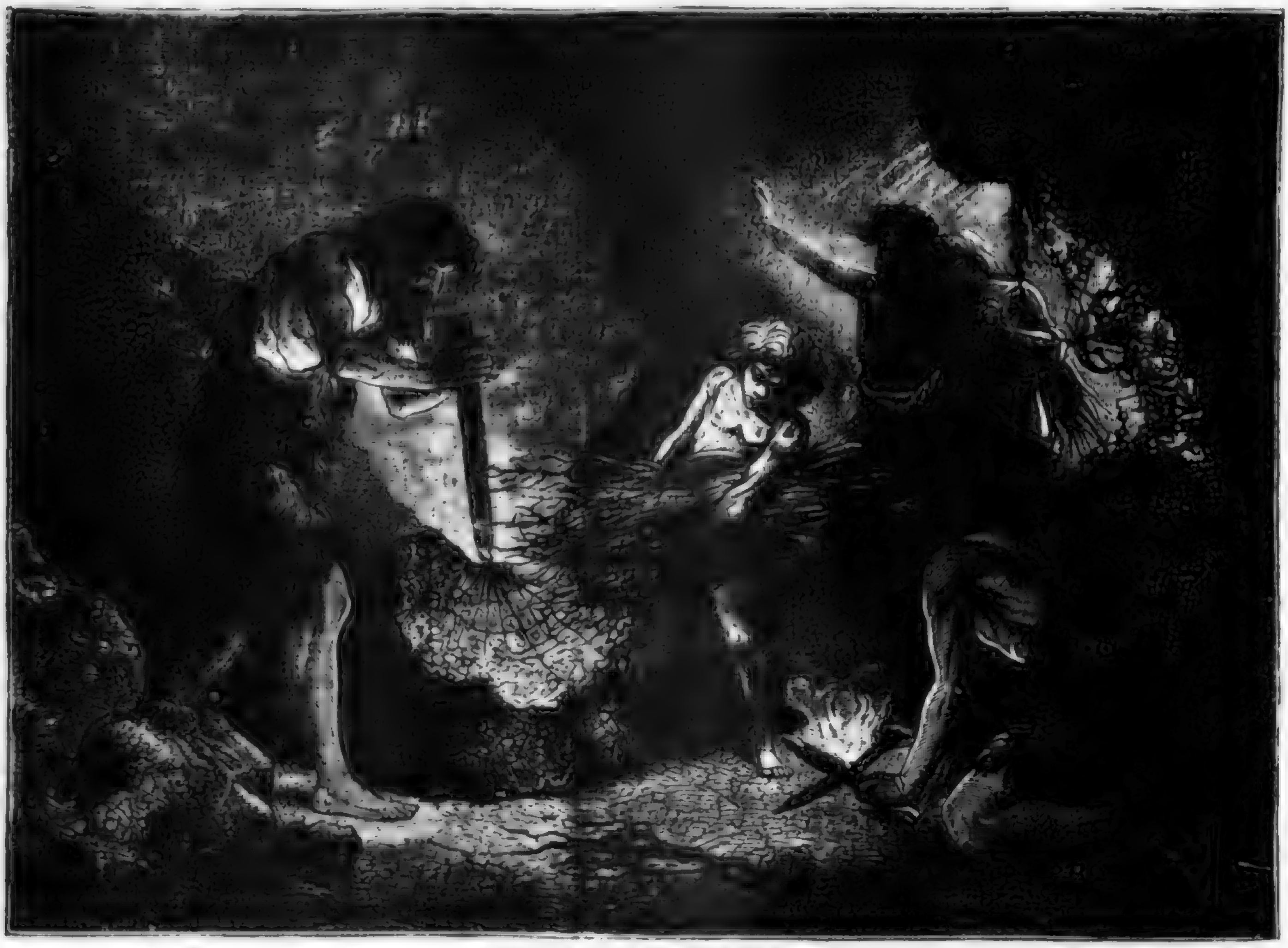
Although the Incas professed to be sons of the Sun, the latter did not always shine on the festival given in his honor, and then the lightning of the new fire by his direct action became impossible. In such case the fire was kindled by friction.

The last mode of fire-making, by means of friction matches, is spreading all over the world, and the primitive methods are now preserved only by the most savage tribes. Among the Indians on some of the upper waters of the Amazon, among the recesses of the Andes, I was surprised to find boxes of matches bearing the all too familiar revenue stamp of our own country.

It is remarkable that in the Bible, in which we have so many references to primitive customs, the erection of stones, cave-burial, etc., we find no reference to fire-making.

A Chief Judge of Bagdad, in the reign of the Caliph Hâdee, was a noted instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided. It is related of this judge that, on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him. "Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, "that the Caliph is to pay for your ignorance?" "I do not," was the mild reply; "the Caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

XUM



PRIMITIVE MAN'S CONQUEST OF FIRE.

"The Fix Mr. Ferrars was In."

A FOOL," said Mr. Bob Ferrars, desperately. "Yes, a fool! Oh, confound a fool, you know!"

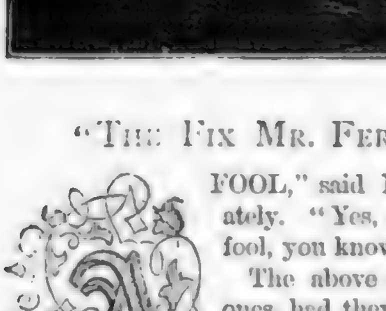
The above remarks being offensive ones, had they been addressed to an inoffensive individual, might have appeared doubly unpleasant, but taking into consideration the simple and significant fact that they were addressed to Mr. Bob Ferrars himself, *by* himself, one's indignation at such forcible language is naturally modified. How is the disinterested reader to know that Bob Ferrars' observations were incorrect as well as forcible? The fact was that Mr. Robert Ferrars was in what is vulgarly termed a fix. Hence his anathema.

"Yes, confound a man that's made a fool of himself!" proceeded Mr. Ferrars, with modest cheerfulness. "And if it comes to that, I suppose I am the individual in question." And putting his rather vagabond-looking pipe into his mouth again, he replaced his heels upon the mantel in their previous graceful position, and proceeded to take a bird's-eye view of his surroundings.

And rather queer surroundings they were upon the whole. But his manner of apostrophising them will be their best description.

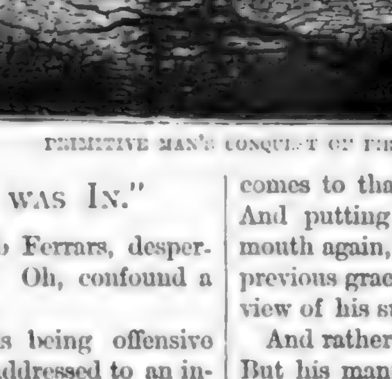
"Palatial sort of a mansion to think of bringing a wife to, ain't it?" he said. "Nice sort of reception-room for a bride—this. One airy attic on the sixth floor, lighted by one flat window on the roof, with an extensive view of the neighboring chimneys, and a lovely aviary of draggled sparrows. Furniture of the most gorgeously Oriental description. Item, one chair; item, one barrel; item, one crazy wooden bedstead; the whole bearing the unmistakable impress of wealth, luxury, taste, and refinement. By Jove! why couldn't I have stayed at home, that one day at least? Why didn't I have the sense to inquire where she was? Why didn't I go to the ——?"

1



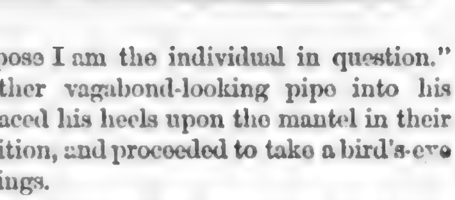
FIRE MAKING—SANDWICH ISLAND PLAN.

2



FIRE MAKING.—DRILLING PROCESS.

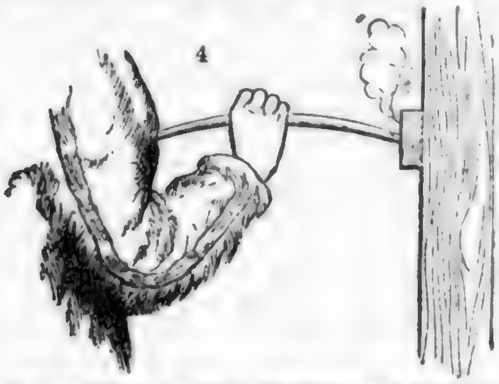
3



FIRE-MAKING.—ANCIENT MEXICAN FIRE-DRILL.

"If yer pleasir," piped up a voice at his elbow—"if yer pleasir, missus sent me up 'ere to see if I could ketch yer at 'ome, and 'ud like to know if yer've got that trifle o' rent about yer, which she's a-waitin' to pay the milkman—if yer pleasir."

4



FIRE-MAKING.—GAUCHO METHOD.—SEE PAGE 102.

Mr. Bob Ferrars turned with a start.

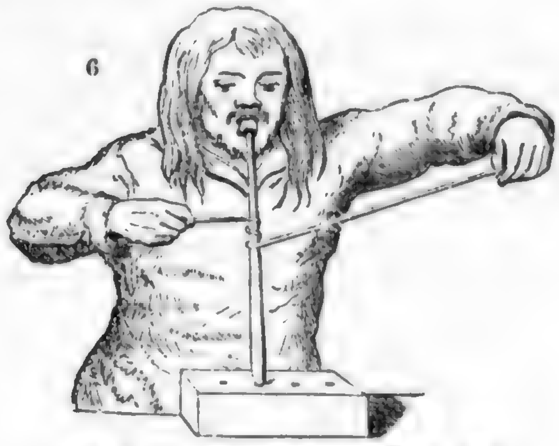
A small girl, apparently any age, from fourteen upwards, was standing at his elbow. A queer-looking small girl, with a horribly dirty face, and a frightfully smutted apron, and withal having her mop of hair fastened on the top of her head with a jagged old comb. Goodness! what a dilapidated small girl she was!

"Hallo, youngster!" said Bob. "Where did you come from?"

"From the kitchen," piped the voice again; and if yer pleasir ——"

But Mr. Ferrars stopped her.

6



FIRE-MAKING.—SIMPLER ESQUIMAUX PLAN.

"I say," he put in, "I never saw you before. What is your name?"

"Am'ble, sir;" was the answer. "If yer pleasir."

"Amiable?" returned Mr. Ferrars, tranquilly. "Inviting name that. Amiability I take to be one of the most important of virtues. Without it we become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Which last is a quotation from Scripture, my young friend. And the cymbal is an obsolete musical instrument."

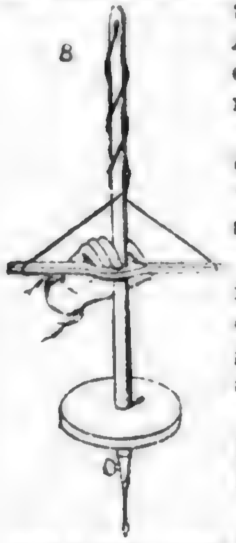
"Yes, sir," began the dilapidated Mite again; "but if yer pleasir, missus ——"

"Pardon my seeming impoliteness," interposed Mr. Ferrars, with great suavity; "but, I say, where do you live?"

"Nowheres, sir; on'y I'm a-stayin' here now. I'm a Foun'lin, sir."

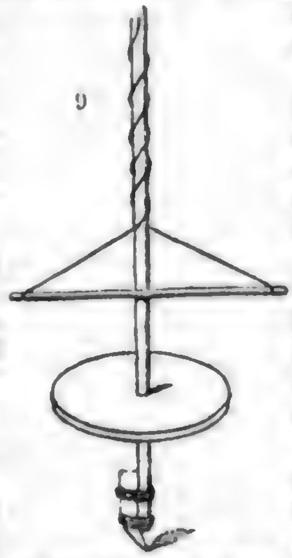
"Foun'lin," queried Mr. Ferrars. "*New-foun'lin*, may I ask?"

8



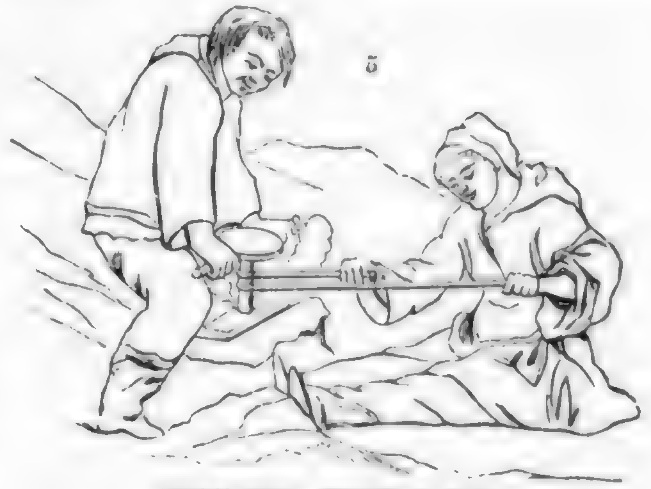
FIRE-MAKING.—SWISS PUMP-DRILL.

9



SOUTH-SEA PUMP-DRILL.

5



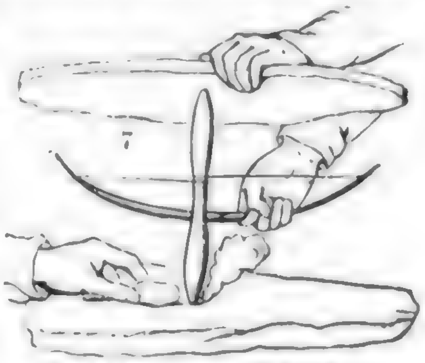
FIRE-MAKING.—ESQUIMAUX PLAN.

"Dunno what yer mean, sir," replied the Mite; "but missus is a-waitin', sir, an' ——"

"Ah! about that trifle of rent, my dear," interrupted Mr. Ferrars, carelessly. "To be sure. I had forgotten it. Pray excuse my inadvertence. You may tell your mistress that I will attend to the matter immediately, and at the same time be sure to inquire whether she would prefer to have it in gold or notes. I'm going round to my bankers' this morning, and will accommodate myself to her wishes."

It was rather a melancholy joke to jest about bankers, and gold, and notes, with empty pockets, but to this inconsistency, jovial-spirited, rollicking Bob, a joke could not be robbed of its relish under any circumstances; consequently, when the dilapidated Mite giggled, and showed two rows of milk-white teeth as a redeeming point to contrast with her unseemliness, he actually laughed too—a jolly, hearty, outright, downright laugh.

7



FIRE-MAKING.—SIOUX METHOD.

"I haven't got a picayune, my amiable Foundling," he said next. "I suppose you know that."

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Wait a minute," he said, and then began to empty his pockets. "Not a cent, Foundling," he added, looking rather puzzled. "Well, just tell her I'll try to pay it this evening. If I can't, she will have to wait. It is not necessary to tell her that, however. It mightn't be discreet."

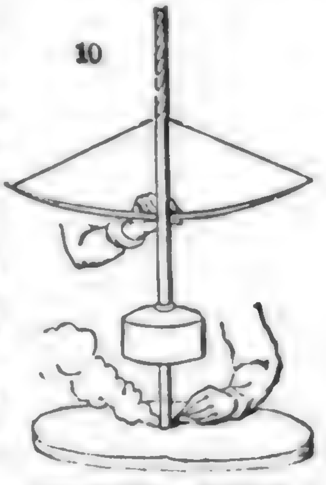
"Yes, sir," answered the edified Foundling, and slipped out of the room. Bob looked after her, scarcely knowing that he did so.

"She has got a pretty foot," he commented, half-mechanically, "if it wasn't for the heathen of a shoe. Poor little soul."

Then he lighted his pipe again, and began to smoke furiously, with a reflective face.

"I am in a bad fix,"

10



FIRE-MAKING.—IROQUOIS METHOD.

XUM

he said; "and I can't see any better plan at present than to think it over."

And as to the merits and demerits of the "fix" in question, let the reader judge. Mr. Robert Ferrars, Jr., was a banker's son, which was (or had been) the very worst thing in the world for him. He had been brought up like a prince of the blood, educated to extravagance and idleness, and then—thrown on the world without a sou to call his own. To be brief: Ferrars, Sr., having indulged in speculations, had at last discovered a slight discrepancy in his arrangements, which was nothing more nor less than an embarrassing inequality between his income and his liabilities; and having made such discovery, he had—very discreetly, though perhaps rather incorrectly—absconded to parts unknown, taking all his wordly goods with him, and, with true parental forethought, leaving his only son but a blasted name and ruined prospects. To be plainer still, Ferrars, Sr., had proved himself a scoundrel, and left poor Bob to bear the blame and disgrace he himself had earned.

And even this was not the worst. If he had been a free man, Robert Ferrars would doubtless have borne the ignominy bravely, and gone to work to retrieve his honor with that unconquerable light-heartedness and a wonderful muscle-biceps as sole capital. But he was not free. Just before the crash come he had met his fate in the form of a pretty, loving little creature, with a face like a mountain daisy, and generosity enough to be willing to sacrifice her whole life to him under any circumstances. But Bob was not the man to accept such a sacrifice; and, besides this, there was another obstacle in the way. Bella was the fortunate possessor of a very sensible but very irascible papa, and when Bella's papa heard what a cool-blooded, dishonorable scoundrel Bella's papa-in-law in prospective had shown himself, he whisked Bella off to a far-away city before she had time to hear a whisper of the truth, and then he sent for Bob. Mr. Robert Ferrars came —humble, yet proud—disgraced, yet honest—and to Bella's papa's surprise it was he who opened the subject in hand.

"Look here, Mr. Van Ressler," he said, "I know why you sent for me, and what you are going to say; and, by Jove! I don't blame you for intending to say it. Still there was no need of going to the trouble. I should have come without being sent for. I love Bella too well to injure her, and if I married her now I should act like a rascal—as it runs in our family to act, you know—and I don't mean to do that. *Ergo*, I renounce my claims to my darling for the present."

Mr. Van Ressler stared at him. Bear in mind, he was irascible as well as sensible. And the last clause raised his ire, though he could not deny that this son of a villain was a very straightforward young man.

"You do, eh!" he said. "Well, that's all right and fair enough, but what do you mean by 'for the present'?"

"I mean I don't intend to give Bella up forever, though I don't lay any claims to her now. I am going away from here as soon as possible, but I am coming back some day, and if no one else has been before me—as, of course, there are a hundred chances to one some one will have been—I shall come here for my sweetheart."

"Go to Jericho," said Mr. Van Ressler, forcibly.

Now, to say the least, this was impolite, but I regret to say it was the old gentleman's favorite expletive, and Mr. Robert Ferrars was aware of the fact. He had heard him say it often enough before, so he only bowed.

"Thank you," he replied, "but it remains for me to prove whether I intend going there or not. In the meantime, I will write to Bella, and tell her all about the matter. I won't trust myself to see her, poor little thing! she would be sure to cry on my shoulder, and make gelatine of me instead of muscle, and what I want now is muscle."

So there was an end of the matter. He wrote to his poor little sweetheart, and bade her farewell, telling her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and what was far more deserving of credit in the son of a rascal, he trusted the letter to Mr. Van Ressler, and never even asked for her address, so that he would be utterly without clue if he felt inclined to falter. Then he went to a city a thousand miles away, and looked about him."

Week first, he lived at a first-rate hotel, like an honest fellow as he was, spending nine hours of the day in searching for employment; week second, he went over the same programme, and found his finances getting low; week third, he moved to a garret in a shabby boarding-house—the very garret in which we find him; week fourth, he sold his watch, and began to live on the proceeds, still without meeting success; week seventh, he began to subsist on his wardrobe, and so subsisted until he had sold all but his shabbiest coat. Men of not half his merit or education stepped over his head into position, simply because they had been clerks and book-keepers all their lives, and "knew the ropes." Alas, for those who do not "know the ropes"!

He had just lived through three months of this when we first encounter him, and in this, his last week of the third month, he had made an astounding discovery. Instead of running away from his pretty Bella, he had run toward her; trusting to chance to guide him, he had by chance arrived at the very place to which her father had sent her, and only four days ago he had met her face to face.

In a queer way, too.

Of course he was not going to starve, if he could help it—this stalwart hero of mine; and, singular as it may appear, he neither intended to beg, borrow, nor steal; so, finding himself in a strange city, without friends, money, or bread, and with no prospects of getting better work, he had the straightforward rashness to take the first job that presented itself, which job was the trifling one of holding a gentleman's horse, the owner of said animal giving him a curious scrutinizing glance before he tossed him the bridle.

"I am going into this jeweler's place here," he said, "to meet some ladies, so I may not be out for some time. Keep a tight hold on him, he is easily startled."

And so Mr. Robert Ferrars had stood, with his usual cheerful *bonhommie*, erect at the horse's side, until a carriage drove up to the pavement, and three ladies alighted. One, a handsome, matronly woman; another, a handsome girl, evidently her daughter; and the last, a pretty little creature, with a face like a mountain daisy—Bella Van Ressler, in fact!

One start, and then Bob recovered himself. She did not see him, so he pulled his hat over his eyes, and turned away.

"She wouldn't know me if she saw me," he said, something actually like a little moan rising in his throat. "Poor Birdie! She would only be frightened, in her timid way, if I were to speak to her, looking like this. Oh! by Jupiter! this *is* hardish."

But being only a great-hearted, blundering fellow, Mr. Robert Ferrars was not so wise after all. What did he know about women?

In the course of half an hour the party reappeared—the owner of the horse, mamma, the pretty daughter, and Birdie, as Bob had always called her.

"Look at him," the gentleman was saying, in an undertone; "queer sort of a job for a fellow like that, seedy as he is."

The lady looked, the handsome fellow looked, Birdie herself looked, shyly, and then broke out into a sweet, thrilling, little scream.

"Oh, goodness!" she cried out, her dear little thrushlike voice fluttering in her throat. "Oh! it *is* him, Aunt Caro—yes, it is. Oh, my poor darling! Rob——"

And there, right under the eyes of the astonished trio, Birdie gave a soft little gasp, and fainted.

Mr. Robert Ferrars was himself in a second; he even helped them to carry her back into the jeweler's establishment. His pluck never failed him. He must get out of the way, or he knew he could not withstand Birdie, and by this time he had discovered that he could not deceive her either.

He touched his hat respectfully to the owner of the horse.

"Thank ye, sir," he said, on reception of his pay. "Sorry to 'ave made the young lady hill, sir. Mistooked me for some hother party, sir, but I'm honly just hover from Hengland, sir, so I can't be 'im. Good-day, sir."

Then he turned homewards with a bit of a groan, and dashed into his room, and was seen no more for that day, at least.

Bread must be earned, however, and he was obliged to go out again, and out he went, keeping a bright look-out for a little figure and an innocent pink face, with sweet eyes; and whether it is to be adduced to the bright look-out or not, he saw no more of Birdie. And this was the fix Mr. Ferrars was in when the small tatterdemalion applied to him for the wherewithal to pay the milkman.

Day after day passed on after this—even week after week—and matters assumed no brighter aspect. Through being brought up an idle gentleman, and not "knowing the ropes," this once *débonnaire* Bob Ferrars had only managed to pick up odd jobs enough to pay his rent and half-feed himself, and he was beginning to look pale, though he still trusted in the most sanguine manner, even at this late day, to the muscles-biceps. He had made a friend, however, in spite of his misfortunes, though the friend in question was only a dilapidated Mite. He had made a friend of the Foundling.

He could not help being good-natured and jovial, and, as there was no one else to be good-humored with, he was good-humored with the Foundling. When he met her on the stairs, he sang out, "Hallo, youngster! good-morning;" when she came into his room for anything, he gave her as jolly a smile as he could muster without warning, and once or twice, when he encountered her carrying heavy buckets of water or coal, he exercised the muscles-biceps, and carried them for her. Consequently, the Foundling conceived an affection for him. She blacked his boots on the sly, and tidied up his garret, and, whenever she could snatch the time, lighted his poor fire, so that he would find his kettle boiling when he came in. At first Bob did not quite understand it, but, one day, coming in tired and hungry, he found the Foundling on her knees before his grate, broiling a rasher of ham. Of course his surprise expressed itself in the usual way:

"Hallo, youngster!" he said, "what's up now?"

"Pleasir," said the Foundling, in fear and trembling—"pleasir, nothin', sir."

Bob came to the fire, with his chill hands in his pockets, and looked down at her.

"What are you doing?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"Broilin' a slice'er 'am, sir," replied the Foundling. "It's fur you, sir—pleasir."

"What?" cried Bob, huskily. "Why's that, youngster?"

The Foundling deserted her task to give vent to her feelings in a gush of tears, half fear, half amiable imbecility.

"Don't be mad, mister," she said; "I thort yer'd like it, maybe. Yer never eats nothin' but bread, I knows by the crusses; an' bread's mighty dry eatin'. So, pleasir, I bought a bit o' 'am, and this 'ere's it I'm a brilin'. An' don't be mad, mister; yer've bin mighty kind ter me—yer never chaffs me, nor turgs my hair, nor throws yer boots at me, nor—nor nothin'; an'— Don't be mad, mister."

Then the wrangling Bob gave way utterly, for the first time. He slipped down on a chair, and dropped his face into his hands with the same little groan his meeting with Bella had forced from him.

"Oh, Lord!" he said; and then he began to cry like a child.

Then the Foundling overflowed, also, after the usual pathetic manner of small vagabonds.

Bob was the first to get over it. He lifted his head, after awhile, as if a thought had suddenly struck him.

"Look here, youngster, he said, "who is it that chaffs you, and pulls your hair, and throws their boots at you?"

"The other floors," answers the Foundling. "First floor, he throws his boots at me, and second floor, he throws his'n; third floor, he twigs my hair, and fourth, he chaffs—chaffs orful, mister," looking up at him with swift piteousness.

Bob ground his teeth.

"Snobs!" he burst out. "Well, can you give them a message from me, youngster?"

Foundling nods.

"Very well, then; just tell them that you have got a protector in the sky-parlor, and that if he hears of them again he'll knock their confounded teeth down their respective throats."

Foundling acquiesced with joy, and then recurred to the ham again:

"Won't yer 'ave it, sir!" she asked, timidly.

Bob sprang up, and patted her on the head.

"Yes, I will," he said; "I'm not such a snob as to refuse it yet, thank Jupiter. We'll eat it together, Foundling."

And they did eat it together, to the Foundling's delighted abasement, Bob utterly refusing to let her wait upon him, as she proposed doing.

She was a sharp Foundling this. She had actually begged a scrap of old table-cloth from her mistress, and hemmed and washed and ironed it; and there she had it spread on the barrel in a trice, with Bob's plates, and a couple of knives and forks borrowed from the kitchen; having completed which gorgeous preparations, she reviewed her handiwork with exultation.

"It looks more'n white," she said, beaming. "I likes white things, somehow. Mebbe it's 'cause I ain't used to 'em."

Bob patted her shoulder once more—a trifle nervously this time. His mouth was twitching again.

"Yes, it does look nice," he said. "All right, Foundling: fall to."

And the Foundling fell to with secret ecstacy.

It was not the last meal they shared together, by any means, during that never-to-be-forgotten Winter. Their friendship increased daily, and, finding out that the Foundling was not too well taken care of, Bob always shared his luck with her—when he met any—which was but seldom.

What with heart-ache, suspense, humiliation, and hard-living, by the end of the Winter the muscles-biceps gave way a little. He was not so strong as he had been, and having caught cold he began to have a cough. Then he gave up Birdie.

"She will never know, bless her innocent soul!" he would say, sometimes; "and all the better. Better think me a rascal than grieve her poor little heart out over me. Some better man will get her, that's all."

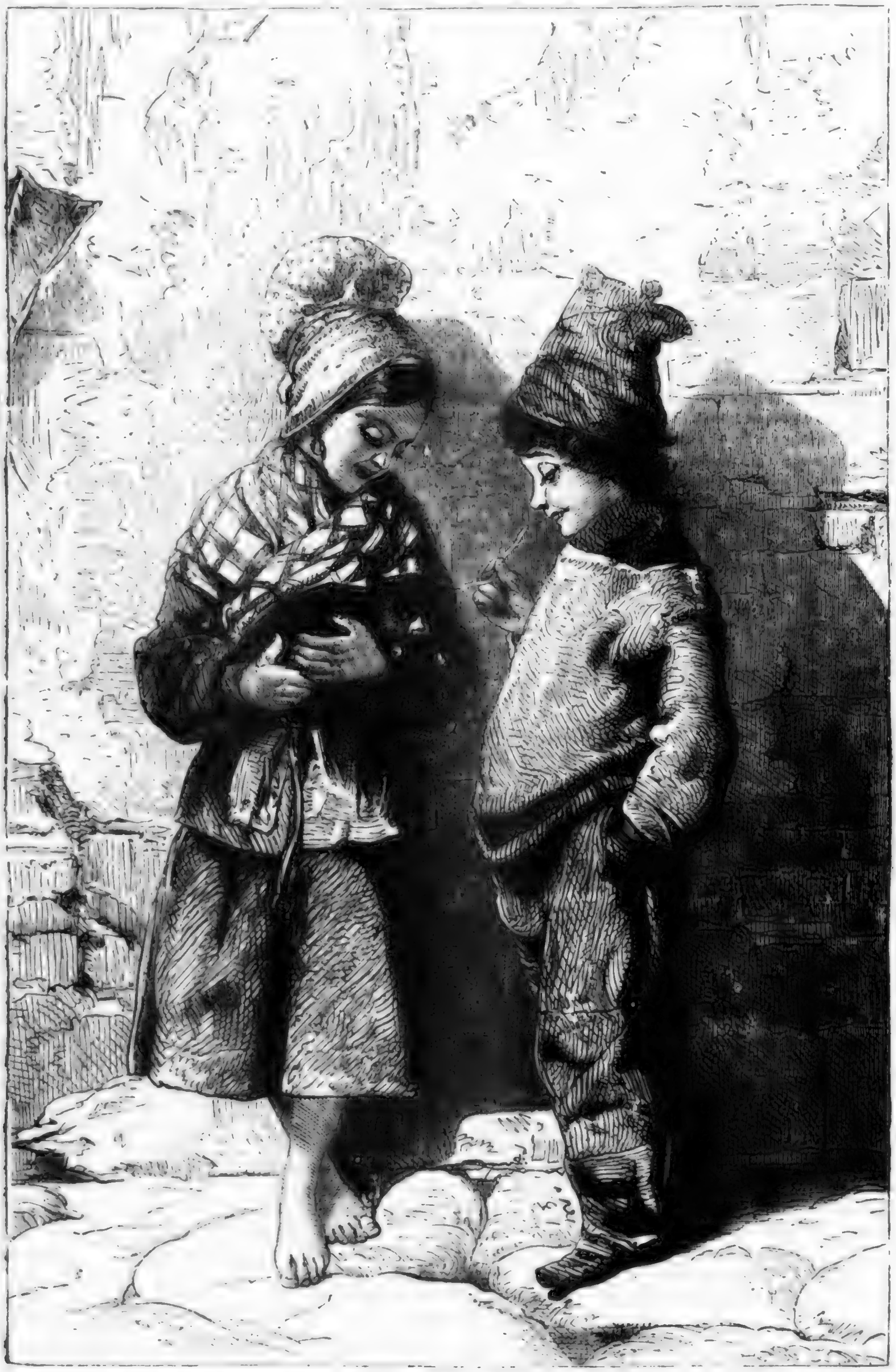
But one raw day in March he was out looking for luck, as usual, in the shape of odd jobs—he was too shabby by this time for anything else, even if he had known "the ropes" as well as the best of them—when he turned a corner just in time to see a gentleman dismount from a horse before a warehouse door.

"Want a job—" the individual was beginning, when he

XUM

stopped, and stared Bob in the face. "Oh! it's you, is it?" he said. "The English fellow who frightened Bella! What's the matter now—climate not agree with you? Here—hold my horse for a few minutes, if you want something to do; and take care of him; he's more skittish than ever."

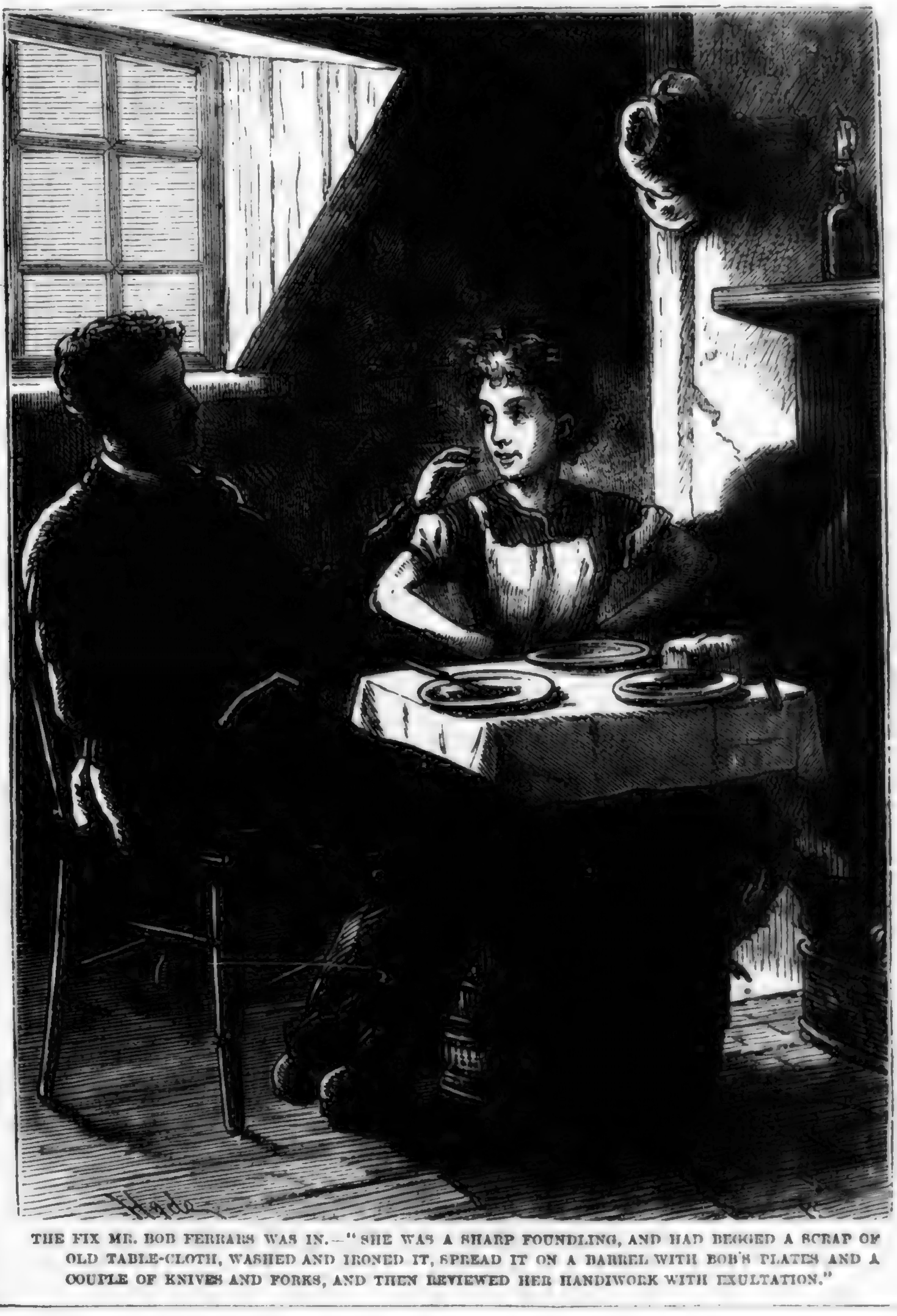
Bob touched his hat, and took the bridle without a word.



LITTLE KITTEN.

XUM

He felt as if he had come to the end of his tether now. Perhaps this very man was the one who was to gain what he had lost—the "better man," who was to rival him with Birdie. What a fool he had been to think he would ever retrieve the past; such a disgrace was not to be wiped out in one man's life. You see, he was losing his spirits; and no wonder.



THE FIX MR. BOB FERRARS WAS IN.—"SHE WAS A SHARP FOUNDLING, AND HAD BEGGED A SCRAP OF OLD TABLE-CLOTH, WASHED AND IRONED IT, SPREAD IT ON A BARREL WITH BOB'S PLATES AND A COUPLE OF KNIVES AND FORKS, AND THEN REVIEWED HER HANDIWORK WITH EXULTATION."

He could not help thinking of her as he stood there in the raw, chill morning air, beggared, outcast, bankrupt, perhaps holding her lover's horse for a miserable pittance. He thought of the first time he had picked out her sweet, mountain-daisy face from the midst of a crowd of overdressed belles in a ball-room; he thought of how he had once seen her stop in the street and speak to just such a beggar as himself—her soft, innocent eyes as full of pity as a morning-glory of dew; he remembered the night he had told her he loved her, and how she had hidden her blessed little face on his coat-sleeve, and cooed her pretty, loving answer like a dove. His heart heaved within his breast fiercely for a moment, and then throbbed more slowly than ever. He could not stand *that* memory. He held the horse with a light hand as he pondered; he looked neither one way nor the other. He had just reached the stage when surroundings become absurdities in their contrast of triviality with wretchedness. What did he care about the passers-by? They were nothing to him—less than nothing now, when he was trying to make up his mind to give up his darling forever.

So, in his abstraction, he neither saw nor heard the rattle of certain wagon-wheels dashing by at unusual speed and with unusual commotion. But the horse heard it and started restlessly, and so, giving the bridle a jerk, roused Bob all at once. He looked up, and in a second more saw the animal rearing high above his head, with fiery eyeballs, and frantic hoofs beating the air viciously. He flung out his free hand, and tried to grasp the bridle nearer the bit, but it was no use; he flung all his strength into his entangled arm, and tried to hold the mad creature in some check. Then he saw his blunder, and tried to free himself; but the beating hoofs were too quick for him in their frantic air-pawing; there was a loud cry of terror from the bystanders, something crashed against his side, and he fell, gasping.

"It's all over," he panted. "Birdie ——" And then there was another crash; this time upon his head. In a second he was blind with blood; the street and the shrieking, hurrying people danced before his eyes, red with blood, too, he thought; and then all was blotted out.

* * * * * * *

He stirred a little on his pillow, he caught his breath faintly, he opened his eyes and saw—the Foundling standing on a stream of sunshine, which somehow reminded him of Spring time. It did not look like Winter—that stream of sunshine—and besides the air was absolutely balmy, and he smelt flowers. Where were the flowers, and where did they come from? This was what his languid brain crept round to at last, and even this simple mental effort wearied him. He would ask the Foundling. So he began to speak, but found, to his surprise, that he could not utter a word above a whisper, and was obliged to content himself with a single word.

"Flow—ers?" he managed to say, faintly.

But even this seemed to cause his small protegé great delight, though it appeared that she was under the necessity of restraining herself, for she fairly wrung her hands in endeavoring to control her excitement, and then only succeeded so far as to burst forth in an insane stage whisper, her words tumbling one over the other:

"Yes, sir—if yer pleasir," she said. "In ther winder, sir. Yer better now, sir. Ah, I'm so glad!" Then he remembered all about it.

"How—long?" he faltered.

"Yes, sir—pleasir. Two weeksir. But yer better now 'n. Ah, 'm so glad!"

He shut his eyes wearily, simply because he was too weak to keep them open; but, strange to say, a queer little muffled sound from the door startled him as he did so. But he would not open them again it seemed, so he lay without trying, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers he could not see, and feeling the warm sunshine in a curious, not unhappy languor, considering all things.

It was strange that he should have lived through it, and wakened to life after ten weeks of death. Happier men would have died; but he—a disgraced, broken-spirited outcast—lived. For what? Not for Birdie, and he had cared for nothing else.

Were those tube-roses he smelt? Birdie had always loved tube-roses, but how could such flowers get here?

Wandering mentally from thought to thought, in this weak languor, he lay from day to day, until he began to regain his strength a little. He was even too weak to inquire where his food came from; but it was always there, and the Foundling was always on hand with something delicate and tempting to bolster him up.

He was dimly conscious, too, of muffled whisperings outside the door, and a recurrence of the queer little sound he had heard at first; but no one ever came in but the Foundling; and though that small person was in the most elevated of repressed spirits, she never explained what gave rise to them. She waited on her friend indefatigably, however, and kept the bare room in a wondrous state of neatness; and, strange to say, had always a bouquet of flowers upon the table, which flowers Bob discovered, when he was able to think about the matter, were not common market-house purchases, but rare, hot-house blossoms.

"Pleasir," she said, one day, "a distrik visitor brought 'em. She's a-comin' to see yer when yer strong enough to talk. She come to see yer afore, when yer was deliriums."

But though he was grateful enough, Bob could not honestly say that he cared very much about seeing even the best of district visitors. The stronger he got the more his spirits failed him, till at last he was almost ready to wonder what Birdie would say if she heard of his wretchedly-dressed body being washed ashore amongst the river slime, at some of the bridges. But this was only at the worst, and in spite of it he got better slowly, until one morning the Foundling came into the room with a new bouquet, and, instead of carrying it to the vase on the table, walked straight to his bedside, and, with a frantic attempt at composure, delivered herself, with the most distinct enunciation, of these remarkable words:

"If yer pleasir, the distrik visitor's come, 'n she's a-waitin' outside for yer to calm yerself, 'n she says, says she, 'Please tell him her name it's Birdie.'"

The poor fellow burst into a low cry that was fairly wild, and then he began to tremble. He heard the queer little sound outside and knew it for what it was—knew it for nothing less than a muffled little sob of loving anguish.

"Ah, Foundling, my poor girl!" he cried out, "Why did you let her know? It will only be worse now for us both ——"

But he was not allowed to finish. The door flew open, and the poor little ex-district visitor burst in, and, rushing at the shabby bedstead, knelt down by it and flung her sweet young arms about the patient's neck, sobbing piteously, clinging piteously, and kissing his eyes, and forehead, and hands all in a wild, loving gush of pity and joy.

"Oh! my dearest!" she cried, "Oh, my own love! Did you think I could let you go? did you think you could hide yourself from me? did you think I would let you die while I could watch over you and pray to God for you? Oh, my own cruel darling, how could you—how could you!"

Bob had caught her in his arms, but he was as pale as death. "Darling!" he cried, "my own sweet love, I dare not let you stay here."

"Dare not!" she echoed, sobbing, "you dare not send me away. No one shall ever send me away. *I* am yours if every one else gives you up—my own. They may take your money, and your home, and everything else, but they can't take *me*." And then she sobbed afresh, clinging still with her soft hands.

But at length she lifted her face to look at him, all flushed and tear-wet, but more like a mountain daisy than ever.

"It was this good girl who told me," she said, smiling at the bewailing Foundling. "I should never have known where you were but for her. She knew me somehow, and when she thought you were dying, she came to me for help, and—and I came and found my darling;" with another burst. "And she has helped me to take care of you ever since, and I shall love her always for that. And I was afraid to let you see me at first for fear it would make you ill, and so I sat on the door-mat outside for days and days, just to be near you and hear you move, but now I shall stay with you always. Yes, forever and ever."

"But, my dearest," argued Bob, mournfully, "your father?"

She stopped him in a second.

"Papa!" she said. "I am waiting for him now. I sent

Cousin Hu—it was Cousin Hu's detestable, frightful horse that kicked you—to tell him all about it. Cousin Hu says you are a brick, darling, and so you are if a brick means anything brave and beautiful, and lovable. And I wrote to him to come and see you, and help you, and—and I told him that if he would not make you happy, he could not part us again, for I intended to stay with you whether you wanted me or not. And starve if you starve—and die if you die." (Sobs again.) "And if you don't want me, I shall ask the lady of the house to let me be a servant like Amabel, here. And I'll pay her to let me be one. Yes, sir; I am very determined. You don't know me yet, but papa does—to his cost."

Argument was useless. She would not listen to a syllable of it—this tender little she-dragon. She kissed him, and cried over him, and bewailed his wrongs, and anathematised Cousin Hu's horse with such delirious pathos that Bob was so happy that he shed a few secret tears himself in the very weakness of joy.

Then she got up and scolded herself for exciting him, and then sobbed again sweetly, and kissed the Foundling until she was obliged to wash her face by reason of a strongly-marked sweat on her round dimpled chin. And, of course, after this she must sit near him, and hold his hand on pretence of letting him go to sleep, thereby putting sleep entirely out of the question.

She was sitting thus, cooing over him like a brooding dove, when the Foundling reappeared in a fresh state of breathless excitement.

"Which of yer, pleasir? I think its 'im, mam," she said; and then slid out, and ushered in the paternal Van Ressler with a disturbed, but by no means stern, face; upon seeing whom, Bella rushed at him, and being met half-way, and clasped very close, cried for the thirtieth time upon his portly shoulder.

"Look at him, papa," she sobbed. "Yes, just look at him, and look at this room, and think what he has suffered, because he was brave and honorable, and so determined to keep his word to you. He has held horses, papa. (Yes, my darling has held horses!) And—and he has run errands. (Oh! just think of my love running errands!) And he has starved, and been cold, and had no one to take care of him. No one, papa, and I so near and so wicked as not to know and find him out!" The paternal Van Ressler made his way to the bed as well as he could in his entangled condition; and when the bandaged head and hollow but heroic eyes met his view, he burst forth into a gush of something uncommonly like sympathy.

"Good heavens! my dear boy," he said, "I never thought it would come to this."

"But it did," cried Bella. "And he had his ribs bro-bro-broken, and his head ki-ki-kicked. And they did something awful to his skull with silver, papa. Oh, my poor dearest!"

But Bob looked up at him with a half sad smile.

"I tried to keep my word like a gentleman, sir," he said, "but my poor little love found me out—just in time to save me."

The paternal Van Ressler groaned.

"Oh, Lord!" he ejaculated. "What a blundering, asinine old villain I have been! Never mind that, my poor fellow, never mind the past. You have proved yourself to be the right metal. Hu has told me all about it, so I take that folly back. Just get better, and I will give you Bella, and help you to begin the world. I can afford to do it, and I will. Only get better, or I shall feel like a murderer."

And, accordingly, with these inducements Mr. Robert Ferrars did get better, though his recovery was but a slow one; and when he recovered he took the Foundling and went home with Bella to Bella's papa. He would not have left the Foundling on any account. She had led him back to happiness through her faithfulness to him, even if it was only by chance. And when Bella was his wife, and with Mr. Van Ressler's assistance and his own honest willingness to work, he had begun to square accounts with the world again, he was fonder than ever of his affectionate protegé.

He educated her, and helped her to a happy life, and Birdie would not have been forced to part with her under any circumstances, for in the midst of her happiness the tender little soul could never quite forget the past, and never failed to shed a few pathetic tears when anything occurred to recall to her mind the terrible "fix Mr. Ferrars was in."

A HUNT WITHOUT A HUNTSMAN.

NOW, Randall, tell us a story. It's your turn now," said the major, as he sat at the head of the mess-table, beaming with good humor.

The table itself glittered with costly plate, and the cutglass decanters flashed back the light from their golden wines, while the officers of the —th Hussars, one of the "crack" corps at that time on duty in India, sat around the table in full enjoyment of the conviviality.

"Ours" was an expensive regiment to live in, and most of its members were men of family and fortune.

The first, each man was proud of; the second, like Don Cesar de Bazan, they were doing their best to spend.

And generally they had a respectable amount of success in their laudable undertaking.

Our colonel was a prince of the blood, and he had more money than he could run through with, but the lieutenant-colonel (who commands in all British regiments) was living at the rate of twenty thousand a year on an income of fifteen.

The consequence was that he had been forced to exchange and go home, some months before, to retrieve his affairs from utter ruin, and, until the arrival of his successor, Major Sir Charles Kennedy had assumed command.

This evening being the Queen's birthday, we had indulged in a little jollification, and it was agreed that every officer in turn was to make a speech, sing a song, or tell a story.

"Captain Randall's story!" cried little Lord Houghton, a newly-fledged cornet, recently joined, but already half-drunk.

"Story! story!" was echoed from all parts of the table.

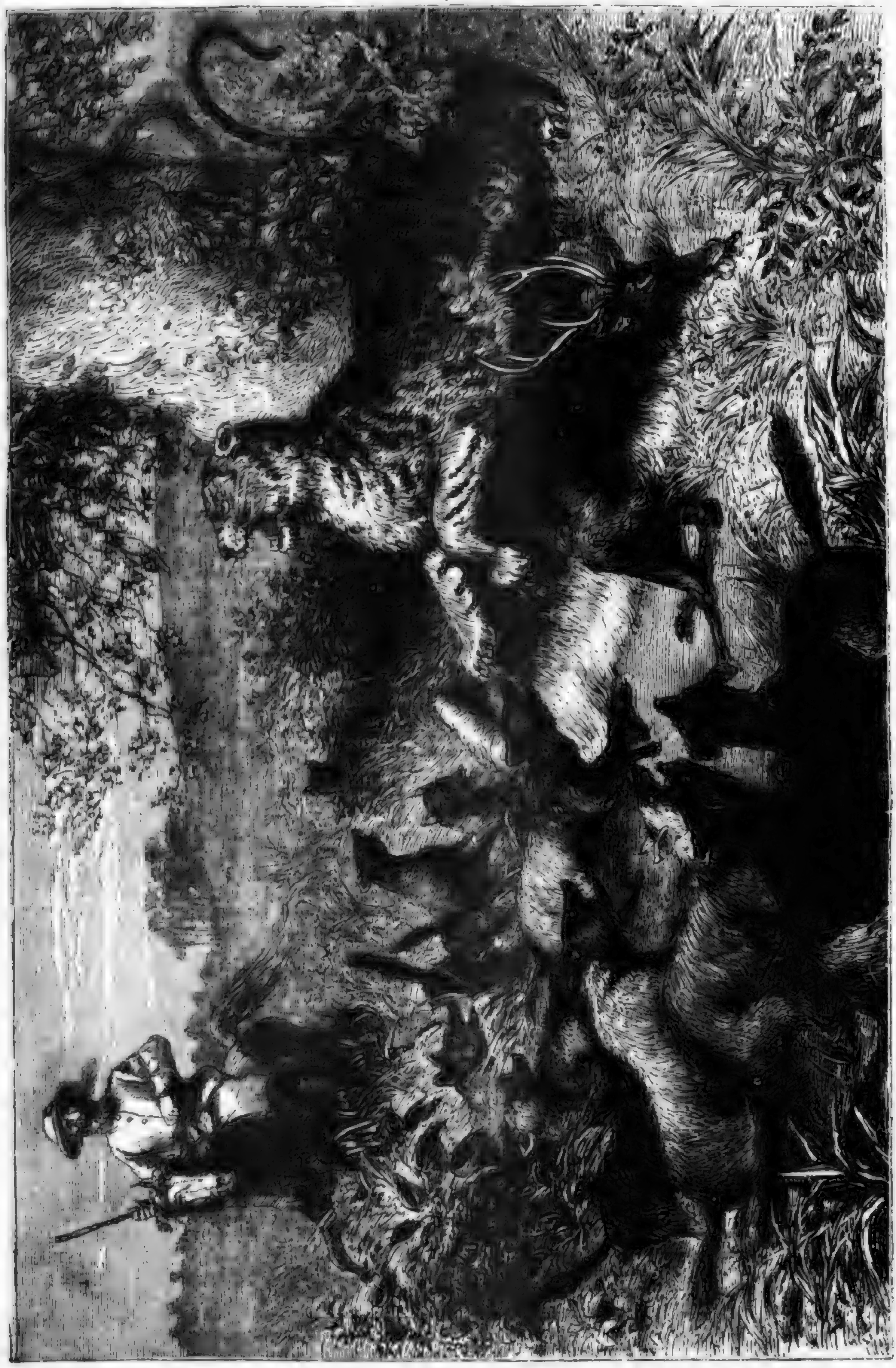
Captain Randall arose to command silence. He was the only one among us who had not been "born in the purple," and had actually risen by the force of a desperate bravery from the position of a high private in the regiment to a commission.

This is a very rare thing in the English army, and still rarer is it to see such an officer rise higher than the position of adjutant or riding-master.

But Randall was evidently a gentleman all over, both in manner and education, and somehow or other had contrived to win the respect of the rich and haughty patricians around him, till he had become the most popular officer in the regiment. And yet he was of course a poor man, but equally proud. He never accepted a seat in Lord Houghton's drag without the latter feeling that the captain was conferring a favor on him; and his single black horse was more envied in the regiment than the dozen or so kept by other officers.

Captain Randall, then a tall, slender, wiry-looking gentle-

XUM



A HUNT WITHOUT A HUNTSMAN.—"JUST AS THE POOR STAG FELL ALMOST UNDER A TREE, A FINE ROYAL TIGER SPRANG OUT FROM A THICKET, AND POUNCED UPON HIM."

man, of near forty, with a magnificent dark brown beard flowing over his decorated breast—he wore five service medals and the Victoria cross—rose to his feet in answer to the universal cry.

"Gentlemen," he began, "you appear to be very anxious for a story from me, and I might get off much easier by making a speech."

"No, no! we've had enough speeches—hic," interrupted little Lord Houghton.

Randall smiled.

"I'm afraid *you* have, Houghton, my boy; but if I tell you a story you'll go to sleep, perhaps."

"No we will not," chorused the table.

"Well, then, if you *must* have a story, I'll tell of a curious incident I once witnessed out in the upper country, close to the edge of Nepaul. Will that do?"

"All right, old fellow."

"Fire away, Randall."

"Tip us your story, my boy."

Such were the exclamations that came from various parts of the table.

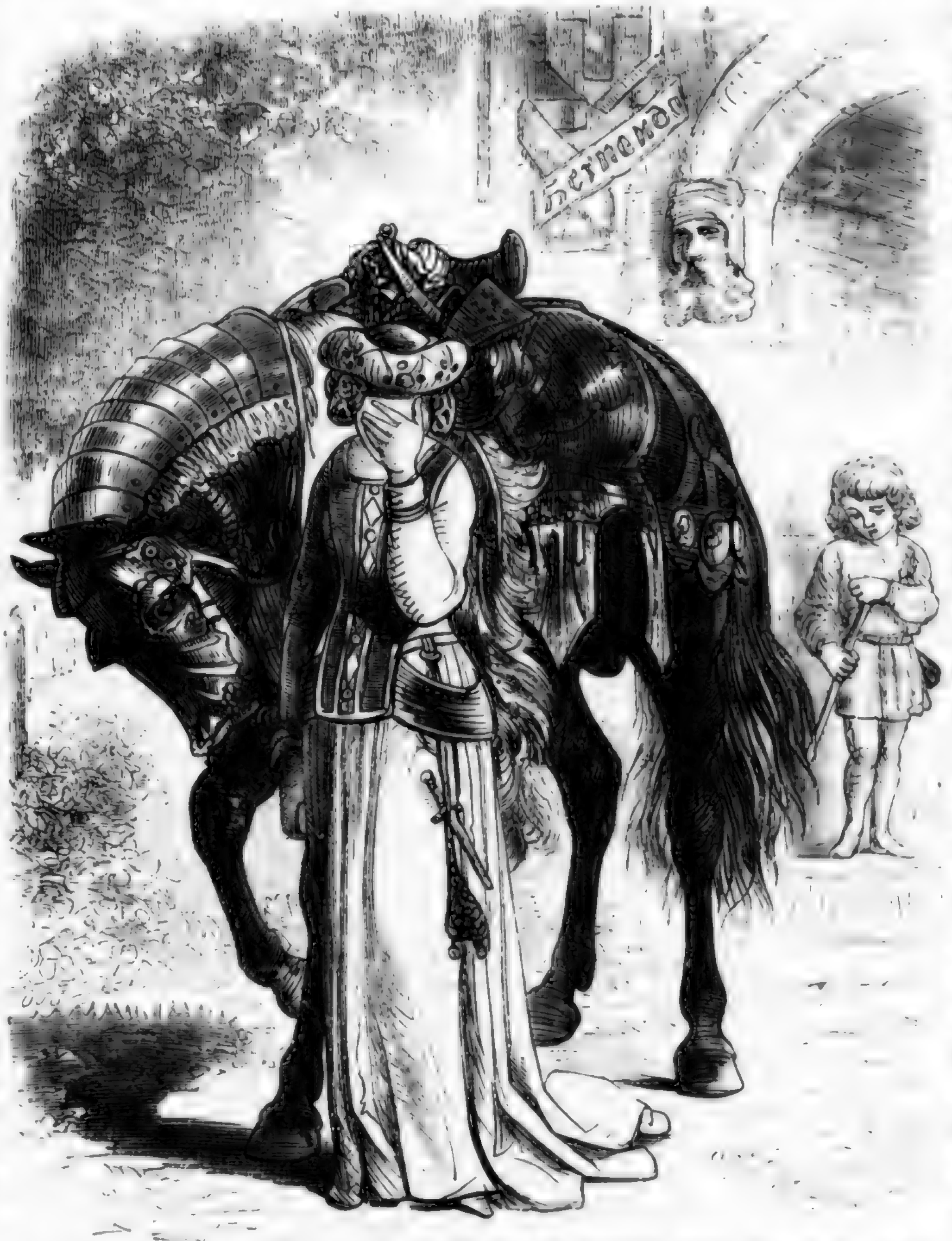
Men began to take out their cheroot-cases, and settle down for a quiet ending to the uproarious jollification of the early part of the evening.

Captain Randall emptied his wine-glass, lighted a cheroot for himself and thus commenced:

"You know, boys, that Nepaul's a wild sort of a country, and very thinly inhabited. Well, I'd a six months' furlough at one time, soon after I was commissioned"—Randall was never a bit ashamed of having been in the ranks—"to enjoy myself, and go home if I wanted to. But I've no one that *I* care to see at home now. All my associations are here.

"So I concluded to spend my time in exploring the less-known parts of India, and enjoy myself thus, while gathering information at the same time."

"What a learned old chap you will be in—hic—in time!" observed little Houghton, solemnly, at this juncture.



THE BLACK CHARGER OF HERNANDO.—"THEN SHE TOOK HIS PRECIOUS ARMOR AND LAID IT SAFELY BY, AND SHE CARESSED THE GALLANT BLACK CHARGER, AND LED HIM AWAY TO HIS FRESH LITTERED STALL."—SEE PAGE 115.

"Oh, stop your noise!"

"Go to bed, Houghton."

"You are drunk, you little moke."

"How can we hear Randall?"

Poor little Houghton subsided.

Randall laughed.

"Houghton, I'm afraid your mother would not approve of your conduct to-night, my child; but never mind, I appeal to to-morrow morning; that will be my best avenger.

"Well, boys, to make a long story short, I went to Nepaul with an old German friend of mine, a naturalist, and we enjoyed a splendid trip.

"Richter accumulated specimens in ornithology and entomology, and *I* shot the *big* brutes for him to classify.

"At last the hour drew near for us to go back, or at least for *me* to return to duty.

"I can tell you that I was very sorry for it when the time came, and for the last week I was out constantly drinking deep draughts of inspiration from nature.

"One day I rode out alone on a little *tattoo*—you know what they are—rough country ponies, as strong as young elephants. I left Black Prince at our bungalow, for I didn't expect to have much running to do, but I took my double-rifle with me, and rode out to find a tiger.

"There was no need to look far in that wild country, for tigers were plentiful enough. I rode on through the forest, which was all alive with birds in the early morning. The globules of dew sparkled like diamonds on every bush, and the brilliant little mountain-finches flitted across the path, while glorious peacocks every now and then whirred up ahead, and both golden and silver pheasants were to be seen occasionally.

"I rode slowly, with the bridle hanging on the pony's neck, allowing him to trot on at his own will.

"We rambled on through the shady woods, listening to the gay caroling of the birds, frequently interrupted by the plaintive cry of the soaring shaheen falcon, far overhead.

"Insensibly I got further and further into the forest, the pony following a devious path that wound about with apparent caprice, turning aside here and there. We crossed several tinkling brooks that rippled over the pebbles merrily enough; and, at last, the forest began to grow more open, and I could see open glimpses of country before me.

"The pony kept gallantly on, tossing his shaggy, stubborn-looking head, and ambling away at a great rate.

"Then we suddenly turned a corner in the path, around the bole of an immense tree, and a beautiful landscape burst on my sight.

"As far as the eye could see the country sloped gradually away, open, and dotted with little patches of cover, while the silver threads of several streams meandered along till they converged into one river, a tributary of the Ganges.

"The graceful herds of spotted axis-deer were browsing here and there, and I could see gigantic argulahs and cyrus-birds stretching their long necks after the fishes, as they stood knee-deep in the nearest streams.

"Far away in the distance were the heavy forms of a herd of wild elephants, lazily browsing on the branches of a clump of trees, and yet in all the vast landscape there was not a solitary sign of human habitation.

"Involuntarily I drew rein and gazed in silence.

"The pony was not so much impressed as myself, for he kept fidgeting about.

"I hardly noticed his uneasiness, so absorbed was I in the beautiful scene before me, when he suddenly made a bolt, and jumped out of the shade of the trees, where I had been resting, with a terrified snort.

"Almost at the same instant a large stag burst out of the woods at full speed, and dashed past me within a few feet, his antlers laid flat on his back, and his whole body straightened out in his desperate haste.

"I had hardly time to wonder at the singularity of the occurrence, when I heard a low, whimpering noise, as of an eager pack of hounds before they open cry, and a crowd of reddish-dun dogs poured out of the woods, and were after the stag in hot pursuit.

"My pony reared and snorted with terror, as the whole of the pack, at least sixty in number, swept by us at full speed, opening cry something like foxhounds, but lower.

"In a moment they had passed us without taking the least notice, and were hard on the haunches of the stag.

"As soon as they passed, my pony seemed to catch the infection of the chase, and dashed after them at full speed, almost leaping out of his skin in his mad efforts.

"I did not try to stop him. I had heard before this of the dholes, or wild hounds of India, and of their great sagacity, and I was not sorry for the opportunity of seeing a sight seldom or never granted to European eyes.

"They ran splendidly, exactly in the style of foxhounds, whom they strongly resemble in form and size; but all were of one uniform red-dun color.

"The stag was evidently exhausted, and made for the water.

"A part of the pack observing this, and to all appearance directed by a leader, began to make a circuit, running harder than ever, to cut him off.

"The rest slackened their pace, and the stag was leaving them.

"But the poor stag did not know the wiles of his enemies. Finding he was distancing the main pack, he ran more slowly, being almost tired out.

"Then the wary old hounds got ahead of him, and the whole pack closed in, front and rear.

"I had kept back at a sufficient distance to view the chase without interrupting it, and I saw the poor hunted beast swerve from his course at right angles.

"But here he was again met, for the pack that was left behind had been inclining in that direction, and, finally, ran him down, after repeated turns, almost at the edge of the woods.

"I had followed so closely all the time, that I saw the first dog spring at the stag's throat, and there would soon have been nothing left of him, if a new adversary had not suddenly arisen.

"Just as the poor stag fell, almost under a tree, a fine royal tiger sprang out from a thicket, and pounced upon him.

"Here was fun! Would the dholes allow the tiger to take away their prey without a fight, as the jackal would, under similar circumstances?

"The great brute stood above the stag, lashing his tail, with his eyes darting fire, and roaring furiously.

"The pack of dholes kept closing in around him. I rode up without hesitation. I was safe enough from the tiger, with my double-rifle, and I did not think that the dogs would attack me.

"And I had resolved to see the fight. It soon began.

"The dogs circled around the tiger, till they formed a large ring, in dead silence, but exhibiting no fear whatever. I could not help thinking that I was glad they were not after *me*.

"Suddenly an old dog gave a short howl.

"The whole circle rushed at the tiger like enraged fiends.

"In a moment, it seemed, so quickly was the thing done, the tiger was covered and hid from view by a mass of furious hounds. Then came a wild struggle.

"At one minute the tiger would shake himself clear of his opponents, and strike with his paws right and left, covering the ground with the dead and dying; at another he would be down on his back, overwhelmed by numbers tearing away at him on all sides.

"At last he showed the white feather, and, turning, tried to escape. But this was not so easy. The pack of dholes, nearly frantic with excitement, were upon him ere he had gone a step, and again the battle began.

"By this time, I began to see which way it would end.

"The wild hounds were losing fearfully, but the tiger was covered with blood, and only fighting to escape.

"Again and again he shook off his fearless enemies, and tried to climb a tree. Before he could rise two feet from the ground, the dogs were on him, pulling him down again.

"At last the contest drew to a close. The tiger had fallen, and the sharp teeth of the dogs were tearing at his bowels. He fought still, but more feebly. Every stroke of his paw was the death-blow of a wild hound, and, if they came near his head, he would grasp one with his terrible jaws, and throw him away dead in an instant. But it was seldom he got an opportunity. The sagacious brutes, grown wary by the sight of repeated deaths, kept out of the reach of his formidable weapons of offense, and still kept working away at the lower part of his body.

"He was almost gone now. And then the pack retired out of reach for a minute, and suddenly made a simultaneous rush once more, which terminated the contest.

"I did not wait any longer. I was satisfied. The tiger was killed, and the plucky hounds went to work at their two victims.

"I was not over-anxious to cultivate their acquaintance, so *I* did not offer to rob them of their prey. I took warning from the fate of the tiger.

"But next morning, when I revisited the scene, the bones of the tiger and stag were picked clean, and the skeletons only of twenty-three wild hounds remained.

XUM

"Whether the pack ate their own dead brethren, after the manner of wolves, I am unable to say, but I suspected the jackals and the white ants to be at the root of the matter.

"I returned to Cawnpore, in due time, to the regiment, and I can truly say that I never enjoyed a leave as much as I did that one spent in Nepaul.

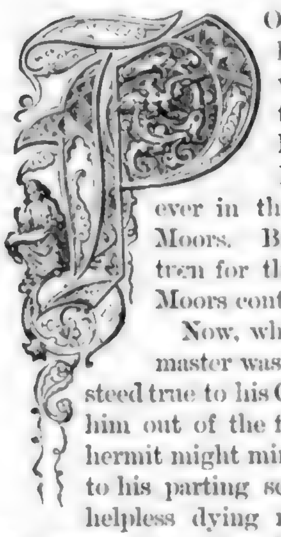
"That's all, boys."

"Thank you, Randall, said the major. "I believe you're the first white man I've seen who had actually met those dholes at work."

"There are not many niggers, neither," returned Randall. "Some of you fellows take that little lord to bed. He's drunk."

Little Lord Houghton was fast asleep.

THE BLACK CHARGER OF HERNANDO.



POOR, indeed, was Hernando, the old knight, who had spent all in the service of his country. He had nothing to call his own but his stout armor, his high-couraged black charger, and his bold lance; and with these he was ever in the thickest of the fray against the Moors. But at last his turn came; and, in return for the losses he had caused them, the Moors contrived to surround and slay him.

Now, when his black charger knew that his master was wounded to death, like a valiant steed true to his Christian master, he turned and bore him out of the fight to a lonely dell, where a pious hermit might minister the last consolations of religion to his parting soul. But a sordid Moor, seeing the helpless dying man thus borne along, determined to possess himself of his stout armor and his bold, black charger; he followed, with fruitless attempts to arrest the gallant beast, until it pleased him to stop before the hermit's cell, where it waited patiently while they lifted the sacred burden down—the hermit and the Moor together; for the Moor desired to possess himself of the outer shell of his armor, and the hermit, the inner shell, namely, his body, that the kernel—that is, his soul—might go up holy and clean before God. Then his soul had scarcely passed away, when the Moor stripped him of his armor, and packed it all safely on the back of the black charger, and prepared to lead him home, for he was afraid himself to mount him. But the black charger no sooner perceived his dear master's remains safe in the care of the hermit, to bury them, and his armor safe in his own, than he started off at his wildest speed, leaving the Moor, who had ventured to lay his infidel hands on the reins, to measure his length in the dust. And on and on he went, nor stopped till he reached Hernando's hillside home.

Doña Teresa, his wife, had never ceased every day to look for her Hernando's return. And when she saw his black charger, bearing his empty armor, she knew at once all that had come to pass; and, like a noble Christian spouse, she had the strength to thank God that her Hernando had spent his life in the service of his religion and his country. Then she took his precious armor, and laid it safely by, and she caressed the gallant black charger, and led him away to his fresh-littered stall.

Then every day she tried the armor on the young Hernando, and made him bestride the black charger, that he might be a valiant slayer of Moors like his father.

Now young Hernando was slight, and young Hernando was pale. And he shrank from the cold, hard armor, and the tall, snorting steed. But his mother Teresa was brave, brave as became a Christian spouse, and she listened not to his fears: but bade him be of good heart, and put his trust in Christ.

And, at last, the day came when she bade him go forth, and do battle to the Moors. Young Hernando's heart beat high, for his spirit, indeed, was willing; and he burned to add his name to the long traditions of prowess which his mother told him of his house. But his arm was all untried, and he shrank from the thought of pain, for the young, tender flesh was weak. But he would not belie his mother, so he crossed the bold, black charger; and the noble charger snorted when he felt that once more he bore a Christian to the battle. By night they traveled on; and by day they slept in the shade. In the morning, when the sun began to dawn, they rose, and set out on their way; and, as they crossed a plain, young Hernando saw a tall Moor coming toward them. And his heart smote him for fear; and he would gladly have turned out of the way. But he bethought him it became not a Christian to shrink away before a Moor; so he nerved him with what courage he might, and rode on steadily along his way.

Now, when the bold black charger scented the pagan hound, he snorted, and shook his mane, and darted to the encounter. So young Hernando was borne along, and found himself face to face with his foe. Then his father's shield rose to protect him; and the lance lifted up his arm; and the black charger rode at the Moor; and the lance cast him down from his seat. Then the sword leapt from its scabbard, and, planting itself in young Hernando's grasp, struck off the pagan's head.

So Hernando tied the head to his saddle, and bound the body upon its mule. Thus he rode on to the town—to the town of Royal Burgos. And when the people saw him bestriding the bold black charger, the grizzly head hanging from his saddle, and the headless body following behind, bound fast to the African mule, they cried:

"All hail to the victor! All hail to young Hernando who conquered the pagan Moor!"

And so they brought him to the king, and his ghastly burden with him, and the headless rider behind. And the king rose and embraced him, and the queen held her fair white hand, and gave it to the youth to kiss. And she said:

"A youth so comely and valiant should have armor rich and bright, and a steed with a shining coat."

So she called a page to bring a suit of polished steel, and a horse from the royal stables, and present them to young Hernando. Then they took off his ancient armor, and laid it on the old black charger, and Hernando donned the new, and sprang into the saddle of the horse from the royal stall.

Now the bold black charger was grieved to be thus set aside, so he snorted and turned his head, and rode back to Doña Teresa. When Doña Teresa saw him ride back with the empty armor, she thought that her son was dead, and rejoiced as a Christian mother, that the Moors had sent him to glory. So she laid up the ancient armor, and caressed the bold black charger, and led him to his fresh-littered stall.

Young Hernando meantime feared, as he sat on the fiery steed; for in his far-off hillside home he had but that black charger tried. Nor had he learnt to handle the weapons they gave him to bear.

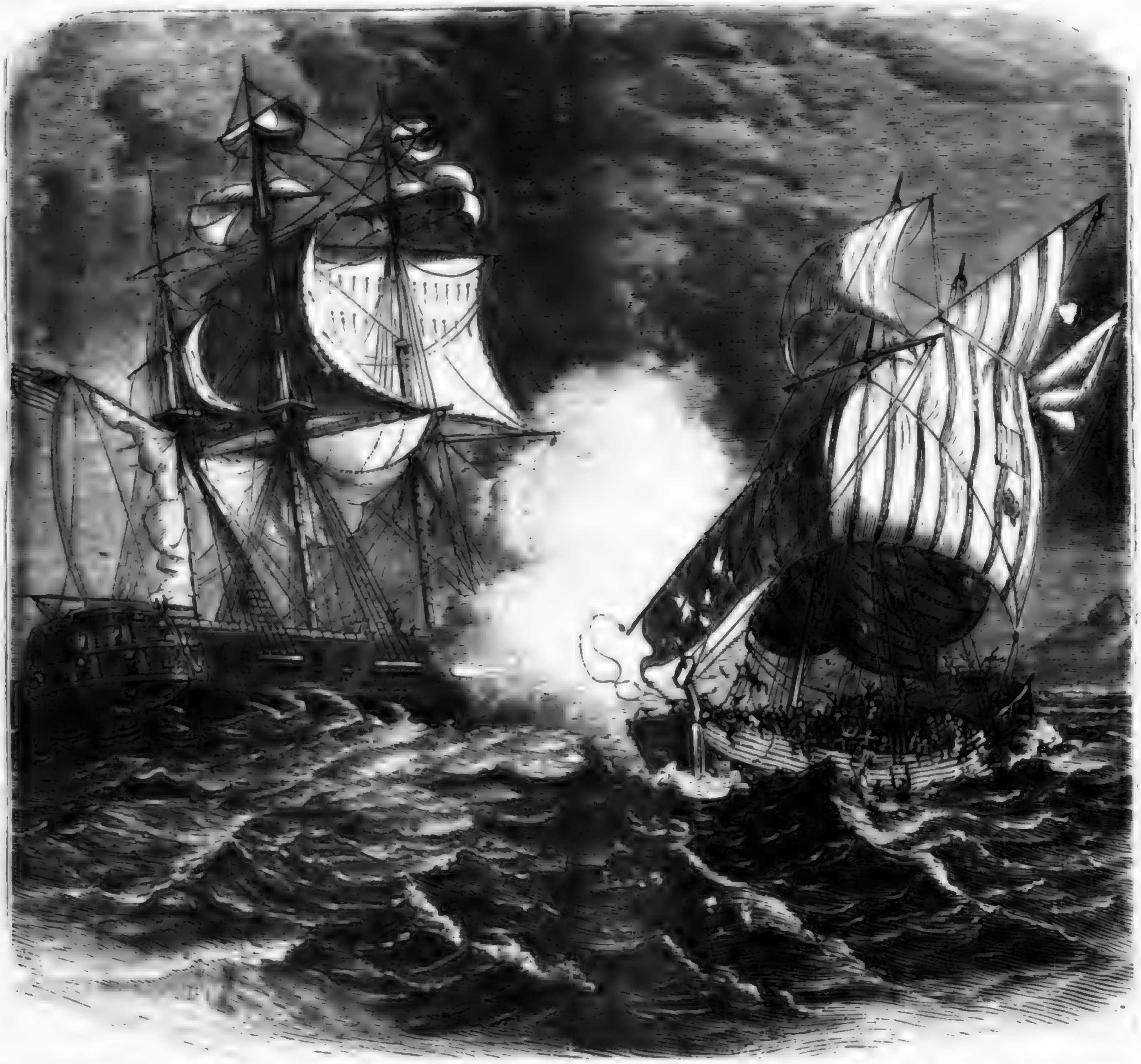
But the king, who had seen him come in bearing along such goodly spoils, took him for a practised warrior, and gave him a work to do which needed a valiant heart.

"Now keep this pass," he said, "for the rocks are narrow and high, and one at a time, as the enemy comes, with your sword you will strike them down."

Young Hernando durst not say "Nay"; for his spirit within him was bold, though his young tender flesh was weak. And as he watched there alone, with only the moon for guide, "Oh, had I my old black charger, and my father's armor!" he cried. And the bold black charger felt, as he stood in his far-off stall, that his master's son was in danger, and he snorted to get away. And Doña Teresa knew when she heard him snort and snort there was work to do far away. So she bound the armor on him, and away he fled like the wind, nor stopped till he reached Hernando.

"To me! my bold black charger! To me! 'tis yet in time. To me!" And he mounted the charger bold, in his father's armor clad.

Then stealthily came the Moors, all creeping through the pass, and Hernando's lance and Hernando's sword laid them low on the ground that night. And when the king came up, Hernando sat at his post, and his prostrate foes around him.



CATCHING A CORSAIR.—"IN AN INSTANT A DOZEN DEEP-MOUTHED CANNON PROTRUDED FROM AS MANY PORTHOLES, AND BELCHED FORTH A STORM OF IRON HAIL, WHICH TORE THROUGH THE CORSAIR, STREWING HER DECK WITH DEAD AND WOUNDED."

When the king saw he had done so bravely, he would have given him a new suit of armor, and a new bright-coated steed. But Hernando said:

"Good king! pray leave me my father's armor, and my father's charger bold, for I am but a stripling, and my hand and my arm are weak, but my father's arms and my father's steed alone put the foe to flight."

So the king let him have his will; and as he found him so brave and successful against the Moors, he sent him to carry a message of encouragement to Don Diaz, to whom the Moors had laid siege. Now, as he came back from the errand, he was crossing the lonely plain, when, anon, it was covered with horsemen—Moorish horsemen, arrayed in their might. He knew that his trust was sacred, and he might not endanger the letter he bore by encountering so overpowering a host. But 'twas vain that he tried to turn, for the bold black charger refused; but, as if he had been spurred, with his might he dashed right into the pagan midst. The lance sprang in Hernando's hand, and pierced through the Moorish king. Then the host, dismayed, exclaimed:

"This one rider, alone in his strength, no mortal man is he: it is one of their Christian saints come down to scatter the Prophet's band."

So they turned and fled apace, and on the black charger rode behind; and Hernando's lance and Hernando's sword laid low the straggling host.

A CANINE AFFLICTION.—THE KING CHARLES.—SEE PAGE 118.

A CANINE AFFLICTION.—" HAMIABILITY."

And such fear had fallen on all the Prophet's children that day, that on bended knee they sent to sue a truce of the Christian king. And to purchase a term of rest, they set all their captives free, and with tribute and with hostages made peace with the Christian king.

So young Hernando rode home—to his home by the steep hillside. And Doña Teresa came out to greet her boy on his gallant steed. And with her fair Melisenda walked, who a gentler greeting gave; she was his bride betrothed, and she knew that now peace was made, they would lovingly live together, in that far-off hillside home.

And they stroked the bold black charger, and led him to his fresh-littered stall. And 'tis said that while yet the land was blighted by *one* strange Moor, that bold black charger never died; but whenever the fight raged high, or the Christian host needed aid, there he bore his rider to turn the day. But where he died or when he fell, no mortal ever knew.

CATCHING A CORSAIR.

The horrible massacre of prisoners, a few years since, by the bandits of Greece, brings to mind the effective service against the pirates of the Grecian Archipelago rendered by the late Commodore Lawrence Kearney, of the United States Navy, in the early part of the present century. So successful were his efforts, that he received highly complimentary mention in the British Parliament.

There were many adventures which befell the officers of his ship, the old sloop-of-war *Warren*, while engaged in this service, some of which were very exciting, as will appear from the following relation:

There was considerable excitement in the hamlet which lies at the head of the little land-locked bay of Milo, one morning, when the *Warren* appeared off the entrance of the harbor with the evident intention of coming into port.

There was a light breeze blowing from seaward, and as the ship headed in, with all sails set, the sunlight gleaming on the broad field of white canvas, the picture was grand and beautiful.

In a few moments the rumbling of chains was heard, then the sullen splash of the anchor, and as if without an effort she folded her wings and swung round to her moorings, with nothing aloft but the delicate tracery of rigging and spars, from which the nimble sailors were fast hurrying to the deck.

Before night a great change had taken place in the appearance of the vessel. Yards had been sent down, masts housed, and a general dismantling, as if for a long stay in port, and a thorough overhauling of the ship had taken place.

It was not altogether idle curiosity which caused the inhabitants of the hamlet to watch so closely the proceedings on board. In the first place, the stay of a man-of-war in port is always a source of profit; and, in the next, the movements of the dreaded *Warren* were of too much importance to the pirates to escape the closest espionage by their agents and spies.

The signs of an intention to remain some time in the harbor were, therefore, gratifying in a double sense, and before night a swift felucca had sailed from the other side of the island for one of the pirates' rendezvous in an adjacent island with the welcome news. That night there was music

A CANINE AFFLICTION.—THE "HAMIABLE HANIMAL."

A CANINE AFFLICTION.—"BEING USEFUL ABOUT THE HOUSE."

and rejoicing on shore, in which some of the sailors, who had gotten "liberty," uproariously joined.

It was late before the inhabitants retired to rest, and the first who arose next morning naturally turned their thoughts upon the war-ship. Where was she? In vain they gazed over the harbor, rubbed their eyes, and looked again. She was nowhere to be seen.

With the midnight land-breeze, her spars and rigging replaced, she had spread her canvas, flitting away like a shadow!

The hamlet was soon astir, and in the wonder and surprise of its inhabitants, it was hours before the thought occurred to send to the pirates advice of the occurrence. It was too late, however, to avail them.

Upon the information of the previous day, an expedition had sailed, and already one of their largest and best manned war feluccas was hovering on the path of the merchant-ships bound for Smyrna.

It was late in the afternoon that a large, heavy-laden ship was descried from the deck of the corsair. Her sails were old and patched, her sides stained with iron-rust, her yards carelessly trimmed, her rigging badly set up, and all the evidences about her of a long voyage and a rich cargo.

The felucca, which was to windward, at once bore away for the merchantman, and as soon as the former's intention was perceived and her character suspected on board the latter, alarm was manifested in her movements. She was got before the wind, and sail after sail slowly set, as if she were short-handed. It appeared all too late, however, for the swift keel of the corsair glided two knots to the merchantman's one, and in little more than an hour she was close upon the latter's quarter. To the pirate's peremptory summons to "Heave to!" a hoarse, indistinct reply was bellowed through an old, battered trumpet, by a rough-visaged, gray-headed old seaman, who shook his fists in seemingly impotent rage at the intruder.

This pantomimic defiance was answered by a shout from the pirates, who now swarmed their deck, armed to the teeth. The helm of the felucca was put up, and she came rapidly down to lay the prize aboard; but just as she was abreast, and before the vessels touched, a wonderful change had taken place in the ship!

Boarding nettings were triced up in an instant from her bulwarks, and her old, strained side seemed to open as if by magic, while a dozen deep-mouthed cannon protruded from as many portholes, and in an instant belched forth sheets of flame and a storm of iron hail, which tore through the hull, rigging and sails of the corsair with terrific effect, strewing her deck with the dead and wounded, and leaving her but a wreck, incapable of resistance or escape.

The survivors, who now saw the "Stars and Stripes" floating from the peak of the seeming merchantman, understood at once that they were in the grasp of the terrible Kearney, and made signs of submission.

The boats of the *Warren* soon rescued the corsair's crew from the sinking wreck, and taken in irons to Smyrna, the pirates were delivered over to the Turkish authorities.

This was but one of many bold and successful stratagems by which, with a single vessel, Captain Kearney almost cleared the Archipelago of pirates, earning the thanks of Turks as well as Christians, rendering his name famous, and conferring honor upon the naval service of the United States.

A CANINE AFFLICTION.

"Muzzle your dogs."—City Ordinance.

Frank Leslie: You will pardon me for intruding my sorrows upon your indulgent ear, but I speak from an overcharged heart, and am sure that I appeal to a sympathetic chord in yours. I am dying of dog on the brain. I came down to breakfast one morning about four weeks ago in my usual happy and genial frame of mind; *mens sana in corpore sano.* I know that to have been the case, for in coming down I stumbled over a pitcher of water which a careless chambermaid had left on the stairway, plentifully deluging a new pair of Spring pants, and making my brightly lacquered boots the color of a carman's. Undoubtedly I made an exclamation—human nature would not be human nature if she forbore exclamations under such wet circumstances; and the exclamation may have been a strong one, but it was all to myself; and I walked into the breakfast-room and smiled on Mrs. Spitzboozy, and pinched the cheeks of the little Spitzboozies, as if nothing had occurred, and as if I were not standing in two feet of water. I am habitually an unruffled and temperate man, and this circumstance shows that on that morning I was particularly so.

Mrs. Spitzboozy was sitting at the head of the table, and, as she passed me my first cup of coffee, said:

"Did it ever occur to you, dear, that we haven't a dog?"

I knew, of course, that we never *did* have a dog, and thanked heaven for it; but whether it had ever occurred to me or not I was not quite sure, and, not wishing to commit myself before I knew at what Mrs. Spitzboozy was driving, I answered, hastily, "No!" I was pretty safe in the assertion, for I had never given the subject a moment's thought one way or the other.

"Well, dear, we *ought* to have a dog. He will be such a pet for the children, you know—besides, a dog is so useful about the house."

Of what earthly use a canine brute, yelping in the parlors, and tripping up people as they came down-stairs, could possibly be in a man's house, in town, I did not know; but Mrs. Spitzboozy had asserted that *she did,* and I had only to confess my ignorance, and insert "Buy a dog for Mrs. S." in my memorandum.

"Send him up before dinner, dear—and you'd better buy a silver collar, and have "Spitzboozy" engraved upon it, in case we should lose him, you know!"

The dying accents of Mrs. Spitzboozy's canine solicitation fell upon my ears as I came down my stoop, like the howl of Cerberus upon the tympanum of the pious Æneas. I secretly determined that if the dog ever should be lost, and anybody *should* bring him back, I'd have an action of trespass against him. But the dog was inevitable; Mrs. Spitzboozy had said one would be useful about the house, and whatever was useful in a domestic point of view, Mr. Spitzboozy was bound to furnish. I walked meditatively down town, till I reached Trinity churchyard. A man was leaning against the railing, with a basket full of dogs. There were five of them—delicious little creatures, with no ears, nor tails, nor eyes, as far as I could see. They were about three inches long, each, and the man said they were of the King Charles breed. As Mrs. Spitzboozy did not state the breed which would be most useful about the house, nor give any particulars in regard to the *size*, but merely stated that a dog was needed in the house, and as it appeared to me that the King Charles breed in its present state would at least be as quiet as any other, for some time to come, I gave the man five dollars for one of the execrable little snub-nosed brutes, and told him to take it home. I congratulated myself that this was a *chef-d'œuvre* of domestic strategy. Mrs. Spitzboozy was certainly provided with a dog, and a very good dog, and I was assured of my comfort because, thank heaven, the little mottled villain wouldn't be able to be useful about the house for a long time yet; and if it *should* happen to die—but it was hoping against hope to anticipate such a happy consummation.

I walked about my business as cheerful and happy as usual, and nobody who spoke with me would have known that I was suffering because of a dog in the house. I met Mrs. Spitzboozy in the hall as I reached home that evening. The King Charles had just arrived, and a servant was holding the delicate little creature in his hands.

"How could you send home such a foolish little thing?" inquired Mrs. Spitzboozy.

"Why, my dear, that's a King Charles!"

"It looks as much like a cat as like a dog," said Mrs. Spitzboozy, "and very little like either."

"To be sure, my dear, he won't be useful about the house at present, but he will be a great pet for the children, and then he'll grow, I'm confident he will."

"But this is not the sort of dog I meant, Mr. Spitboozy. We want a shaggy dog with a tail and eyes—a dog that knows how to bark!"

Here was the upshot of my strategy! All I had got by it was the superaddition of a barking qualification to the other requirements of a useful dog. I invariably got the worst of of it whenever I tried tactics with Mrs. Spitzboozy.

I saw nothing canine that answered the requirements of Mrs. S. that day or the next. But the day after I was driving with a friend in the upper part of the island, when a white and black example of the *genus canis* flew from behind a fence, and commenced howling and yelping around the horse's feet in the most pertinacious and extraordinary manner. In vain the whip-lash flew around his sprightly legs; the tuneful animal persisted in the music; it was the most dogmatic bark I had ever observed.

I drew up the horses. Here was the animal for Mrs. Spitzboozy—an animal that knew how to bark! As I stopped, the sonorous brute bolted behind a fence, and squatting spitefully upon his haunches, sat bolt upright and stared at me. I viewed him with a critical eye, for I was becoming a connoisseur in dogs. He was certainly shaggy, for every hair stood out straight and stiff, as if it had been driven in with a mallet, and he had a tail doubtless, though *that* wasn't much to brag of, and there was no question about his eyes; but the crowning excellence of that dog was his voice; such a glorious bark! I knew he would realize Mrs. Spitzboozy's fondest wishes.

I informed my friend that I was about to purchase the animal.

"You're going to buy that yellow cur, Spitzboozy? Nonsense!"

I was spared any more of my friend's painful criticisms, by the arrival of the owner, who appeared to be a traveler—a foot traveler.

"Will you sell me your dog, sir?" I inquired, rather timidly, for I did not know but the man had become attached to him (I had heard of such things), and would be loth to part with him.

"Sell that hamiable hanimal—that hanimal as has followed my tracks, and shared my wittles for nine precious long weeks! Sell that useful and woracious brute! Yes!"

"What is your price?" I asked.

"Well, sir, there was a time when three-and-sixpence wouldn't ha' bought a lock of his precious hair, but he's a little less waluable now, on account of the high price of provisions, and that beautiful dog can be took off my hands for two shillin'!"

I was surprised at the cheapness of the animal, and charitably gave the man a dollar, the surplus being meant as a reward for his candour and honesty.

With some difficulty the playful brute was caught, and placed in the bottom of the wagon. My friend kept his heel on his head all the way home, to repress the little exuberance of spirit which he seemed disposed to manifest.

"There," said I, "Mrs. Spitzboozy," as I entered the parlor, and pointed to my last purchase, which was nosing impertinently in every corner of the hall, uttering all the while little detached snarls; "there is the dog you want; that animal has the finest bark you ever heard!"

"Doesn't he look dirty, dear? I am afraid he's cross; he hasn't a pleasant expression!"

"Not a particle of it, Mrs. Spitzboozy. He followed a man nine long weeks, and became greatly attached to him, which shows that he is a dog susceptible of human feelings, Mrs. Spitzboozy, and that your suspicions do him great injustice!"

Just then there was a prolonged yelp, followed by a diminutive squeal, in the hall, and we both ran out to see what was the matter. The "hamiable hanimal," in the progress of his investigations, had discovered the King Charles, who was lying in the bottom of the hat-stand, and having seized him by the nape of the neck, was making mince-meat of his royal highness in double quick time.

"Don't touch him, dear!" said I.

"But he will kill the little creature!" said Mrs. Spitzboozy.

"Then, for God's sake, don't touch him!"

"For shame, Mr. Spitzboozy!" and my wife's humanity lent vigor to the little foot, which sent the carnivorous brute yelping to the farther end of the hall.

I informed Mrs. Spitzboozy at breakfast next morning that a friend of mine had a dog which I thought would suit her; but as I had succeeded so badly in my selections, I would have him sent to the house before purchasing him, that she might judge of him herself. Mrs. Spitzboozy said that was an excellent plan.

I stopped at my friend's house on my way down town, and looked at the animal. He was a large thick-boned brute, of a dubious tan-color. My friend said he was a watch-dog—distantly related to the St. Bernard breed—and that he should never, never think of selling him, but he was going to give up his house in town, and had no need of a watch-dog. It struck me that this animal would be useful about the house; and in the hope of satisfying Mrs. Spitzboozy, I was about to pay for him at once, when the prudential plan we had agreed upon, of submitting the next dog-purchase to her inspection, occurred to me, and I asked my friend to send him up to the house, and let Mrs. P. have a sight at him. He promised to do so.

As I ascended my stoop in the evening, I felt a little annoyed, to be sure, at what I regarded a very fair prospect of turning my house into a dog-kennel; but I was sustained by the consciousness of having tried to gratify Mrs. Spitzboozy, and so turned my latch-key with an eminently happy and contented feeling. I had scarcely opened the door, when a savage face, and a peculiarly white row of very sharp teeth, showed themselves at the opening, and I was greeted with a growl that made me slam the door again with extraordinary energy. At the same moment, a window opened above, and Mrs. Spitzboozy put out her head.

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Well, do kill that dog."

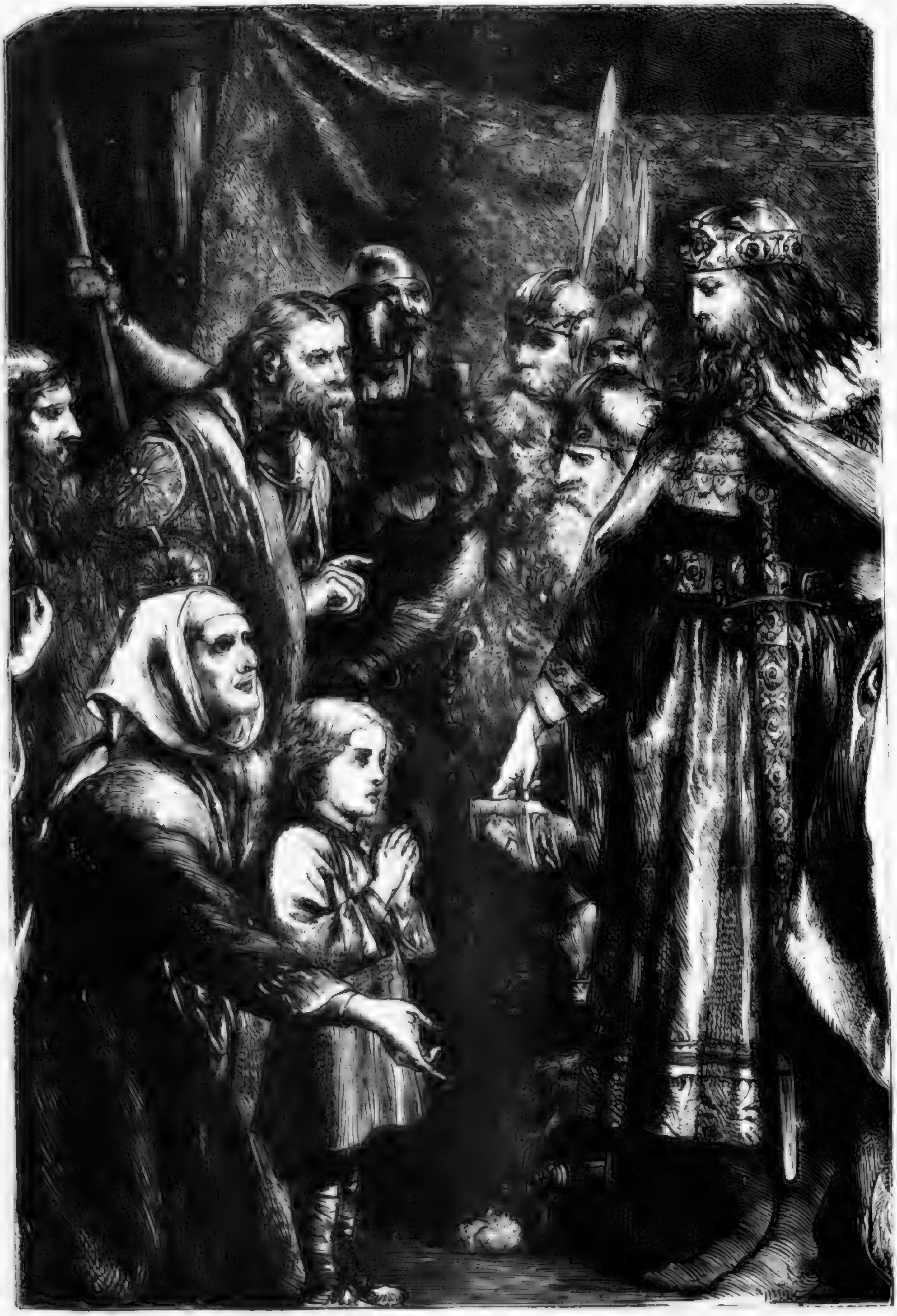
"Is that *my* dog? Have you bought that savage brute?"

"Yes, dear; and we are all up-stairs. Nobody dares go down. The cook hasn't been able to get to the kitchen for three hours, and there is no dinner ready. That fearful animal stands at the foot of the stairs, and won't allow any one to go by him."

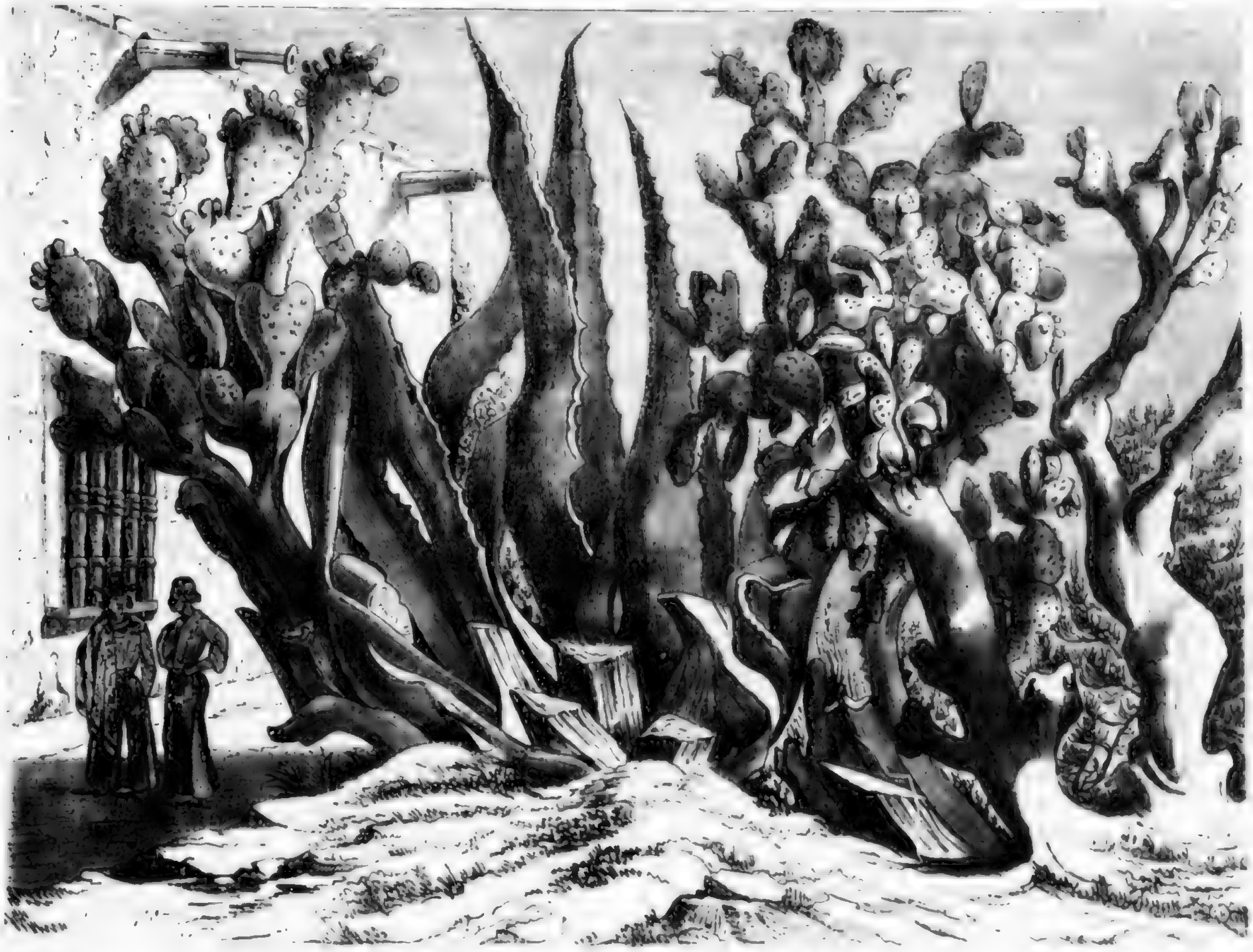
"He hasn't killed the King Charles, and the other scruggy thing, has he?"

"Oh, no, they're up here with us, half frightened to death."

XUM



KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.



VEGETATION IN CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 122.

"He hasn't been making himself useful about the house, then, Mrs. Spitsboozy?"

I procured a revolver of a neighbor, and, opening the street door, shot Mrs. Spitzboozy's purchase in the eye. The distant relative of the St. Bernard breed rolled over dead at the foot of the stairs. I was sorry to do it; but while I paid the taxes I concluded I had the first right of possession to my own premises.

Since that day Mrs. Spitzboozy has said nothing about any *new* dogs. I have abandoned the dog business, except that I am making efforts to dispose of the stock I have at present. I find it difficult, and fear that I shall have to wait till warm weather, when the dog ordinance is in force, and then turn the animals unmuzzled into the street.

Meanwhile, Mr. Editor, if you know anybody who has a fancy for canine curiosities, I have two which are in the market—one a King Charles, the other a nondescript—both family dogs, and very useful about the house.

KING ALFRED AND THE ORPHAN.

KING ALFRED was sitting one day in his palace, dispensing justice, and surrounded by his barons, or thanes, as the nobles of the country were called in those days, when, as his eye glanced over the assembled group, he observed that the place of one faithful servant was vacant; and, in answer to his inquiries as to the cause of the absence of the Earl of Holderness, the king was informed that the noble thane and his lady had both died some short time previous. Before the monarch could express his grief, his informant, the warrior Wulph, proceeded to ask Alfred to confer on him the estates of Holderness (that part of Yorkshire lying between the mouth of the Humber and the German Ocean) as a reward for prowess in war. Instantly, another noble, the wise Thurstan, spoke:

"Nay, king, it would be more just to bestow them on me. For dost thou not remember how, when, at thy command, I crossed the sea, my wisdom was of more avail at the Danish court than all the warlike skill and bravery of Wulph?"

At that moment a door at the far end of the room opened, and a pale, toil-worn woman entered, leading by the hand a lovely boy, whose flaxen hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion plainly showed his Saxon origin. With difficulty she pressed through the throng of anxious and excited nobles, until she stood before the monarch himself. Then, bending low, she said:

"Oh, gracious king, I ask that justice may be done to this boy, the only child of the late Earl of Holderness and Lady Alice. He has no father now to defend him, no mother to care for him; but, orphaned and utterly friendless, he looks to thee for protection. His is the orphan's claim—O king! regard it."

Here she was interrupted by one of the thanes, who angrily exclaimed:

"His claim, forsooth! What! dost thou think, then, that our king needs the services of babes such as that? No. In these troubled times, when our Danish foes are threatening us on all sides, we want men with active bodies, stout arms, and brave hearts. If the lands of Holderness be given to that child, even though he were the lawful heir, say what could he do to guard his country?"

The little fellow lifted his bright blue eyes to the stern speaker, and replied:

"*I would pray to God in heaven!*"

The good King Alfred, than whom a nobler or better

XUM

never sat on England's throne, looked earnestly first at the upturned face of the boy, then upon his thanes, who were anxiously awaiting the royal decision, and, rising, said, slowly and solemnly :

"The king will gladly give all praise and due reward to the faithful thanes who have served him so well in times of need ; but the estates of Holderness must be restored to this child, for they are his by birthright, and his claim—the orphan's claim—is before all others. His father is God, who reigns in heaven."

VEGETATION IN CHIHUAHUA.

The luxuriant vegetation of the tropics is seen in Chihuahua, on our southwestern border. Those who see the cactus at a florist's, or an agave, a maguey or pulque-plant in the conservatory of some gentleman of wealth and taste, can form but a feeble idea of the size that some species attain on their native soil. The immense pulpy leaf shoots out till man looks like a dwarf beside it. Even the varieties of grass tower up as if in mockery, and the pitahaya lifts its tall stems like gigantic candelabra in the temple of nature. From the maguey the Indians obtain their favorite drink, pulque. The centre of the plant is cut out, and in the hollow left the sap collects, which, fermented, becomes a powerful liquor. The mesquite (*prosopis glandulosa*), a very common plant in all this region, is also highly useful. Though a shrub rather than a tree, there are woods of it. The seed, or bean, is eatable, and the pod, which is bitter-sweet, is most refreshing to a traveler making his weary way across the parching plains where it thrives. It seems placed there by Providence for the relief of men, and even of the antelopes and other animals which resort to it. The Indians use the plant as their favorite fuel, and also employ it for thatching their lodges.

Some of the agaves furnish a fibre which the Indians, from time immemorial, have used for mats, nets, and even for clothing of a coarser style.

These plants cover the plains for miles, and when a traveler is pressed and compelled to quicken his pace, impelled either by hunger or by some hostile band of Indians, these thorny specimens of the vegetable world form a terrible barrier, and garments and flesh suffer fearfully.

THE TIRED STREET-MUSICIANS.

Philanthropy has at last moved to save from their life of misery, too often a mere apprenticeship to crime, the young who from sordid motives have been forced to earn a living as street-musicians, acrobats, or other performers. The Italian consuls joined in the effort, and the inhuman traffic in the young, so long a disgrace, has been broken up. Mr. Bergh, who has done such good service to humanity by organizing the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has since been instrumental in the formation of a similar society which has the still higher and nobler view of saving young boys and girls from misery.

Who can look on this picture without in mind traveling to the far-off home where they first saw the light : the little Italian village, whence they were lured by some device, or obtained from parents whose poverty was blinded by the golden promises of the wretch who sought merely to gain little slaves whom he could use and abuse at his option in some far land where the cry of childish misery would be unheeded ? Such a picture now in real life will call for an investigation, and investigation leads to relief.

Poor children, how much their little weary feet have traveled ! how poorly are they supplied with the food needed at this time to give promise of future usefulness by healthy and vigorous frames !

SCENE IN A MARKET-PLACE AT AUGSBURG, GERMANY.

(*Continued from page 123.*)

and long maintained a quarrelsome existence. The old feeling has not altogether subsided, and there is a different look in the two great divisions of the town. It came, at last, into the kingdom of Bavaria, increasing in this way the Catholic party. But even now, though there are 25,000 Catholics to 14,000 Protestants, the latter possess the greatest wealth and exercise the greatest influence.

It is now the capital of the circle of Swabia and Neuburg, and is the seat of various superior administrative, judicial, and clerical boards. In Augsburg is published the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, one of the foremost political and literary journals of the world, issued by the great house of Cotta.

The fine public library shows by its constant increase the intelligence and culture of the place, and is especially rich in manuscripts.

Augsburg is a considerable commercial and financial centre of influence and of trade.

It is a quiet city ; no bustle, no activity—a city where an American would die in six months, or, at least, become a hypochondriac. Scarcely a vehicle is to be seen in the streets, and people go along as if time were eternity. The market-place itself, which, in most places, shows stir and movement, the cackle of women's tongues, the loud disputes between exorbitant sellers and overreaching buyers, is here, calm, philosophic, still. In fact, how could women with such sleeves gesticulate ? such a dress requires calm sobriety—and the head-dresses defy anything like a coquettish toss. All marvellous combinations of hair, real or acquired, would be lost beneath the caputal sugar loaf.

AN OLD EARL FITZWILLIAM.

A farmer called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had during the Winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury ; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained I will repay you."

The farmer replied that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought, as the crop seemed entirely destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest approached, however, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were the most trampled, the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and, being introduced, said :

"I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood."

His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance.

"Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss ?"

"Yes, my lord ; but I find that I have sustained no loss at all ; for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, and therefore I brought you the £50 back again."

"Ah," exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like ; this is as it should be between man and man."

He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him several questions about his family, how many children, and what was the age of each. His lordship then went into another room, and, on returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for £100, saying :

"Take care of this, and when your eldest son shall become of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion which produced it."

The conduct of the farmer was most honorable to himself; and the conduct of his lordship was no less becoming, for, in doing such a noble act of generosity to an excellent character, he at the same time adopted a most effectual means of transmitting a lesson of integrity to another age, and of stamping the deed with his approbation.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

THIS institution was founded by John Jacob Astor, who died in New York in 1848, leaving a legacy of $400,000 "for the establishment of a public library in the city of New York." From this bequest was erected what is known as the "south building" of the present structure, on the east side of Lafayette Place, between Fourth and Eighth Streets.

This building is 65 feet wide, 105 feet deep, and 70 feet high. Its main hall is used as a reading-room, and was first opened to the public on January 9, 1854. Two years later, Mr. William B. Astor, eldest son of the founder, donated to the Astor Library a piece of land adjoining this building, and erected thereon the present "north building" of the library, which we illustrate, and which is of the same dimensions as the other. These two buildings have a capacity of 200,000 volumes, and at present contain about three-fourths of that number.

In addition to his donation already mentioned, the late Mr. William B. Astor presented considerable sums of money to the library at different times, his latest gift while living being made in 1866, and amounting to $50,000. The entire sum which, during his life, he added to his father's munificent bequest, amounted to about $250,000, to which a codicil of his will adds the sum of $200,000.

John Jacob Astor was born at Waldorf, near Heidelberg, July 17, 1763. He was the youngest of four sons of a farmer, and his boyhood was passed on his father's farm. In 1769, he followed one of his brothers to London, where he remained in the latter's service, in the business of a musical instrument maker, until 1783, when, with a stock of musical instruments, amounting in value to a few hundred dollars, he sailed for America, designing to speculate in the business with which he was best acquainted.

Meeting on the voyage, however, a furrier, with whom he formed an acquaintance, and from whom he learned much concerning the fur trade, which inclined him to consider it worth favor, Mr. Astor exchanged his stock in New York for furs, and began to devote himself to disposing of these, with a view to building up a business of his own.

So successful was he in his new occupation that, in a very few years, he owned several ships, by means of which he established a prosperous European trade—sending his furs abroad, and receiving in return the products and manufactures of foreign countries.

In the beginning of the present century Mr. Astor was worth about $200,000. He now began to devise grand schemes of profit, and, with a view to their execution, established a trading port at Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia River, whence he purposed supplying the civilized world with furs. His well-formed plans failed, from a variety of antagonistic circumstances, and he made only losses. The history of this enterprise will be found written at length in Washington Irving's "Astoria."

Mr. Astor now turned his attention to the purchase of real-estate in the city of New York, having early divined the vast future progress of the metropolis, and the certainty of its real-estate becoming greatly advanced in value. In fact, the rapid growth of the city was commensurate with his anticipations, and his wealth became fostered and increased by this means alone, until, at his death, in 1849, Mr. Astor was estimated to possess a fortune of about $30,000,000.

In the meantime, an elder brother—Mr. Henry Astor—had come to New York, engaged in the business of a butcher, become wealthy, followed his brother's example by purchasing large tracts of land, chiefly on the east side of the city, and, at his death, had bequeathed his property to his nephew, Mr. William B. Astor, who, at the time he inherited the bulk of his father's wealth, was estimated to be worth $6,000,000 in his own right.

The latter gentleman—and whose death, on the 26th of November, produced a marked impression throughout the country, as well as in the locality where he lived and died—was born in September, 1792, and was 56 years of age when he inherited his father's property.

Already a millionaire, Mr. Astor also inherited and encouraged those habits of care and judgment in managing a large financial interest, whose practice by his father had preserved for him the interest to manage.

Devoting himself to his life-long task with that degree of labor and assiduity which alone could result in success, Mr. Astor, nevertheless, permitted none of the projects which his father had at heart to languish, but found time amid his multiplied business engagements to extend a fostering care over each of them.

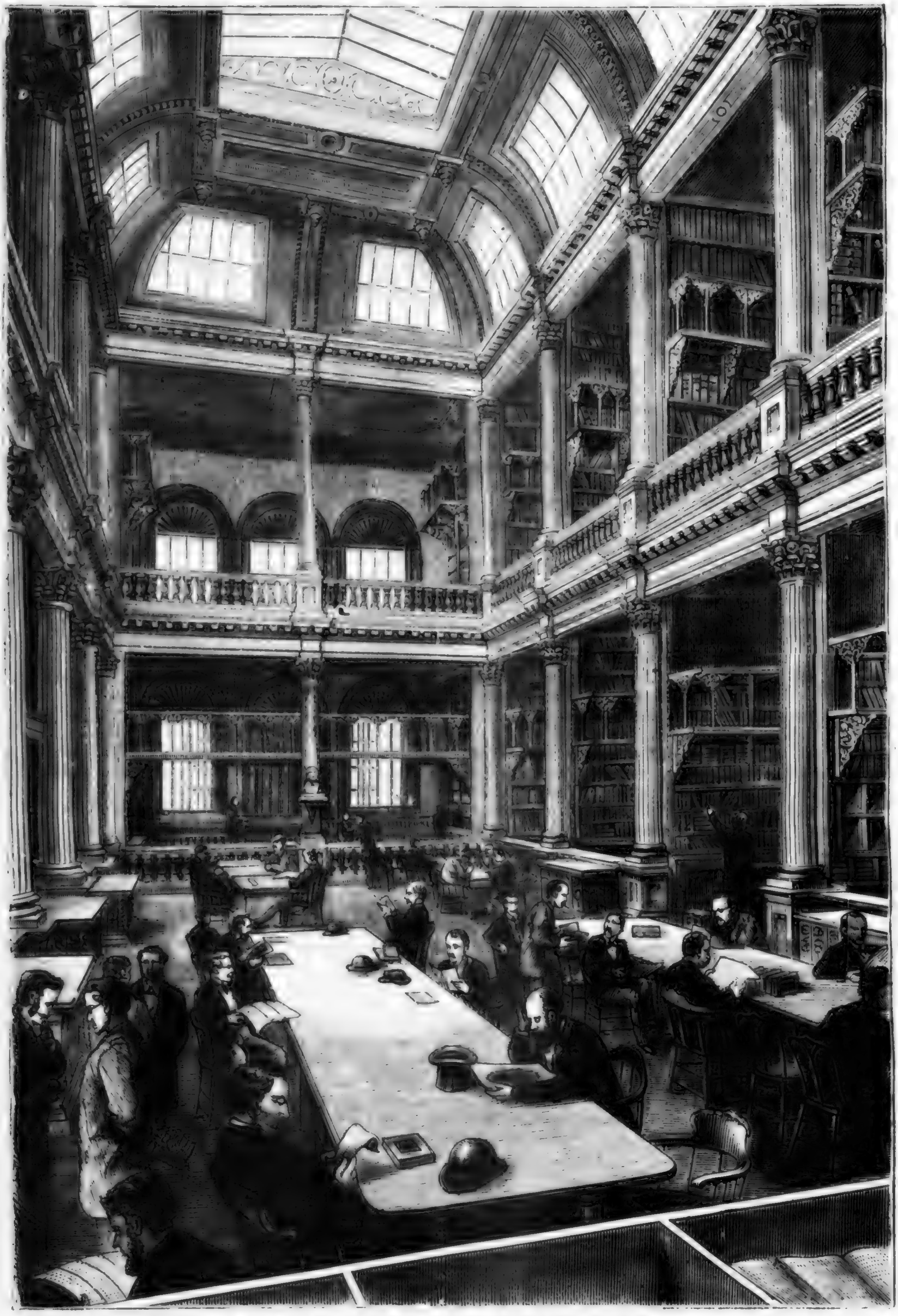
And thus the "Astor Library," in New York, and the "Astor House," Waldorf—the latter a benevolent institution founded by John Jacob Astor, in a codicil to his will—were firmly established on the foundation laid by their original benefactor; while, particularly in the case of the former establishment, and thanks to his fine intellectual perception, æsthetic tastes, and a liberal education, the world has reason to be grateful to the son, in as full a degree as to the father, for liberal and judicious expenditure in its behalf. Established and sustained through the wise generosity of these two members of the Astor family, the library which bears their name is at once an honor to their memory and the intellectual position of the country.

Much of its usefulness is, of course, owing to the judicious and experienced intelligence of the late Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the learned bibliographer whom the elder Astor selected with wise foresight to dispose of his munificent legacy with the best practical wisdom looking towards its future benefit to the city it was designed to do much towards educating and refining. Dr. Cogswell was for many years Superintendent of the Library, and in that capacity organized its system of classification, purchased the bulk of its contents, and completed his arduous labors by compiling the catalogue of the institution. Having done all of this, he retired from his directorship, and presently laid him down to die in his home at Cambridge, Massachusetts, followed by the affectionate and respectful mourning of all who knew him—all of whom loved and admired him.

Following Dr. Cogswell, the superintendence of the library fell in the hands of Mr. Francis Schroeder, formerly, and for many years, United States Minister to Stockholm. On his retirement, Dr. E. R. Straznicky, the first assistant librarian, was advanced to the position, and still holds it. Dr. Straznicky was for many years Secretary of the American Geographical Society, and is a gentleman of large acquirements, and particularly a distinguished linguist. He is assisted chiefly by Mr. Frederick Saunders, the well-known and graceful Essayist, and by Mr. Arthur W. Tyler, a young, but highly-considered authority in theological literature.

The Astor Library contains in the neighborhood of 150.000

XUM

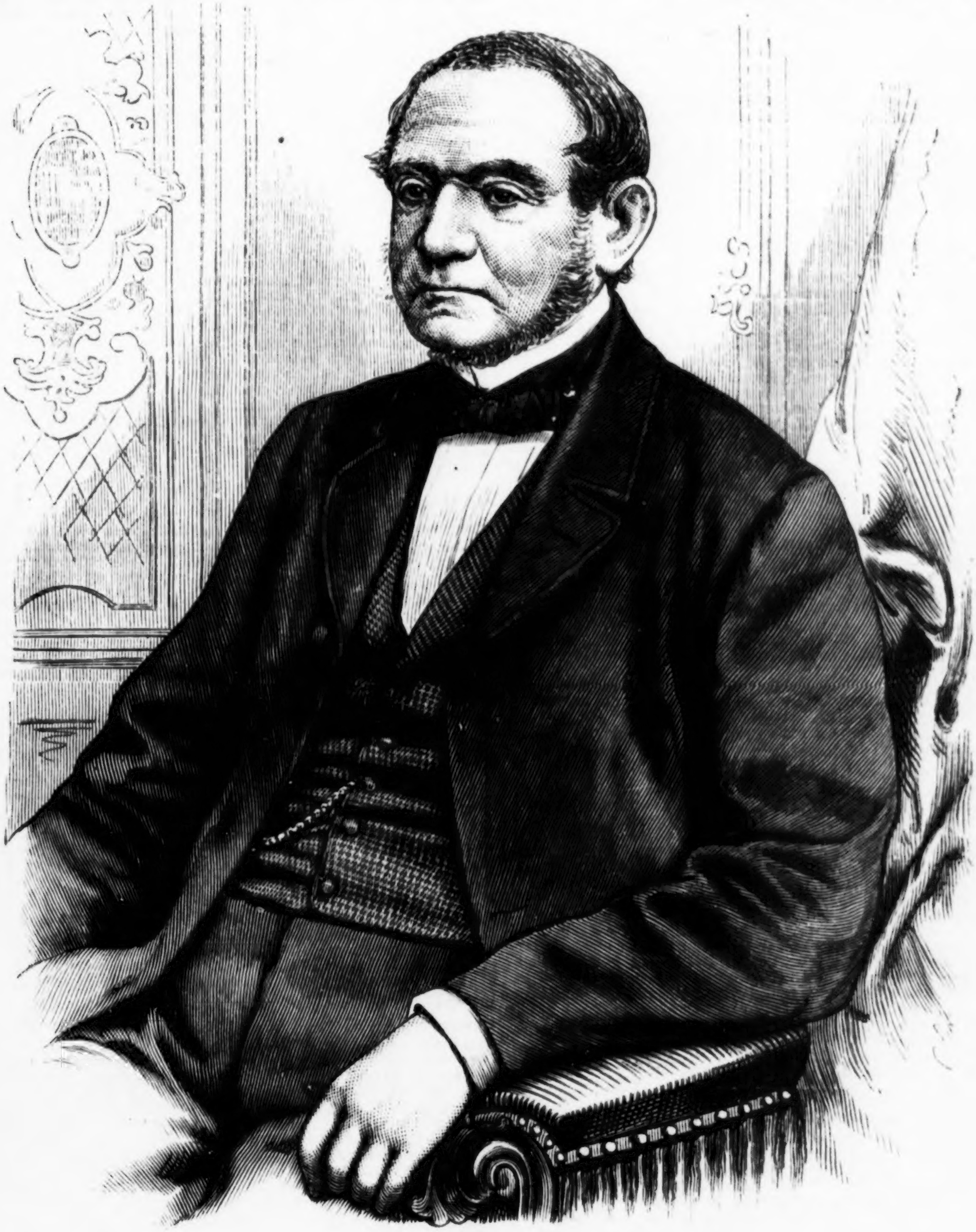


THE NORTH ROOM, ASTOR LIBRARY, LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

volumes, and is divided by its two buildings into two grand classes—Literature in the north and Science in the south building. The minor classification of both these grand divisions is after the system of the French bibliographer, Brunet, and is at once minute and comprehensive.

As a working-library, for students or authors, the Astor is, perhaps, unequaled by any other of its size in the world. It is sufficient to state on this point that the "History of Civilization," projected by Henry Thomas Buckle, could have been written in its alcoves.

Being a reference-library, the Astor is chiefly useful through the aids it furnishes to writers and instructors. Yet it is filled daily with readers for pleasure as well as for study. In fact, many of these readers are themselves a study, and very much can be learned concerning human nature, by considering carefully, and at length, the characteristics, habits, and topics of thought, of the hundreds, male and female, who daily spend hours in poring over novel or recondite literature in the reading-halls of the great and beneficent institution which owes its existence and its usefulness to the princely Astors.



THE LATE WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

Chinese Precepts.—Be not ashamed of bad food and coarse clothing. Do not buy useless things. Be not over fond of feasts. Do not learn to imitate the rich and great.

SCIENCE.

Inhabitants of the planet Mars can make the tour of their world dry-shod, or in forty days, if they have accomplished rapid transit. The land is not divided off in islands, as with us, the amount of water being barely enough to form lakes.

Narrow gauge railways are meeting with considerable favor in Switzerland. The longest road of this class now in course of construction is that from Geneva to Lausanne, along the Jura Mountains. Its length is fifty-five miles. Narrow gauge railways have been introduced in Zurich.

Silk culture is increasing so rapidly in South America that the Government of Brazil contemplates offering subsidies to scientific cultivators of the worm. The climate is well adapted to the industry, and the country possesses an abundance of the Palma Christi, a plant upon which the worm feeds with avidity.

Pure glycerine should not produce, when locally applied, a burning sensation, which it always does when the fatty acids are not all extracted. But even absolutely pure glycerine, when undiluted, is a water-extracting body. It should, therefore, when used as a cosmetic, or for medical application, be always diluted with water.

The proprietors of a furnace in Vinton County, Ohio, by using a patent separator for working and cleaning coal, have succeeded in producing an excellent article of coke from the hill coals found in that region. The consequence is, that the experimenters expect to produce by the use of this fuel a superior quality of iron at a reduced cost.

M. Leon Say has proposed to one of the commissions of the French Assembly that a prize of 200 francs should be offered for the discovery of a process by which it may be possible to determine immediately and practically the amount of alcohol in any mixture, no matter how composed. The commission voted unanimously in favor of the proposal, and M. Dampierre was charged to draw up a report on the subject.

Mr. T. Mellard Reade, C. E., F. G. S., has read an interesting paper before the Liverpool (England) Geological Society, containing a series of novel investigations on the action of tides on the sea-bottom. He expressed his conviction that the diurnal and semi-diurnal movement of the tides, acting down to the profoundest depths of the ocean, account for the preponderance of life in it over that exhibited by the fauna of the Mediterranean.

A small boulder, bearing all the distinguishing marks of a meteoric stone, was found in Wyndham County, Conn., recently. It is in the form of an oblate spheroid, the longest diameter being nine inches, the shortest six inches. About one-third of the entire mass, probably split off either by explosion in the atmosphere or by collusion with the earth when it fell, is wanting. The weight of that portion that remains is 19½ pounds. The external surface, of a dark-brown color, is very smooth and even, with the exception of slight indentations here and there. The elementary composition is felspar, with a small intermixture of metallic alloy, probably nickel and iron.

Lifting Power of Plants.—A good deal of interest has been felt by scientific men in the experiments made by Professor Clark, of the Amherst Agricultural College, on the lifting power of growing plants, and one of the results which has attracted as much attention as any is his discovery that the greatest weight lifted by a growing pumpkin in the course of its development is nearly two and a half tons. The lifting power of plants, however, is well known to be very great. Dr. Carpenter relates the case of a paving-stone, weighing eighty-three pounds, which was raised an inch and a half from its resting-place by a mass of fungi which grew underneath it. A still more remarkable story may be here recorded. A man who owned a cask of sweet wine placed it in an empty cellar in order to allow it to mature; but, when he went to examine it several years afterwards, it had risen from the floor of the cellar to the ceiling, having been borne upward, as it were, on the shoulders of the fungi, with which plants the cellar was filled.

SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

ANTIMONY.

The story goes that a Benedictine monk, named Basil Valentine, who lived about the time of Luther, at Erfurt, and was fond of scientific researches, gave metallic powders to some hogs, the effect of which was to purge them thoroughly and then to fatten them. He wrote a book called the "Triumphant Chariot of Antimony," in which occurs the following curious passage:

"Let men know that antimony not only purgeth gold, cleaneth and frees it from every peregrine matter, and from all other metals, but also (by a power innate in itself) effects the same in man and beasts. If a farmer purpose in himself to keep up and fatten any of his cattle—as, for example, an hog—two or three days before let him give to the swine a convenient dose of crude antimony, about half a drachm, mixed with his food, that by it he may be purged; through which purgative he will not only acquire an appetite to his meat, but the sooner increase and be fattened. And if any swine labor with a disease about his liver, antimony causeth it to be dried up and expelled."

In the kindness of his heart, Valentine thought what a good thing it would be to give some of this fattening powner to his fasting brethren. Unfortunately for the success of the theory, all who partook of it died; hereupon the poisonous mineral was called *anti-moine*, or *antimony*—destructive to monks. There is probably more fancy than fact in this narrative; but as it serves to lighten the tedium of a lecture on this metal, it will no doubt retain its place in our books, and be told to all future generations as a capital joke upon Valentine.

The compounds of antimony were known to the most ancient races, and it was used by the women of the East chiefly for staining the upper and under edges of the eyelids, so as to increase the apparent size of the eye. It is said of Jezebel that she "put her eyes in sulphuret of antimony," as the passage literally means, when Jehu came to Jezreel; and the ancient Greeks called the ore *broad eye*, from this custom.

The alchemists entertained great hopes of the new metal. As they called the acid that could dissolve gold *aqua-regia*, or royal water, so they named antimony *regulus*, or little king, because it so easily attacks and renders brittle, and thus destroys gold. It was also called the wolf among metals, on account of this property of devouring the harmless lambs of the flock. Although the compounds were so long known, the metal itself was not prepared until about the same time as Columbus discovered America. There is something interesting in this coincidence, as the narrative of the great navigator's exploits would have reached but a small portion of the inhabitants of the globe, if it had not been for the invention of movable types made from antimony and lead, with which to print the story. And to cite another freak of invention, we will state that the shafts of the steamships that cross the ocean rest in bearings largely made of antimony—and thus commerce and letters owe a great debt to this metal.

We sometimes find antimony in a pure state directly upon the surface of the earth, but this would be too good fortune to be lasting, and in actual mining very little is obtained from such a source. We meet with it in combination with arsenic—in fact, the two metals, arsenic and antimony, appear to have a great affection for each other, and are often found together. Their habits are very much alike, and they are mutually enemies of mankind, as they are violent poisons. The principal ore of antimony is a sulphide called stibnite, and from this it is chiefly made. The ore is roasted, and afterward fused with potash and charcoal; and sometimes purified by being dissolved in acid, and precipitated by water, and again fused so as to produce what is, even to the present day, called the regulus of antimony.

The metal is very brilliant, highly crystaline, and can be pulverized the same as a mineral; from which it can be inferred that we cannot draw it out into tubes or wires, or hammer it into sheets, as we can copper and many other metals.

(To be continued.)

RECIPES.

Breakfast Cakes.—Three cups of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour and a little salt. Bake in earthen cups, half filled. A quick oven.

Apple Jelly.—Cut the apples in quarters—do not pare or core them; dip each quarter into clear water, and put them in a jar, and place them in the oven to cook until quite tender. Strain off the juice, as usual, and boil with a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice. The most delicious jelly will be the result, with the full, pure flavor of the apple.

Plum Pudding.—Quarter of a pound of fine chopped suet; the same of grated bread crumbs, currants, raisins, and flour; add two tablespoonfuls of molasses and half a pint of milk; mix all well together and boil in a mold for three and a half hours. This pudding will be found inexpensive, but, if served with a good sauce, most delicious.

Pickle and Preserve Jars.—Remember that pickle and preserve jars should always be washed in cold water, dried thoroughly, and kept in a dry place. If they are washed in hot water, it cracks their glazed surface, making them porous, and therefore unfit for use; since one of the great points in pickling and preserving is thoroughly to exclude the air.

Veal Fritters.—Take some thin slices of cold roast veal and trim them in a circular form. Beat them with a rolling-pin to make them very tender, and season them with a little salt and pepper and some powdered nutmeg. Also some grated fresh yellow rind of lemon peel. Make a very light batter of eggs, milk and flour, in the proportion of four well-beaten eggs to a pint of milk and a large half-pint of sifted flour; the eggs beaten first, and then stirred gradually into the milk in turn with the flour. Have ready a frying-pan, nearly full of boiling lard. Drop into it two large spoonfuls of the batter. Then put in a slice of the veal and cover it with two more large spoonfuls of the batter. As the fritters are fried, take them up with a perforated skimmer and drain them.

Rice Pudding.—Rice pudding is certainly very familiar, but we give a new recipe, which those who have tried it pronounce excellent. It is peculiar from the fact that it contains neither raisins, butter, nor water. Take two quarts of new milk, five ounces of rice, and five ounces of sugar, flavor according to taste, and add a little salt. Place the mixture where it will heat slowly, and stir occasionally while the rice is swelling. When the milk is boiling hot, place the pudding in a moderate oven and bake for one hour, or until the rice is quite soft. Do not stir the pudding after placing it in the oven, but try it to ascertain if the rice is done before removing it. Serve cold. This is certainly a very simple pudding, but it is much preferable to the more elaborate recipes containing fifteen or twenty ingredients.

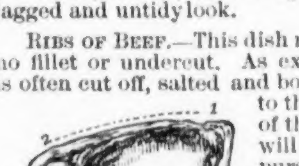
Westphalian Croquettes.—These are very simple and easily made, but at the same time they will serve as an additional dish in the case of an emergency. Mix a little grated ham with some mashed potatoes, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, and add butter, salt and pepper to suit the taste, and make into croquettes.

Biscuit Pudding.—Pour a pint of boiling cream or milk over three penny Naples biscuits grated; cover it close when cold, add the yolks of four eggs, two whites, nutmeg, a little brandy, half a spoonful of flour, some sugar; boil this one hour in a china basin; serve it with melted butter, wine, and sugar.

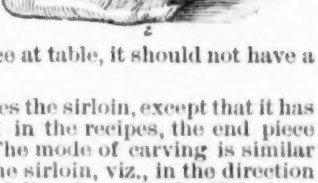
Stewed Oysters.—An ancient matron furnishes the following recipe for stewing oysters, and adds that, if any other mode is adopted, the oysters will be simply spoiled: Take half a dozen medium-sized oysters, freshly opened, and place them in a lined saucepan with their own liquor, and pour over them about a gill and a half of boiling water. Let the vessel stand over the fire for a moment only, and skim the froth rising to the surface. Then remove from the fire, and pour the contents from the pan into a heated dish, being careful to retain all particles of shell or other sediment. Rinse out the pan and return to it the contents of the dish, add a lump of fresh butter about the size of a walnut, a half a water-cracker grated very fine, a little cayenne pepper, a few grains of whole allspice, and a little salt. Return the vessel again to the fire, and add a gill of fresh cream, and as soon as the oysters are cooked through, but before they are shriveled, remove them.

An Excellent and Very Cheap Soup.—Have a quarter of a pound of fat bacon cut into dice, peel and slice two good-sized onions, or three small ones, and put both into a stewpan, with one ounce of dripping; fry them gently until slightly brown, then add two ounces of turnips, two ounces of carrots, and one ounce of leeks, and one ounce of celery; cut them thin and slanting, fry for ten minutes, and fill up with seven quarts of water, and, when boiling, add a pound and a quarter of split peas, and let them simmer for two or three hours, until reduced to a pulp, which depends on the quality of the pea; then add two ounces of salt, half an ounce of sugar, quarter of an ounce of mint, mix one-half pound of flour in twelve ounces of water to a thin batter, pour into the soup, stir it well, boil one-quarter of an hour, and serve.

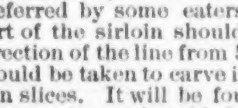
BEEF CARVING.



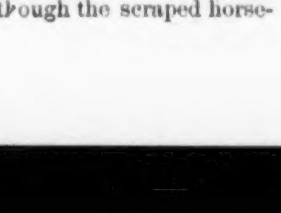
Aitch-bone of Beef.—A boiled aitch-bone of beef is not a difficult joint to carve, as will be seen on reference to the accompanying engraving. By following with the knife the direction of the line from 1 to 2, nice slices will be easily cut. It may be necessary, as in a round of beef, to cut a thick slice off the outside before commencing to serve.



Brisket of Beef.—There is but little description necessary to add, to show the carving of a boiled brisket of beef, beyond the engraving here inserted. The only point to be observed is, that the joint should be cut evenly and firmly quite across the bones, so that, on its reappearance at table, it should not have a jagged and untidy look.



Ribs of Beef.—This dish resembles the sirloin, except that it has no fillet or undercut. As explained in the recipes, the end piece is often cut off, salted and boiled. The mode of carving is similar to that of the sirloin, viz., in the direction of the dotted line from 1 to 2. This joint will be the more easily cut if the plan be pursued which is suggested in carving the sirloin; namely, the inserting of the knife immediately between the bone and the meat, before commencing to cut it into slices. All joints of roast beef should be cut in even and thin slices. Horse-radish, finely scraped, may be served as a garnish; but horse-radish sauce is preferable for eating with the beef.



Sirloin of Beef.—This dish is served differently at various tables, some preferring it to come to table with the fillet, or, as it is usually called, the undercut uppermost. The reverse way, as shown in the cut, is that most usually adopted. Still the undercut is best eaten when hot; consequently, the carver himself may raise the joint, and cut some slices from the under side, in the direction of from 1 to 2, as the fillet is very much preferred by some eaters. The upper part of the sirloin should be cut in the direction of the line from 5 to 6, and care should be taken to carve it evenly and in thin slices. It will be found a great assistance, in carving this joint well, if the knife be first inserted just above the bone at the bottom, and run sharply along between the bone and meat, and also to divide the meat from the bone in the same way at the side of the joint. The slices will then come away more readily. Some carvers cut the upper side of the sirloin across, as shown by the line from 3 to 4; but this is a wasteful plan, and one not to be recommended. With the sirloin, very finely-scraped horse-radish is usually served, and a little given, when liked, to each guest. Horse-radish sauce is preferable, however, for serving on the plate, although the scraped horse-radish may still be used as a garnish.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Why are pianos the noblest of manufactured articles?—Because they are grand, upright, and square.

Teacher: "What is the definition of flirtation?" Intelligent young pupil: "It is attention without intention."

A schoolboy says that when his teacher attempts to show him "what is what," he only finds out which is switch.

It is said that the reason Sweden never has to send abroad for cattle, is because she always keeps her Stockholm.

Hook and Eye.—Coleman being once asked if he knew Theodore Hook, answered, "Oh, yes; Hook and *Eye* are old associates."

The boy's first really great lesson in acting usually takes place upon meeting his mother in search of the pantry key, which lies securely at the bottom of his trousers pocket.

Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage, near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

Mr. John Brougham, happening to be seated by the side of Coroner Connery, and feeling thirsty, said to that gentleman, "What will you drink?" "A little claret," responded his friend. "Claret!" exclaimed Mr. Brougham; "claret for a *coroner!* why, there's no *body* in that!"

ON A SMOKER.

My weed's to ashes turned, and, lo,
Out of my ashes weeds do grow!
Then to my widow thus I say,
"You take to weeds—I'll turn to clay!"

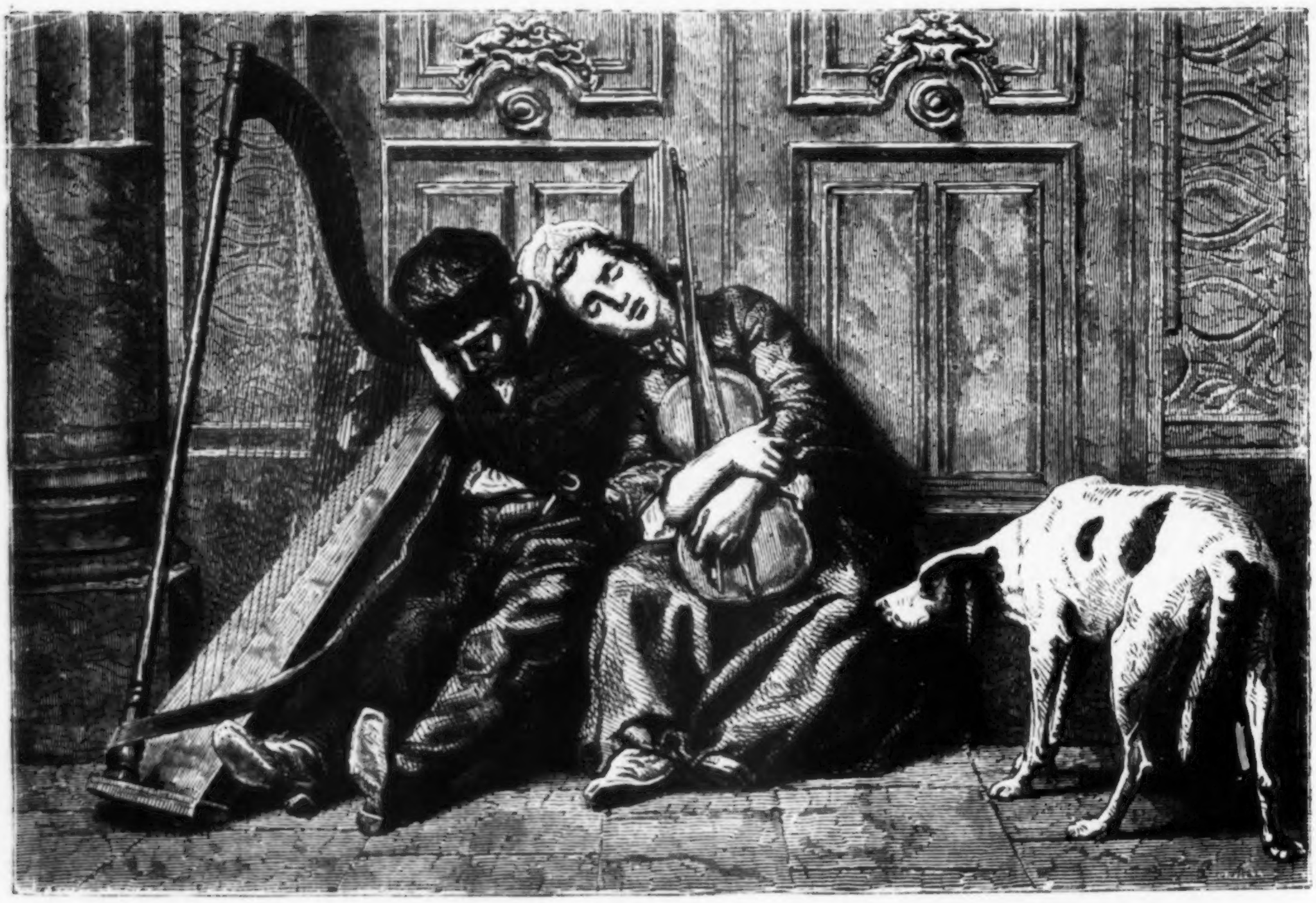
How to Dress a Calf's Head.—Take your head and rub in a thick lather all over the face, then pare off with a sharp instrument. Wipe well with a clean towel, and place pieces of starched linen about half-way up the cheek. Lard the crown with any kind of grease—a few drops of oil may be an improvement—and your calf's head will be dressed in the most approved style.

The Butt End.—A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a log to lift, generally contrived to secure the small end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer a wink, and exclaimed, "Always take the butt end!"

A lady was telling a friend from the country of a very grand party she had given recently. "We had two generals, one judge, a popular author, and a play-writer." "Yes," chimed in her wicked son, "and there was a deputy-sheriff too, who said he wanted to see dad, and they went out before supper, and dad has not come back yet." When that youth went to school the next day with his head all tied up, he told the boys he had a dreadful toothache.

At one of the railroad depots, the other day, a lady walked up to the ticket-window and smilingly said, "I know just how women are, and I don't propose to bother any one. Answer me a few questions, and I'll sit down and say nothing till train time. How far is it to Grand Rapids? What's the fare? When does the train leave? When do we arrive there? Where do they check baggage? Which track will the train start from? How can I get to Muskegon from Grand Rapids? How far is it? What's the fare? Do I change cars? Is there a palace coach on the road? Shall I get a lay-over ticket? Can I check my baggage clear through? Is there a conductor to this road named Smith? Do you allow dogs in the passenger cars? And can a child ten years old go for nothing?" Having been answered, she kept her promise to sit still, and the depot policeman had not the least trouble in seeing her off.

Full Outfit.—An officer in the army, who was going abroad to join his regiment recently, made all his purchases at a famed up-town establishment where the boast is that everything can be had there cheap and of the best. The customer was such a large buyer that the proprietor contrary to usage, stepped forward to thank him, and to express a hope that the officer was perfectly satisfied, and had been able to find everything that he required. The captain thanked the proprietor, and answered, 'Nearly all." "Not all," was the quick query of the proprietor—"not all? I hoped, sir, we could find you everything." "Why, it is a little out of your line!" "Out of our line? Not at all, sir." "Oh, you are quite sure of that, are you?" "Quite certain, sir." "Well, then," continued the captain, laughingly, "I want a wife!" "Step this way, sir;" and the astonished military man followed. He went through strange labyrinths, and up and down stairs innumerable. *En route* the proprietor communicated these facts: About three or four months prior a beautiful, highly-educated girl, of good family, who had lost her parents, and with them all resources, applied to him for employment. He had, after listening to her story, though she was a novice to business, been touched by her friendless situation, and gave her employment, and he had found her a worthy and exemplary girl. The captain saw and admired. He bought of her, and introduced himself. He came often, bought more, and, upon inquiry, found all particulars to have been truthfully stated. His manners and appearance pleased the girl, and, when he told her the story of how his last want had been mentioned to the proprietor of the establishment, it ended in a hearty laugh on both sides—but after the laugh they were married within three days, and she is now on her way to India.



THE LITTLE STREET-MUSICIANS—FOOT-SORE AND WEARY.—SEE PAGE 122.

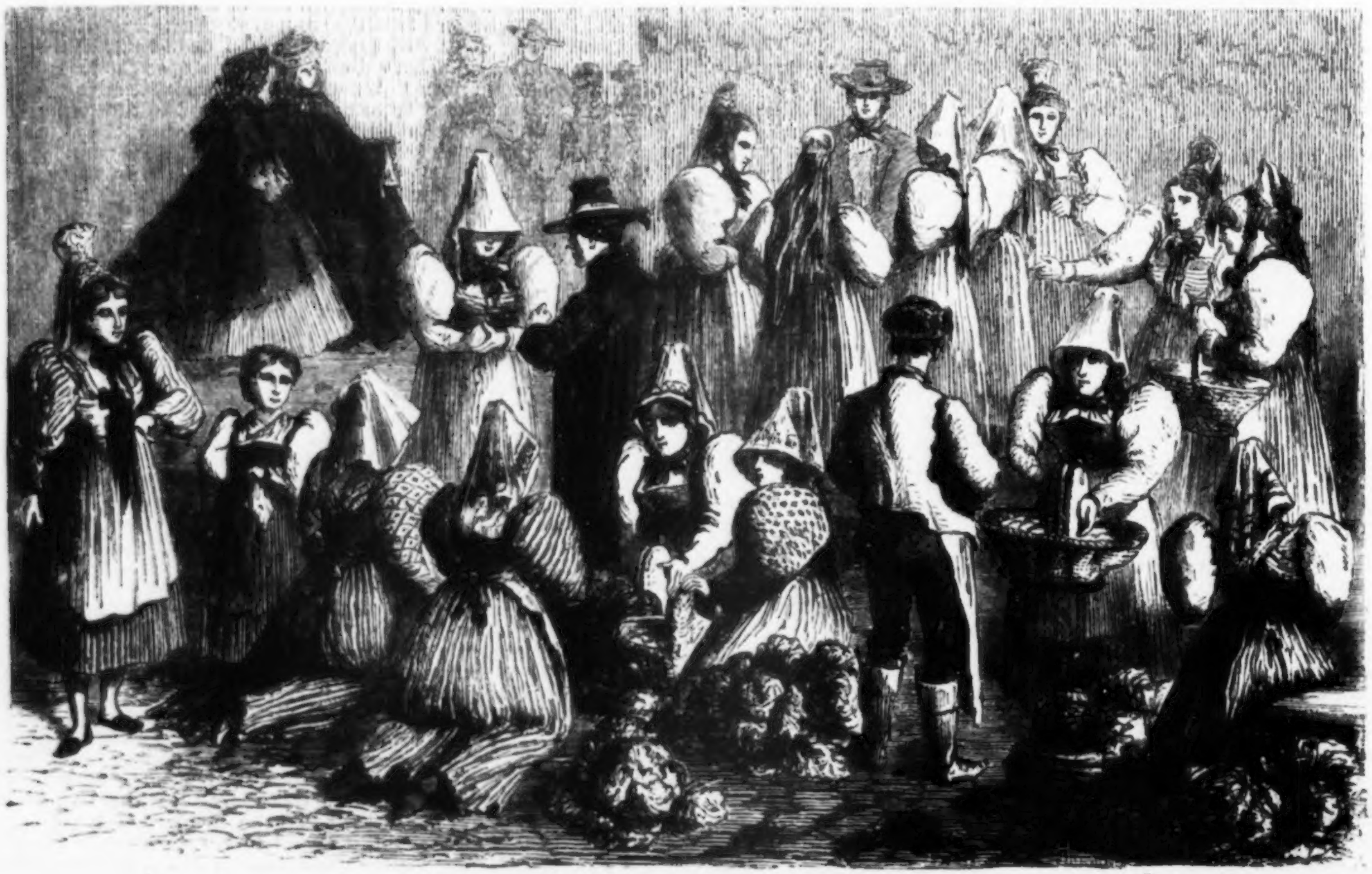
Scene in the Market-place at Augsburg, Germany.

AUGSBURG! Yes, everyone knows about Augsburg, for everybody has heard of the celebrated Confession of Augsburg. Yet we warrant most will make a frank confession that they know little more about either document or city than the name. When they look into the market-place by means of our telescope, they will further confess that the dresses are quaint enough, and the women's sleeves preposterous.

Augsburg is a German city with a Dutch look, so completely is it surrounded by the waters of the Lech. It is a venerable place, that boasts of having delivered Germany, 900 years ago, by routing the Huns.

At the Reformation the city divided into two camps—the votaries of the old faith and the new—adopted different hats, dresses, coffee-houses, physicians, brewers, and cemeteries,

(*For continuation, see page* 122.)



SCENE IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT AUGSBURG.